BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

Liberty

JUNE 20,
1936

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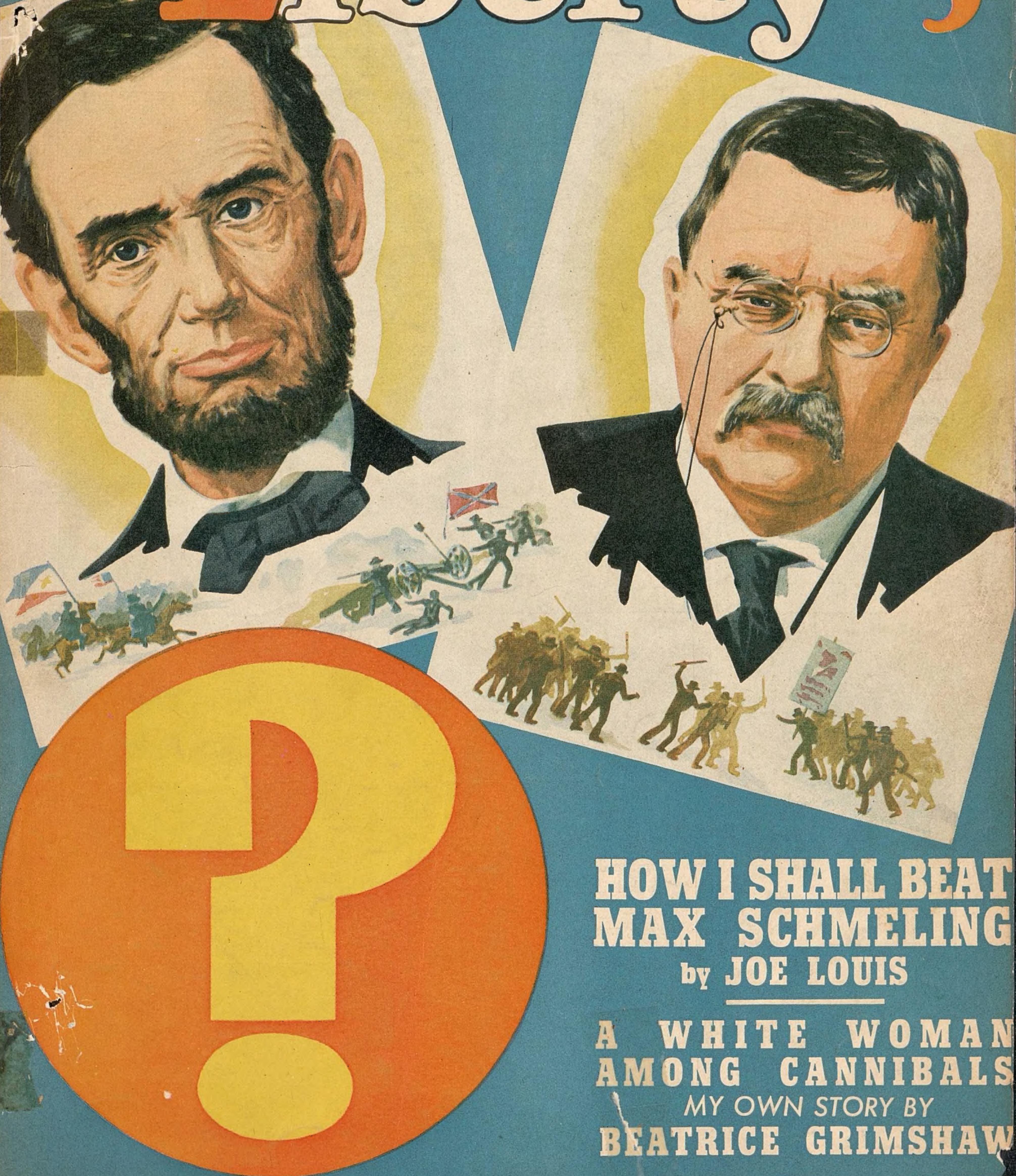

HOW I SHALL BEAT MAX SCHMELING

by JOE LOUIS

A WHITE WOMAN AMONG CANNIBALS

MY OWN STORY BY

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

— for Digestion's sake ...smoke Camels

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Fred, Mayflower maître d'hôtel, whose guests include bon-vivants, presidents, and kings.

When Washington Dines in This Stately Room

The Presidential Room, main restaurant of the Mayflower Hotel (*right*), presents a memorable scene as famous men... beautifully gowned women... diplomats and statesmen with foreign orders... gather for relaxation, entertainment, and choice foods. The famous Mayflower kitchens give forth a stream of rare and tempting dishes. Good taste reigns supreme! And from table after table the fragrant smoke of Camels rises. Commenting on the preference for Camels at the Mayflower, the famous *maître d'hôtel* —greeted as "Fred" by thousands of the world's epicures—says: "Of course, our cosmopolitan clientele prefer Camels. They are a great favorite with our guests."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

Science Confirms the Truth of "For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels"

Whether your meal is a banquet or a quick sandwich, a Camel gives it zest. "A Camel helps me enjoy eating," you've heard people say.

Scientists find that Camels promote well-being by gently stimulating the flow of the digestive fluids ...alkaline digestive fluids... necessary for good digestion. Often fatigue, worry, nervousness interfere with this flow. Camels *increase* it, assist digestion to proceed normally.

With their finer, costlier tobaccos, Camels give mildness a new meaning!

CHAMPION Fred Jacoby, Jr. (*below*), says: "Camels make food taste better, help me get the good out of what I eat. Camels set me right!"

FIRE-CHIEF Frank Gilliar (*below*) says: "Camels put back into eating the joy that nervous strain takes out of it. They're the last word in *flavor!*"

Costlier Tobaccos!

Wiser at 4 than Some Men at 40 —won't give "Pink Tooth Brush" a chance

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

LONG BEFORE he learns the multiplication tables, he learns this approved practice of modern dental science—Ipana and massage. From his school teacher, he gets this sensible start toward a lifetime of dental health.

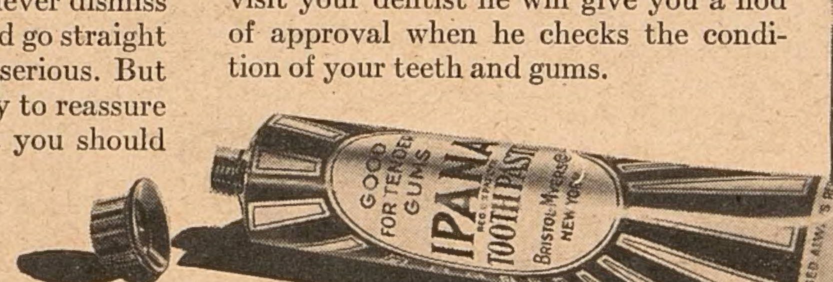
From the dental profession itself, modern schools have taken this practice and made it part of their early teaching. For it is generally true that gums deprived of exercise by our modern diet of soft foods grow soft, tender, flabby. And "pink tooth brush"—that unmistakable signal of warning—may appear at any age, at any time.

If you should ever see it—never dismiss it as trivial. In fact, you should go straight to your dentist. It *may* be serious. But your dentist is far more likely to reassure you, and to advise you that you should give your gums better care, more work, more stimulation—in short..."Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and note the improvement. Gums feel stronger. New circulation brings them a new firmness, gives them a healthier look.

Change today to this modern health routine—Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. You will be far safer from the really serious gum troubles. And the next time you visit your dentist he will give you a nod of approval when he checks the condition of your teeth and gums.

• With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUNE 20, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 25

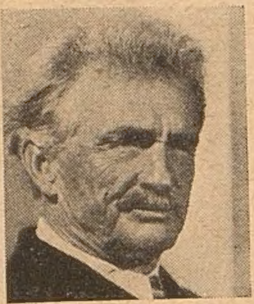
BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

More Than Two Million Lost Their Jobs—Cause, NRA



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE NRA was introduced, first and foremost, for the purpose of spreading employment. It was supposed to hand out a few million jobs.

General Hugh Johnson, who was in charge of this claptrap scheme, emphatically proclaimed that it would put five million people to work in a few months.

Business men from all over the country traveled to Washington and wasted hundreds of millions of dollars in time and expense for the purpose of making up various Codes at the dictates of harassed political favorites in charge of the various sections of the NRA—though most of these Washington visitors knew that nothing constructive could be expected from this array of nobodies who knew nothing about the business which they were supposed to supervise. The loudly heralded hullabaloo as to the accomplishments of this new scheme of recovery was spread forth in screaming headlines in nearly every newspaper.

It is rather unusual for a plan conceived especially to accomplish certain results to be so impractical that the outcome is the exact opposite. Instead of creating more employment, the NRA increased *un*employment.

Investors and business men generally, notwithstanding their supreme efforts at first to follow the rules of the so-called Codes, had little confidence in this artificial means of controlling business, and the present unemployment status is an astonishing proof of the appalling defects of the blundering NRA.

When President Roosevelt assumed his official duties there were more than thirteen million unemployed. And the miraculous changes that occurred during the first five months of his term in office have never been equaled in the history of our country.

The impression made by the President in some of his first official acts allayed the fears of business men everywhere. When he closed the banks, the country was startled, but everybody realized that we had a courageous and determined leader.

Just previous to the installation of the NRA more than three million men had been placed on the pay rolls of industry. All this in the first five months of Democratic rule.

The New Deal began to operate in earnest with the NRA. And with that one blow the confidence which business everywhere had gained was stricken with palsy. At that time there were about ten million men still unemployed.

If General Johnson had carried out his promise and found jobs for half this number—five million—the depression would have been over. And if the officials of the government had noted the unemployment record month by month, they would have discontinued the NRA within six months. For just one year later there were ten million five hundred thousand unemployed—an increase in unemployment of half a million. Two years later there were more than eleven million unemployed—an increase of considerably more than a million from the beginning of the NRA. And on the 1st of February, 1936, three and a half years later, there were more than twelve million unemployed—an increase in unemployment since the introduction of the NRA of more than two million.

It was the decision of the United States Supreme Court to annul the NRA that saved the situation. Business men everywhere again acquired confidence in their government.

They realized that, after all, we had a Constitution, and that the officials must be guided by the principles which demanded a continuance of the liberties enjoyed by our people from the beginning of our national life.

Then, when the AAA was declared unconstitutional, that was added proof that we were not embarking on a series of wild experiments—that the United States Supreme Court was carefully watching the interests of the people and would protect them in their inalienable Constitutional rights.

We had all accepted as truth the statement that the NRA and the AAA and various other alphabetical agencies were necessary to meet emergencies that were temporary in nature.

But the extraordinary efforts made by government officials to create laws that might be considered Constitutional for continuing these restrictions clearly indicate that they intended they should be permanent from the beginning.

Every citizen who wants to retain the liberties for which our ancestors fought so valiantly should use his influence against the continuance of this bureaucratic regimentation.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

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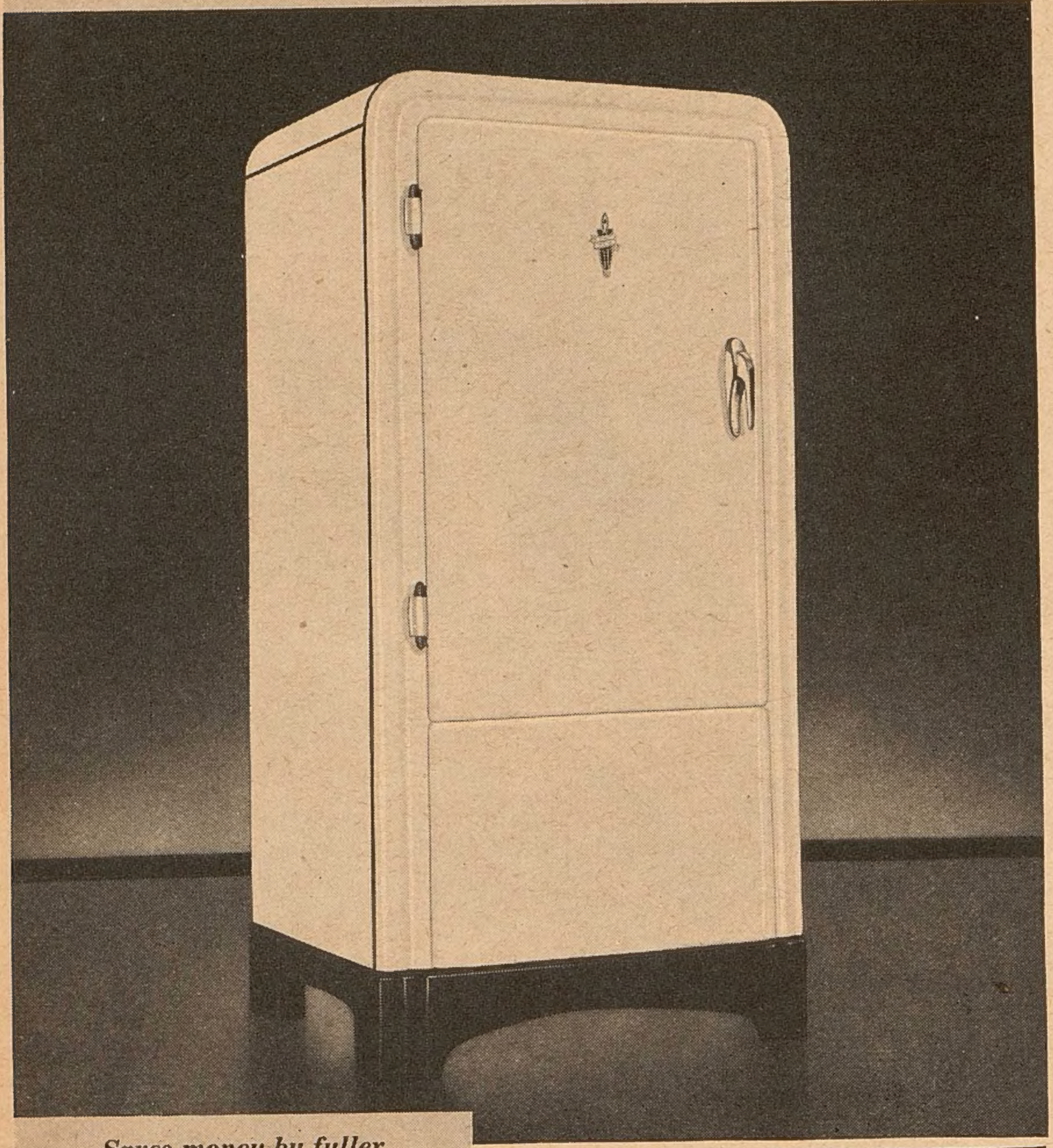
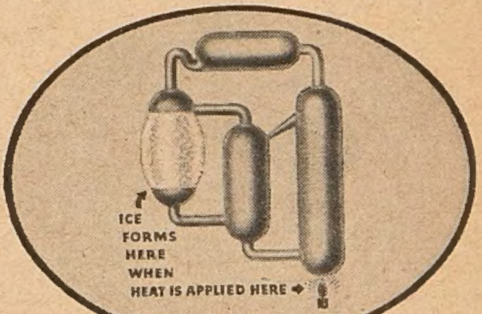
How a single word.. SILENCE
EXPLAINS THE MIRACLE OF ELECTROLUX PERFORMANCE



Its simpler, entirely different principle of THE FLAME THAT FREEZES brings 3 great savings to you



This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts, and parts that do not move cannot wear.

LISTEN to an Electrolux and you won't hear a noise. Your first thought will be "What a comfort—what a joy to live with a refrigerator that stays silent!"

NO MOVING PARTS

But the silence of Electrolux has an even more important meaning—for the basically different operating method *behind* this silence is the reason for every one of Electrolux's exclusive advantages. A tiny gas flame—"the flame that freezes"—circulates a simple refrigerant which, alternately heated and cooled, produces constant cold.

LOW OPERATING COST

Because of this almost magical simplicity Electrolux offers a remarkably low operating cost, fullest food protection at all times, and more years of satisfactory service.

GAS COMPANY SERVICE

Your own gas company recommends Electrolux—offers prompt and willing service on every one it sells. This means a lot when you consider that the American gas industry leads all others in being conscientious about its recommendations and thorough in its services. See Electrolux today . . . on display at the showrooms of your gas company or local dealer. (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.)

● *Electrolux is also sold in Canada*

Saves money by fuller

FOOD PROTECTION

With the protection of Electrolux's constant cold, all leftovers may be saved and served later. Then, too, you can save money by taking advantage of all "quantity specials."

**FOR FARM HOMES
IT RUNS ON KEROSENE**

The kerosene-operated Electrolux is identical in every important way with the gas refrigerator that is serving finest city homes and apartments. No matter how far beyond the gas mains and power lines your home may be, you can now enjoy the world's finest refrigeration. Write for further information. Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

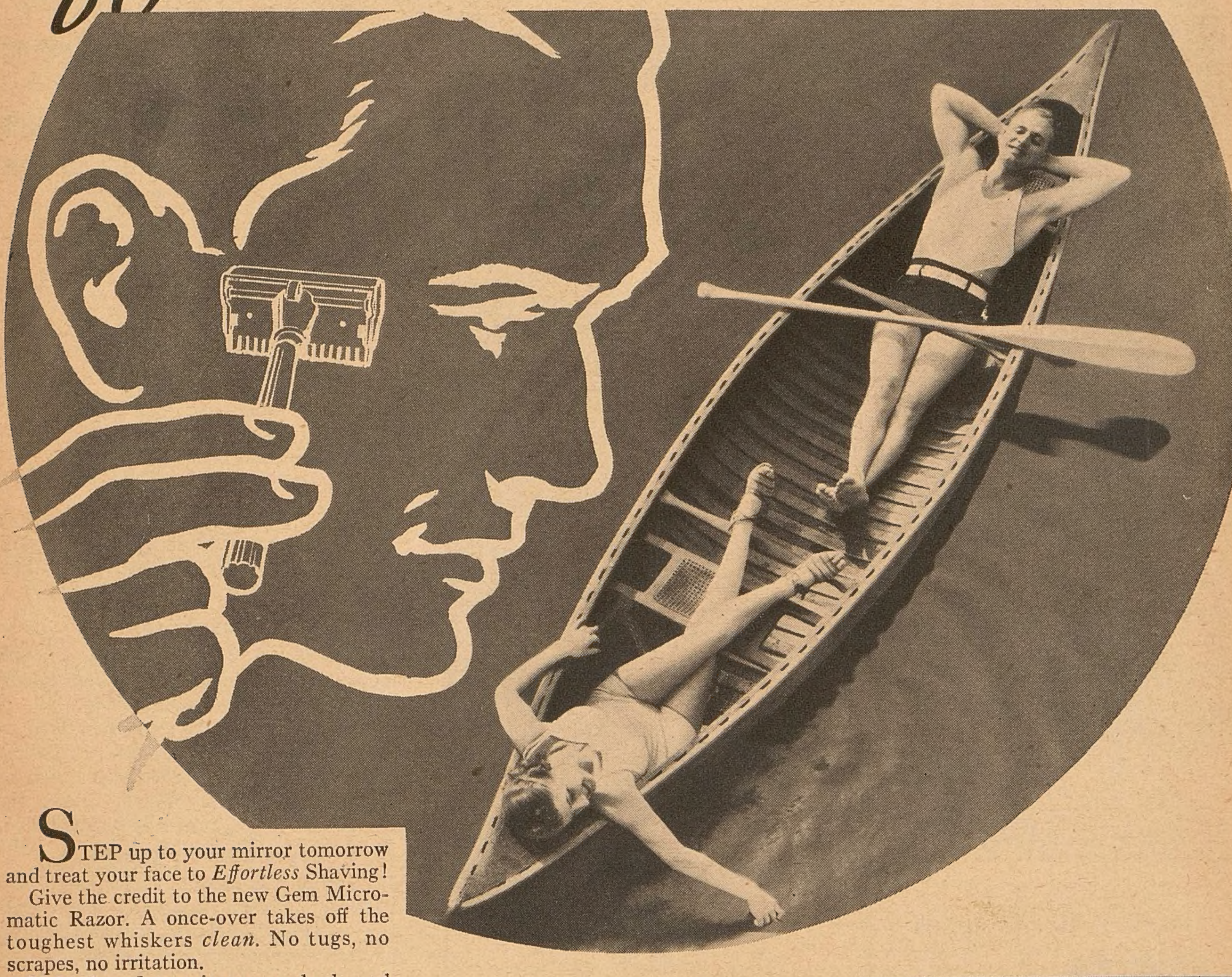
New Air-Cooled ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

USES NO WATER

ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

FAREWELL TO SCRAPES!

Effortless SHAVING *is here!*



STEP up to your mirror tomorrow and treat your face to *Effortless* Shaving!

Give the credit to the new Gem Micromatic Razor. A once-over takes off the toughest whiskers *clean.* No tugs, no scrapes, no irritation.

Hold Gem flat against your cheek, and automatically you get the master barber's perfect shaving angle,—his long, gliding stroke. Gem's bevel top actually fits itself to *all* facial contours.

Patented Dual-Alignment locks the blade rigidly at five points—it cannot wobble or scuff. You safely use keener edges than were ever before possible. And Gem provides them.

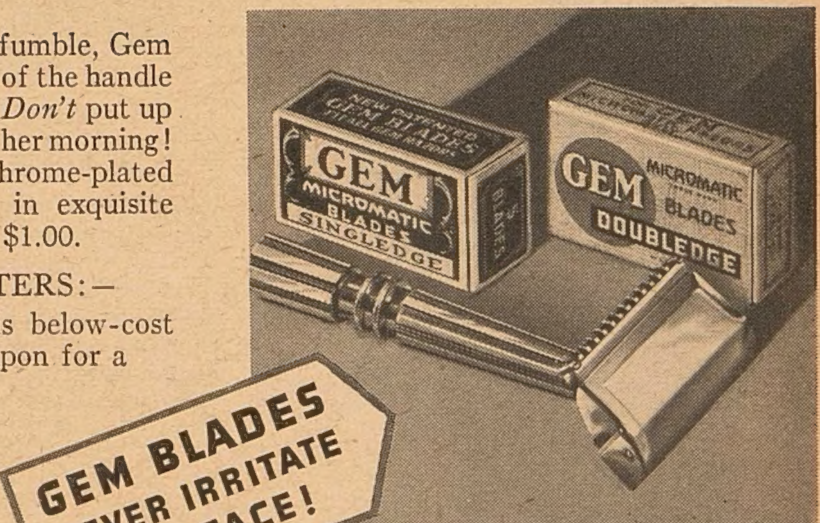
Made of 50% thicker surgical steel, each Gem Blade takes 4840 separate stroppings. Each blade passes a series of inspections. Each blade reaches you shave-perfect.

All one piece, no parts to fumble, Gem opens and closes with a twist of the handle—cleans and loads in a jiffy. *Don't* put up with shaving annoyance another morning!

Your dealer sells the new chrome-plated Gem Razor with 5 blades in exquisite washable marbelite case for $1.00.

SPECIAL TO DOUBTERS:—

Convince yourself with this below-cost offer. Send 25¢ and our coupon for a get-acquainted outfit with a regular $1.00 gold-plated Gem Razor and a single- and double-edged blade. Today!



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Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L35, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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STREET____________________
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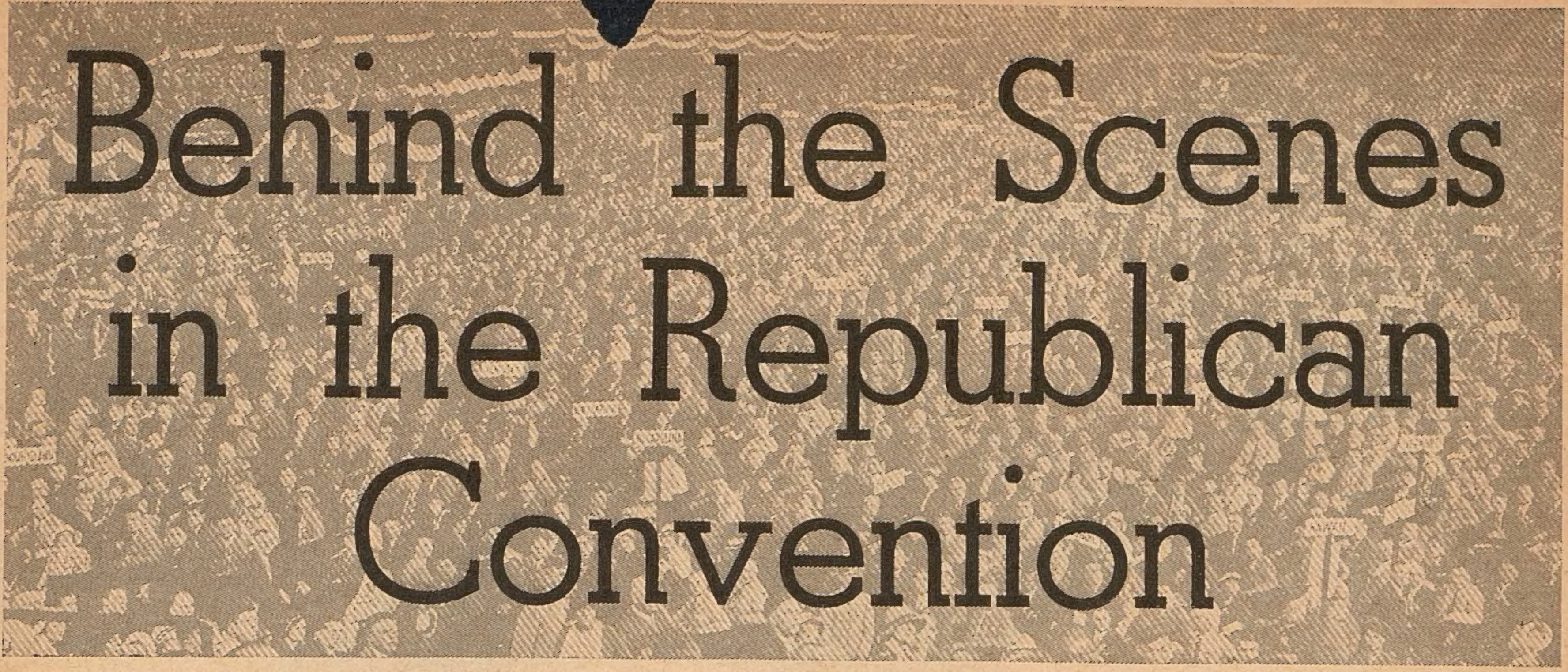
MICROMATIC

GEM *Razor and Blades*



Behind the Scenes in the Republican Convention

The Stage Is Set, the Delegates Are Ready—but What Really Goes On? Here Is an Intimate Survey of Things the Public Doesn't See

by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AS the Republican National Convention gets down to business in the Cleveland Auditorium, there is only one question: Will the party of Lincoln go to town or take it on the chin?

Will the G. O. P. put up a dignified candidate on a hold-everything platform and win or lose on points, as when they sent Hughes into the ring against Woodrow Wilson in 1916? Will there be a battle of the giants, with the candidate finally picked by a handful of tired men in a smoke-filled hotel room, as when they picked Harding to win in a walk against Cox in 1920? Or will they stand by their guns, stick to their principles, and sacrifice their candidate to the popularity of F. D. R., as when they escorted Hoover to the spot where the accident was about to occur in 1932?

The delegates are hoping for a 1920, working for a 1916, and afraid that it may be a 1932 all over again. Still, nothing except election day is sure in politics. Roosevelt looked weak in January, looks stronger in June, and may be only a fifty-fifty bet by November.

During the last four years the real job of the G. O. P. has been to keep the party alive. A party which can fight over candidates is not a dead party. The Republicans have done a remarkably good job. Despite all the controversy aroused by the Liberty League and the recent panic, despite the unprecedented power of the New Deal, there has been no lack of talent ready and willing to put up a performance on the G. O. P. amateur hour. The party has been held together. This is no mean accomplishment.

The headliners now include three old-timers and three men who have come forward since 1932:

Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, ex-President Herbert C. Hoover of California, Senator William Edgar Borah of Idaho, Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago Daily News, and Senator Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa.

These are the Big Six of the nomination sweepstakes, but behind them is a veritable stampede of favorite sons, dark horses, and also-rans who might win a few complimentary votes on the first ballot, be seriously considered for the Vice-Presidential nomination, or—in a pinch—be put forward as a compromise candidate. This group includes Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts of the United States Supreme Court, Representative James W. Wadsworth of New York, President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin, Senator Frederick Steiwer of Oregon, former New Deal Budget Director Lewis W. Douglas, ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, Henry Ford, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, Bernarr Macfadden, Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, Senator Daniel O. Hastings of Delaware, and Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon.

The big-time politics and the spotlight belong to the Big Six, however, and for the last year they have been busy laying their schemes and dreaming their dreams for control of the 501 votes needed.

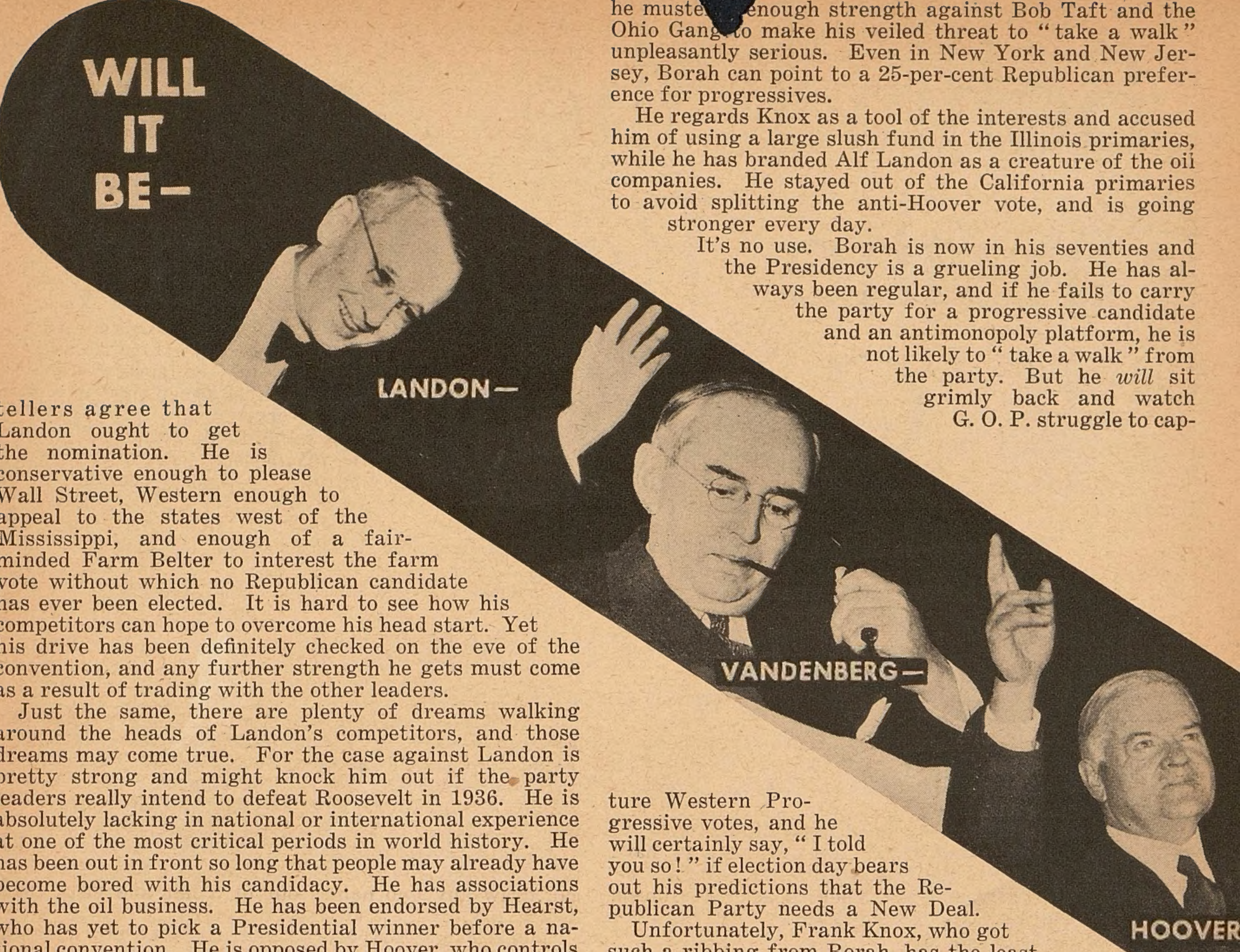
The relations of these various candidates are interesting and intricate. Hoover beat Landon for control of the California delegates, is opposed to Borah, and is friendly to Vandenberg. Borah has fought Knox in Illinois, Landon in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, has opposed Hoover's demand for unpledged delegations in Oregon, but slipped out of the California fight in order to make possible a straight Landon-Hoover contest. Landon is avoiding fights with "favorite sons," but in close alliance with Hearst is fighting Hoover's control of the party machinery. The Kansan claims between 250 and 300 delegates.

Knox is a lone wolf, with his hand against every liberal, and claims 130 delegates. Vandenberg hasn't raised a finger, is on friendly terms with all the contenders, and won't lose any sleep if he is not the dark-horse nominee. Dickinson is playing it close to his chest and relies on the old war horses of party regularity to see him through and to ditch Knox.

Landon, at this writing, is far, far out in front—too far, perhaps. The only Republican governor in the Mississippi Valley to be elected and re-elected during the New Deal glacial age, he balanced the state budget, reduced taxes, and is quite obviously a pleasant person, with definite administrative talents, a level head, and no nonsense about him. His campaign managers expect him to get between 250 and 300 votes on the first ballot and to be renominated on the third roll call, after he has given the favorite sons a chance at a few complimentary votes. He has tried to avoid direct contests with the other candidates, was beaten by the Hoover forces in California, beat Borah in New Jersey and North Dakota, and has the benefit of Hearst support. Hearst discovered Landon and likes Hoover the way most people like mumps. He helped blast the Great Engineer out of office in 1932 and is now set to blast him out of the Republican Party, but failed to break his grip in the Grizzly Bear State.

Most of the wise money and all of the political fortune-

WILL IT BE—


LANDON—
VANDENBERG—
HOOVER

tellers agree that Landon ought to get the nomination. He is conservative enough to please Wall Street, Western enough to appeal to the states west of the Mississippi, and enough of a fair-minded Farm Belter to interest the farm vote without which no Republican candidate has ever been elected. It is hard to see how his competitors can hope to overcome his head start. Yet his drive has been definitely checked on the eve of the convention, and any further strength he gets must come as a result of trading with the other leaders.

Just the same, there are plenty of dreams walking around the heads of Landon's competitors, and those dreams may come true. For the case against Landon is pretty strong and might knock him out if the party leaders really intend to defeat Roosevelt in 1936. He is absolutely lacking in national or international experience at one of the most critical periods in world history. He has been out in front so long that people may already have become bored with his candidacy. He has associations with the oil business. He has been endorsed by Hearst, who has yet to pick a Presidential winner before a national convention. He is opposed by Hoover, who controls a lot of Southern delegates and the party machinery. And he would have difficulty in making a good personal showing against Roosevelt.

If the Republicans have any real expectation of winning the election, a violent opposition to Landon will develop which may put him out of the running. Such things have been done.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan is the ideal dark-horse candidate for a stymied convention. He has kept the G. O. P. banner flying in the Senate and has scored useful points against the New Deal. He is not vindictively anti-Roosevelt, and is on good terms with the other candidates, especially with Hoover and Knox. He is closer to the conservative than to the progressive wing of the party, but has made no enemies and has kept his friends. If Landon is scratched, the G. O. Politicians may turn to him as to a sort of modern McKinley. Without spending a cent of money or making a contest for a single delegate, he is the man who stands to resolve a possible deadlock into party harmony. If nominated, he would wage a cautious campaign, trying to get Roosevelt to beat himself, appealing to different sections of the country on different issues. To him, rather than to Borah, would Alf Landon throw his strength if the Kansan should lose the nomination.

Senator Borah is waging the most dramatic and hopeless battle for the nomination in Republican history. Neither the Idaho Elder Statesman nor his managers really expect to carry the convention, but they do expect to prove that the Republicans are licked unless they pick a real progressive on a really liberal platform. Borah has carried the primaries of Idaho, Oregon, Wisconsin, and Nebraska. Although the Old Guard stood him on his ear in New York, he made such a showing in Illinois as to end Knox's hopes of getting anything better than the Vice-Presidential one-way ticket to oblivion, and in Ohio he muste[illegible] enough strength against Bob Taft and the Ohio Gang to make his veiled threat to "take a walk" unpleasantly serious. Even in New York and New Jersey, Borah can point to a 25-per-cent Republican preference for progressives.

He regards Knox as a tool of the interests and accused him of using a large slush fund in the Illinois primaries, while he has branded Alf Landon as a creature of the oil companies. He stayed out of the California primaries to avoid splitting the anti-Hoover vote, and is going stronger every day.

It's no use. Borah is now in his seventies and the Presidency is a grueling job. He has always been regular, and if he fails to carry the party for a progressive candidate and an antimonopoly platform, he is not likely to "take a walk" from the party. But he *will* sit grimly back and watch G. O. P. struggle to capture Western Progressive votes, and he will certainly say, "I told you so!" if election day bears out his predictions that the Republican Party needs a New Deal.

Unfortunately, Frank Knox, who got such a ribbing from Borah, has the least chance at the big job, for he is by all odds the most typically American of the Republican runners-up. He joined the Bull Moose Party in 1912 and is in every way a hardheaded, two-fisted, fighting, efficient and successful business man—the sum of all the qualities which have made the Republican Party what it is today. He was the first Republican editor to open fire on the New Deal and went barnstorming against the Roosevelt policies at a time when all that the Republicans in Congress could think of doing was to say "Yes!" If the G. O. P. should recover its insurgency, Frank Knox might have a chance. As it is, the boys have him taped as an also-ran.

Deep, deep down in the entrails of the party, however, burns a smoldering fire—not the fire of revolt but the fire of Mark Hanna, Boss Aldrich, Boies Penrose. The little group of Old Guard statesmen, led by Charles D. Hilles and Ogden Mills of New York, have another dream —the beautiful dream of 1920, of a small smoke-filled room where a group of sweaty tired men can shuffle and deal the Presidency of the United States—power—great power—behind a good handsome figurehead.

It might be done. If the anti-Roosevelt Democrats "take a walk" from the Democratic Convention and head a "Back to the Constitution" Democratic Party, with plenty of Du Pont-Raskob money and a lot of zip, it might be done. Voters from both sides of the Democratic split might stampede into the Republican camp. The candidate? Any one of a dozen men. Say Senator Steiwer of Oregon, the keynoter of the convention, who is being talked up by the Roraback-Hilles group, or Senator Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, who made the keynote speech for Hoover in 1932 and who has been the bitterest Republican senator in attacking the Roosevelt administration. Very powerful forces in the party take the Dickinson candidacy quite seriously. A handsome, smiling, genial man, who plays politics and keeps his eye on the ball.

The method? Well, enough unpledged delegates under conservative control to hold a balance of power and create a deadlock, followed by a little political poker game on the side. Far stranger things have happened at Republican conventions, and this is the game as played to win. If Landon is stopped short of a majority and fails to make a dicker with the other leaders, it is possible that Hoover and Borah—who would never agree as between themselves—might compromise on Dickinson, and that Landon himself might throw his votes to a fellow Corn Belter rather than see the nomination go to a man of Vandenberg's conservatism. The three "dark horses" of the convention are playing the same game—to be the point of compromise between Borah, Hoover, and Landon, who among them will control a majority of the votes in the convention. If the Old Guard can't win, they won't worry about the nomination, so long as a progressive doesn't get it, but will let Landon go to bat with two strikes on him, and wait for 1940.

Curiously enough, some of Herbert Hoover's backers have the same bright dream, despite his avowal that he is "not a candidate." They are playing the old coast-to-coast hookup with Mills, Hilles, and the Mellon crowd for uninstructed delegates, favorite sons, and a deadlocked convention. Somebody once told Hoover that Grover Cleveland served one term, was licked, and then came back for a second stretch in the White House. Cleveland stood for "sound money"; so does Hoover. Cleveland went down to defeat rather than compromise his principles in the face of a panic; so did Hoover. The country recovered its senses and turned to the man who stood by his guns in Cleveland's case; why not in Hoover's?

It's a good ten-to-one shot. Imagine the convention exhausted by a week of balloting. The chairman proposes an adjournment. Everybody goes out, takes a bath or a couple of drinks, and returns to find out what the bosses have fixed up during the interval. Then dear old Simeon Fess of Ohio totters to the edge of the platform and proposes that the convention hear from "the great statesman and party standard-bearer of 1928 and 1932—the only Republican who ever broke the solid South, and the pilot who weathered the worst financial storm in our history—Herbert Clark Hoover!" Loud cheers.

Hoover comes forward, cool, smiling, and confident, and delivers a go-to-glory speech on which he and his staff have been working for months. Louder cheers. Up pops somebody and nominates him. "Second the motion!" Parade of the state banners. Pandemonium. It's a stampede. Landon is on his feet; he is withdrawing his nomination and releasing his delegates. It's unanimous! Unanimous!

BORAH—
KNOX—
DICKINSON—
OR A DARK HORSE ?

Photos by Acme

Not an impossible dream at all. There's plenty of money and a lot of men ready to make it come true. Against it are arrayed only two facts: The G. O. P. has never renominated a loser; and Hearst, who threw the McAdoo votes to Roosevelt instead of Al Smith at Chicago, would never throw anything but a brick at the Great Engineer.

So much for the Big Six. Their most difficult job with the rest of the Republican field will be to soothe the feelings of the also-rans. Vandenberg has already suggested that there ought to be some "good Democrats" in the next Republican cabinet, and at least one or two big jobs will be held in reserve for useful recruits: Al Smith, perhaps, in charge of relief, and Lew Douglas back as Director of the Budget. Borah would have the refusal of the Secretaryship of State if he worked for the nominee in the campaign, and Senator McNary could not be offered less than the Interior or Agriculture Department. And so on down the line.

Oh, yes—the platform. Well, there will be a committee to handle that, and it will be a good platform. Nothing sensational and a lot about helping the farmer. For the Republican rally at Cleveland must sweep the Farm Belt if there is to be a G. O. P. victory.

To win that upper Mississippi Basin away from Roosevelt, with his personal magnetism, with Jim Farley's political machinery and Henry Wallace's "gentle rain of checks," the Republicans must take long, desperate chances. Will a Kansas Farm Belter do the trick? Try Landon. Must it be a progressive? Whom does Borah suggest? How about a younger man, a hard-hitting, levelheaded, adventurous leader? Why not Frank Knox? A sane, sea-level politician who can keep his feet? There's Vandenberg. A shrewd and personable Corn Belt politician? Dickinson. Or how about the Grand Old Man who gave the party its biggest victory and worst defeat? Who but Hoover?

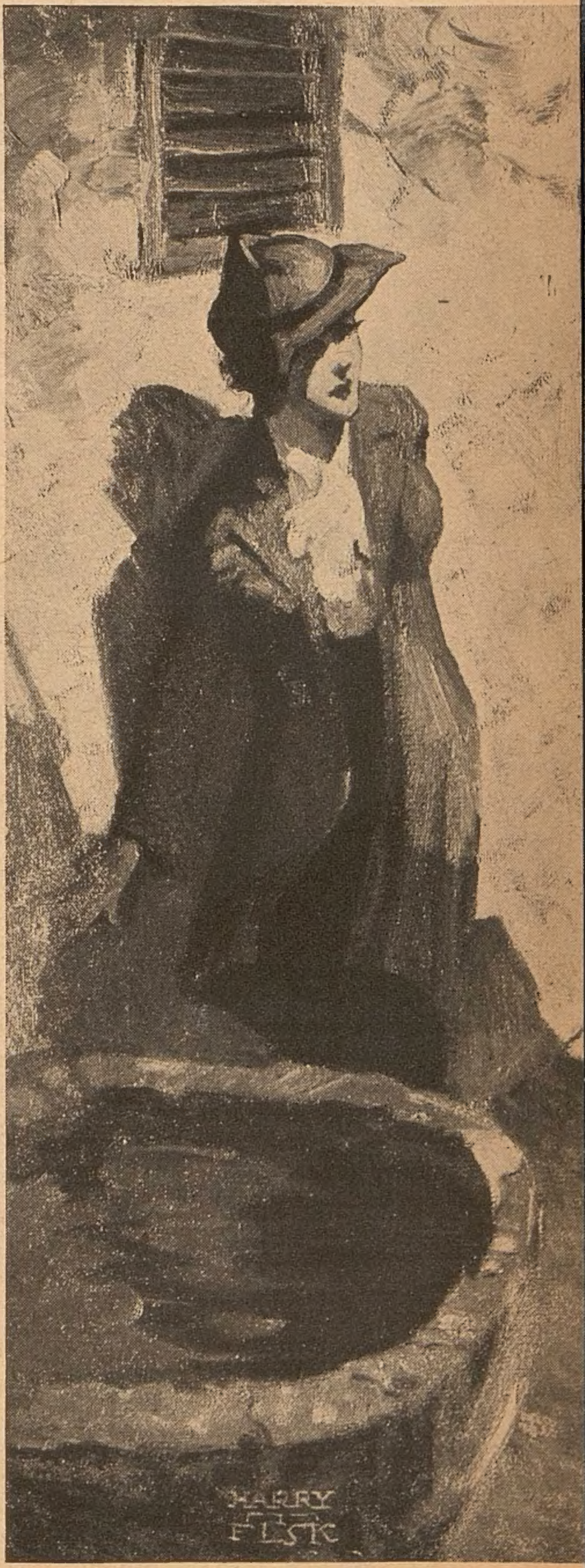
Nobody even yet knows the man or the issue which can assure a G. O. P. victory over the New Deal. This Republican Convention is going to try hard to find them. It may be a dignified 1916 point-scoring campaign, with a Landon or a Vandenberg playing for the breaks. It may be another 1932, a crushing Roosevelt landslide which will compel a complete reorganization of American party politics. Or it might be another 1920, when they can draw any two names out of a hat and elect them triumphantly on the Republican ticket.

There is only one way in which the general public can guess which way the elephant will jump. If the convention is short and sweet, with a lot of sacrifices for party "harmony" and a platform which can be played on a mouth organ, it will look like a Roosevelt landslide. Few people fight and spend real money for a nomination which isn't worth having. If the convention develops a long, bitter fight, it will be because the old-timers figure that they really have a chance to take Roosevelt. For if there is one thing sure, it is that the Presidency of the United States is a job worth fighting for. If the insiders know they are going to lose, they will maintain a genial impartiality as to which of the various contenders shall serve as push-over for the New Deal champion, and they will wait for 1940.

THE END

Noble

by ART



A native, wearing t

THERE had been a prelude in Damascus. If I had known it when I first met Germaine on the boat, I would better have understood the strange swift bond which sprang up between her and Henri de Sechelle. For they came from opposite poles of humanity, he with his head in the stars, she whose skirts had dragged through the mire. I would have comprehended, too, the quick flame of their love, which was not mental or spiritual or physical, but a perfect trinity. And above all I would have understood the terrible risks they dared to take, once their eyes had spoken.

This was the prelude:

In that atrophied moment of nature between darkness and dawn, Germaine stepped out of the tawdry *boite de nuit* where she was a hired entertainer. She had a cab waiting for her, with a senile but faithful driver, to take her back to the modest *pension* in the European quarter where she lived. But on her way toward the flickering lantern of the cab she was attacked—seized by a young soldier drunk with arrack and a vast futile sense of loneliness.

A native, an idler wearing the white burnoose of a roving Bedouin, detached himself from a furtive group of men in an unlighted doorway and came streaking across the alley. He flung himself on the soldier and bore him to the mud. Then, with the dignity of a grandee, he escorted the girl to her carriage. He bowed, murmuring in exquisite French: " I am glad to have been of service, mademoiselle." And before she could thank him he had vanished.

On her way back to the pension she whispered to her ancient driver: " Who was that man? "

His reply was enunciated with a peculiar and gentle reverence. " That, mademoiselle," he said, " was a friend of the poor, the helpless, and the suffering. He is always ready and always present to defend them."

One hardly expects deeds of Norman chivalry from unknown Bedouins. In fact Germaine almost believed the whole thing had been a dream until she made a few discreet inquiries around Damascus.

All this happened before I met her on the grimy old Messageries packet which plies between Syria and Egypt.

. . . . .

The night before we reached Port Said we took a midnight turn around the deck—Germaine, I, and a fellow called Vaniadi. I had grown to like Germaine a lot during our three days' shipboard acquaintance. She was a big buxom blonde girl, dressed in a tailor-made traveling outfit that had seen better days. She was frank and courageous—what the French call *un bon type*, a good fellow. She had finished her engagement in Damascus and was headed for some second-rate resort in Port Said. A tough career for any girl; but she had a way of holding her head high.

If I liked Germaine, I certainly didn't like Vaniadi. He was a Levantine promoter of confused ancestry, a heavy, jowlish man with a russet complexion—dark, I mean, under the ruddiness. He affected the short black coat and striped trousers of the French business man, with—of course—the inevitable red *légion* ribbon at his lapel. (I imagine the French distributed a good deal of tact along with their seizing of the Syrian mandate.) Vaniadi wore on his head a red tarboosh, as a concession, I suppose, to his Mohammedan customers. I'm sure he hadn't any religion of his own. He was on his way to Cairo to make the most of the Near East grain situation.

You may dislike a man acutely, but it isn't easy to escape him on a 2,000-ton ship carrying ten cabin passengers; and by the time we had left Haifa in Palestine this Vaniadi seemed to consider himself my bosom friend. I wasn't in a position to snub him, either. He had certain important banking friends in Cairo whom I couldn't afford to offend, and news travels like wildfire in the Near East. Life's so often a matter of messy little compromises.

When Vaniadi picked up the girl, I saw the whole performance from my deck chair. I heard him ask her: " In what resort will you appear at Port Said, mademoiselle? I should like to see your dancing."

" I am going to the Fleur de Lys—on the Boulevard du Nord," she told him.

I saw his eyes narrowing. Then he said, with a kind of forced joviality: " Ah! Julio's place. I know him well. A good fellow, if ever there was one."

The liar, I thought. If there was a worse procurer in Port Said than Julio Vlasco I'd like to have known his name.

Later on Vaniadi introduced me to the girl, and we three whiled away the dull afternoons playing stupid little card games and drinking the ship's anemic French beer. . . .

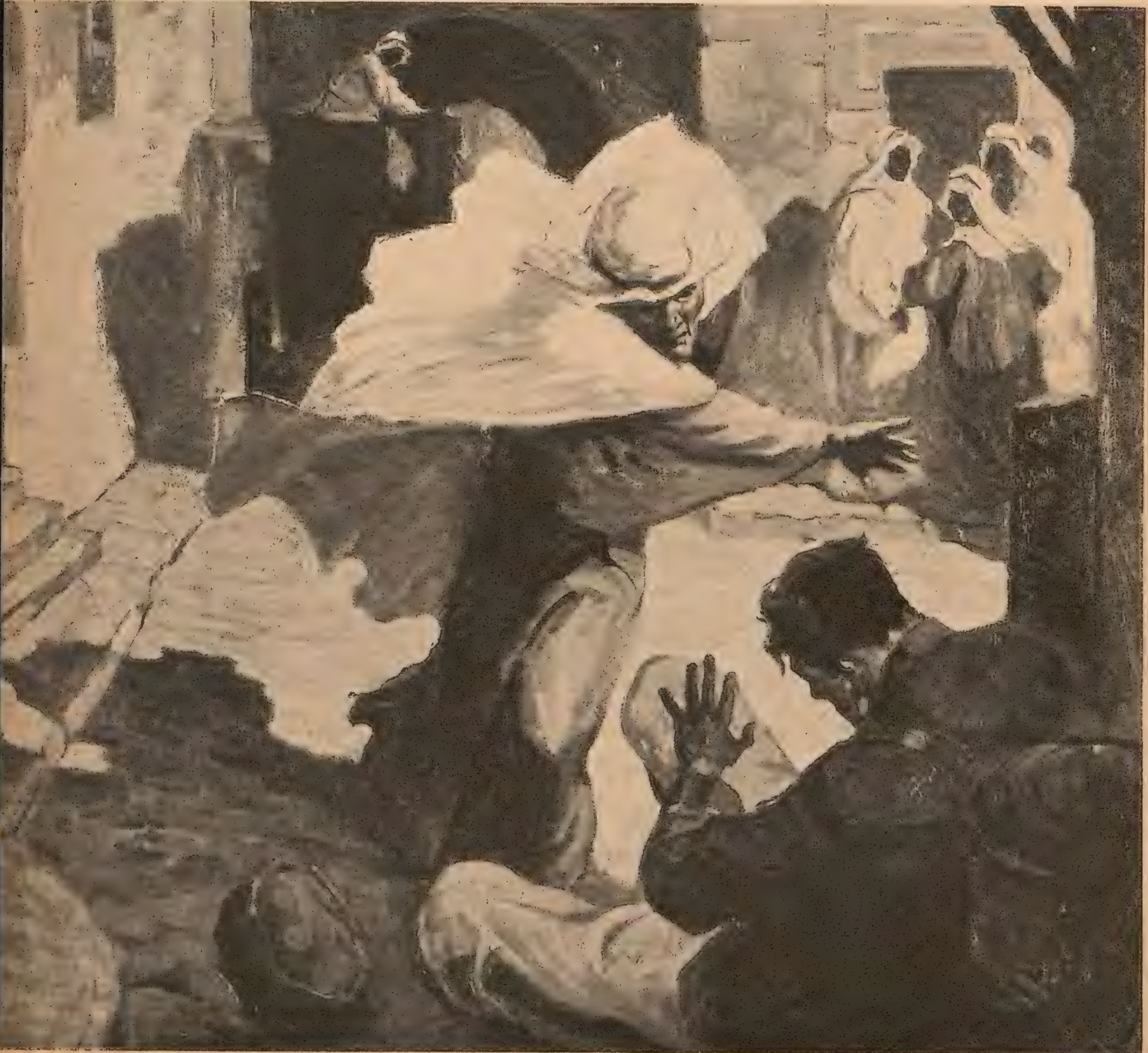
The three of us were taking our usual late stroll around the deck, on our last night aboard. It was mid-September at the time, desperately hot in that arid alcove of the Mediterranean, and nobody felt like sleeping. Up forward, however, we found a faint breeze, a benign moon,

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

Roving Hearts and Dark Intrigue and the Magic of the Moon!—
A Vividly Colorful Tale of Youth and Love in an Ancient Land

RENEGADE

UR TUCKERMAN



urnoose of a Bedouin, came streaking across the alley. He flung himself on the soldier and bore him to the mud.

and a darkly mauve expanse of sea that was like Venetian glass filigreed with silver.

We paused at the transverse railing which, in Eastern steamers of that modest kind, separates the cabin class from the deck passengers. And here a swarm of natives, Arabs and Syrians and Coptic Egyptians, lay sprawled in ungainly attitudes upon the bare boards of the deck. We had been standing there a moment or two when one of the shrouded figures, directly on the other side of the barrier, raised its head and stared intently in our direction. The man's dark face was practically invisible within the folds of a white burnoose and a Bedouin headdress. And then, to our amazement, a modulated voice demanded of us in perfect French: "Would either of you gentlemen happen to have a cigarette?"

Vaniadi, who was nearest to the man, found a crumpled packet in his pocket and handed it over the rail.

Meanwhile Germaine Lacroix, who was standing beside me, had suddenly become tense and utterly still. The man in the white burnoose lighted a match and cupped his hands about the flame. For an instant his dark face stood out against the night like a bas-relief. It was, in spite of the deeply tanned skin, the face of a high-bred, sensitive European. His hands trembled slightly as he lighted the cigarette, and while he puffed avidly there ensued a moment of silence in which the very air of the night seemed filled with a flowing sense of gratitude.

After a moment Vaniadi waved his hand airily and resumed his walk. "You may keep the package," he called back grandly over his shoulder.

"*Merci, monsieur,*" the man answered. I don't know why, but I thought there was a hint of mockery—or was it merely contempt?—in his voice. Germaine Lacroix and I fell into step again beside Vaniadi.

"*Tiens,*" he commented. "That was a strange performance."

Then the second surprise of the evening occurred. The girl, with an elation in her voice which I hadn't heard before, said: "Not so very strange. You know who it was, don't you? It was Henri de Sechelle. He always travels in native fashion. I've seen him in Damascus."

"What?" Vaniadi exclaimed, stopping dead in his tracks. "That renegade?"

There was a mutinous quality about Germaine's ripe mouth which—as she paused under one of the circular frosted deck lights—made her suddenly and strikingly beautiful. "Renegade he may be," she retorted, "to the authorities. But he has done noble, wonderful work among the natives. You know some of the tribes suffered terribly under the mandate restrictions of incompetent officials until Sechelle straightened things out. He knows every dialect—"

"We all know that," Vaniadi interrupted hotly. "But he's no friend for you, *ma fille.* Have you forgotten that he was kicked out of his aviation squadron?"

She was tautly defiant now. "And do you remember why he was kicked out, monsieur? For refusing to subdue a Bedouin tribe with bombs; for offering to mediate with them personally, instead. He knew them and loved them. That was why he was dismissed in disgrace—by professional murderers who prefer bloodshed to peace."

VANIADI, standing there with an ironic smile, was acutely admiring her—the proud angry poise of her head, the rebellious mouth. "It is often amusing to subdue people," he remarked—"individuals as well as tribes." Then, more seriously: "Are you in love with this Sechelle?"

"I only once had the honor of meeting him," she said. Then she bade us a curt good night and left us.

Vaniadi laughed as he took a spectacularly large cigar from his pocket and lighted it. "It amuses me to see her furious. She has such spirit, that girl." He tapped my shoulder patronizingly. "Don't worry, *mon vieux*. I'll bet you a *mille* I'll have her as tame as a dove in a few weeks. In fact you will come and dine with us in my Cairo villa, so that I may prove it."

Possibly, I thought, his conceit will defeat him. That was the only hope. For, in his part of the world, he was an extremely powerful figure. I left him and retired to my cabin. It was in the forward part of the ship, overlooking the slow rise and fall of the bows. Before I began to undress I looked out of the window. And I discovered Germaine Lacroix directly below it.

She had returned to the transverse barrier and was leaning with her elbows upon it. Henri de Sechelle was on the other side, looking like something out of a child's picture Bible—like some one who might be bearing frankincense and myrrh as gifts.

It happened that Germaine was standing directly under one of the electric clusters which had been rigged up for night cargo loading at Port Said, and I got a clear glimpse of her face. The metamorphosis was amazing. She was laughing, looking extraordinarily radiant and happy.

It was then that I made my discovery about her. I had no illusions about her past career, of course, or the life she had led. But I was suddenly, almost physically convinced that she had gone through all that muck and mire with her soul intact. That was the important point. The iniquitous and vile encounters during her own sordid little pilgrimage through life had slipped off her like the proverbial water off a duck's back. She still had youth and bravery and a decent heart. And Vaniadi, who was pursuing her, had none of these things. He had probably been born without them.

ALL at once I profoundly detested Vaniadi, because I knew that if only Germaine and this strange fellow Sechelle were permitted to have their way, they would build something very genuine and beautiful between them. I knew it as one knows one's own name. Long after I had turned out my light the voices continued, as if determined to extract the last moment of rapture. They were momentarily and supremely happy—a very rare circumstance for either of them, I imagine.

The next morning I found Vaniadi in a subdued and Oriental rage. I had forgotten that he too occupied a forward cabin and that he must have been an eavesdropper like myself. All day long he paced the deck, waiting for Germaine. But she didn't come out of her cabin until about five in the afternoon. Then, on the pretext of a convivial drink, he lured her into the smoking room and tackled her. My own presence didn't disturb him in the least. I remember that we had just paused for the pilot to come aboard, and that Port Said was dipping and rising off the starboard bow.

"A piece of advice, mademoiselle," Vaniadi said coolly, having allowed his rage to burn itself out during the day. "I saw that moonlit interview last night, and you are courting trouble. Confidentially, that fellow is wanted by the French authorities. He is a dangerous monomaniac, and it won't help your reputation to be seen with him."

When she had recovered from her surprise, she said tartly: "Do you know why he left Syria? Because he is attempting something much larger than the salvation of a few Bedouins. He's going down to Djibouti, where he will try to get through to the Ethiopians. He believes he can help them in organizing their air force."

"Ah!" said Vaniadi. "Very pretty. The eternal champion of lost causes. I know these renegades. They make a confounded nuisance of themselves with their God-sent missions."

Quite suddenly he changed his tone; became conciliatory, even gentle. "Oh, mademoiselle, I can see how such a figure might appeal to a young woman's sense of romance. But these roving men have no stability, no background. They can offer nothing more substantial than their own vague ideals. Whereas I, if permitted, could offer you important things such as comfort, peace, and safety. Doesn't every woman want them at heart?"

A frightened look came into her eyes and for the first time her spirit faltered. You could literally see her youth and her curiously tenacious idealism struggling against her own French logic, and against that harsh common sense which the very poor are sooner or later compelled to acquire. She said, in a gentler tone: "You have been extremely kind to me on board, monsieur. You have made the voyage agreeable."

Here is a rich man, she was thinking. He is repellentlooking, but beggars can't be choosers. And if anything were to happen to me in Egypt where I don't know a human soul, Monsieur Vaniadi might be very valuable to me. I cannot quarrel with him. So she tried to temporize, saying: "I have my work awaiting me at the Fleur de Lys—but I will remember that you are my friend."

His face fell. He said sharply: "Then you will not give up the Fleur de Lys and come with me on the six-o'clock express to Cairo? You would be much happier, you know, in my villa than at Julio's."

She shook her head, with a forced but pleasant little smile.

"This Sechelle man," he asked her —"how does he get to Djibouti? There is no French packet sailing for the next fortnight."

I wanted to stop her from replying, because I felt that there was something lurking behind the casual question. But before I could prevent it she said: "I believe there is a cargo boat leaving Suez at midnight tonight for the Red Sea ports."

Vaniadi nodded, apparently relieved by the news. He raised his glass in a ponderous effort at gallantry. "To your success, mademoiselle, at Julio's place."

WE dropped anchor at half past five.

Toward sunset I went ashore and once again smelled that eternal and pervasive mustiness which is the ancient breath of Egypt. I had missed the six-o'clock express to Cairo, and discovered to my annoyance that I had six hours to kill before the next train. Vaniadi had apparently made the express, for he had driven off from the customs in a great hurry, well ahead of the other passengers.

I sat down disconsolately at the little café, familiar to every Suez traveler, at the corner of the Boulevard Fuad and the Rue de Commerce. It was filled with the usual potpourri of Levantines, Greek merchants, and Tommies from the local English garrison.

I had been there about ten minutes when a newcomer, seating himself at an adjacent table, said: "Good evening, monsieur," in a pleasant voice. I looked up and recognized Henri de Sechelle, although he was no longer in native garb. He now wore the conventional white drill and solar topee of the hot season, and his lean gaunt face was deeply tanned.

It was the man's eyes, however, which riveted my attention. Set in the hollows of a mahogany countenance, they were a deep burning blue. It was as if his very soul were shining through them. You had only to look at Sechelle's eyes to realize that here was an intensity, an inner flame of conviction, which was of the stuff of genius. A visionary perhaps, but a man of vast sincerity and compassion for his fellow men.

He said in an undertone, since the other café tables were uncomfortably close to us: "I'd been hoping to find

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you, monsieur. I wanted desperately to talk with you."

He saw my look of surprise, for he added quickly: "It's about Germaine Lacroix. You see, neither of us has any friends in this country, and I am an outlaw who cannot claim my legation's protection. We're in a tight hole. And so I've come to you, a complete stranger, to ask you a very great favor."

I murmured some encouraging remark.

"Germaine and I had a talk about you," he continued, "and also I am a judge of men, I think, by their faces. Briefly, I am putting my future happiness, indeed my whole life, in your hands." He paused a moment, his large strong hands outspread in a peculiar gesture of resignation. Then, gathering courage, he said simply: "You see, we are very deeply in love. I can't expect you to understand anything so quick, so illogical perhaps—for we've only met on three occasions. But there it is. Like the sun or the stars. Such things cannot be denied, can they?" His smile had a tender, indescribable beauty. "No, we won't go into that now. We'll get down to harsher facts. Tonight at midnight I'm sailing from Suez on a cargo vessel called the Kantara. I can't get out of it now because I've pledged myself to certain simple faithful people, and my pledge happens to be my only valuable possession. Germaine tells me that you will be in Cairo at least two months on business matters, and before you leave I shall have returned. Meanwhile, frankly, I would be everlastingly indebted to you if you would keep an eye on her while I'm away. My plan is to remove her from Julio's as early as possible, and find perhaps decent employment for her in Cairo. We are both very poor, you understand. But, tell me, would you be willing to see her occasionally, and to let her call on you in case of serious trouble?"

"But naturally—" I protested.

He said, frowning, twirling his glass of beer slowly: "It isn't so simple as you think. Vaniadi is after her, and he has money and power. If you could conceive of the baseness, the iniquity, of a certain mixed breed in this corner of the world—"

I tried to reassure him. "I think he'll drop her," I said. "She'll be adamant, now that she knows you're coming back to her."

"That is kind of you," he said, "but you'll have to watch him. To be temporarily balked merely kindles the flame in such a man—" And, strangely enough, it was just at that moment that Vaniadi himself rode slowly by the café in a long sleek touring car. We both stared goggle-eyed after him, but he didn't see us. He was leaning forward, giving instructions to his chauffeur, and at the same time his eyes were feverishly searching the throngs on the Boulevard Fuad.

"My God!" I said. "I thought he'd taken the six-o'clock train to Cairo."

Sechelle looked at me significantly. "He assured Germaine that he was taking it," he said.

THE Greek proprietor of the café, a little gray man who somehow made me think of a hairless Mexican dog, was standing near our table. Sechelle said to him, indicating Vaniadi's car, which had been momentarily held up by traffic at the corner of the Rue de Commerce: "Do you happen to know that man?"

"Vaniadi? But certainly. We all know him here."

"His business?"

"A finger in many pies, monsieur."

"Night clubs, for instance. The Fleur de Lys?" Sechelle persisted.

Monsieur Nicopulos laughed. "I see you know a thing or two. Yes, of course he owns the Fleur de Lys—and several other establishments at the wrong end of town."

"But they call it Julio's place."

The Greek shrugged. "A convenient screen, monsieur, and also a very competent manager."

"Thank you," Sechelle said.

He had jumped up. He was looking at his watch; but when he spoke to me his voice was calm and measured.

"It is now exactly seven thirty, and my train for Suez leaves at nine thirty." He shot me a keen appraising glance. "This seems to be a somewhat critical phase in my life. Will you consent to share it with me, for Germaine's sake, during the next two hours? I feel that a man needs a friend in such a town as this."

"I'm with you," I told him.

We jumped into a dilapidated taxi, one of those elderly Fiats which had run for years in Genoa, and told the driver to take us to the Fleur de Lys. That was Sechelle's immediate instinct, his hunch. We drove, I think, for about three kilometers along that pretentious and deserted highway, and finally came to a halt before a low white building in Moorish style. At least thirty cars were parked there, but we couldn't find a single touring car among them. I said carelessly: "We're on the wrong track, after all. He didn't stay over to see her."

Sechelle was annoyed with my obtuseness. "But don't you understand? It couldn't be simpler. The old, old game. Employing a girl, then discharging her on some pretext or other and holding up her pay. She's penniless, and she's in his power. Oh, I've heard of this fellow before, and it's all coming back to me now! You see, he keeps her until he's tired of her, then drops her into one of the smaller establishments—the less said about them, the better. An ingenious system, don't you agree?"

ARTHUR TUCKERMAN

gets a tremendous kick, he says, from visiting strange parts of the world. He spends his winters traveling and his summers writing on a small island off the Massachusetts coast. His short stories have appeared in leading English and American magazines. He is the author of three novels and is at work on a fourth.

"Hold on a minute," I interrupted. "It's now past eight o'clock. In case the time factor becomes critical, I want to know where we stand. There's the train for Suez, and there's Germaine. Which is the more important?"

"They are equally important," he said.

WE went into the Fleur de Lys, and gay wasn't the word for it. It was a Saturday night, and all Port Said must have been there—at least the less reputable portion of it. The vast dance hall was packed with sleek merchants in tarbooshes, sailors and soldiers, and at least a hundred Canal employees, volatile young men of various nationalities, most of them in a hilarious condition. They showed no hesitancy in expressing their opinion concerning the floor show which was in progress as we entered. They had paid out their hard-earned cash for entertainment, and they frankly maintained the right to criticize.

It was admittedly a third-rate show, but that youthful audience exhibited an appalling ruthlessness. I saw Sechelle's sensitive features torn by pity when a series of catcalls greeted the appearance of six French girls, none of them too young, who locked arms and began a perfunctory pony ballet. There was neither rhythm nor grace to the performance, and I realized that Les Riviera Girls—as they were billed—relied mainly on their desperate lack of clothing to arouse public enthusiasm. They had sullen unhappy faces as they danced.

When a shower of beer bottles joined the catcalls to mark the end of the sad little performance, Sechelle made a choking sound in his throat. "*Dieu!* To think that she was to work here for a living!" I was curious about that use of the past tense, but I said nothing. I was glad to know that he had some plan up his sleeve, and I let the matter rest at that.

We looked at our programs, and found that the next act was to be a *Danse Orientale*, performed by one Germaine Lacroix. And so we waited patiently while the orchestra blared out a fatuous waltz, then a sibilant rumba. The colored spotlights roamed feverishly, as if they could find no resting place, while Port Said undulated past our table. The pallid and the dark, the male and the female, pockmarked or vermilion-lipped, writhing and swaying, trying to forget or to pretend. Then there was a long pause, and the audience began a slow rhythmic stamping to assert its impatience.

Our table was close to the curtained doorway through which the performers came and went, and the two of us watched that door without speaking. I can see Sechelle now, watching it with a kind of muscular physical tenseness that savored of the plain and the desert, that seemed oddly out of place in that milieu of weakness and degeneracy. And I thought, A woman is lucky when a man of that kind loves so much.

I remember that the orchestra had just struck up another tune when we both heard, simultaneously, the sound of an altercation beyond the flimsy, slightly swaying curtain. A man's voice and a woman's voice raised in violent anger. And the woman's voice was Germaine's.

Sechelle dived past the curtain, and I followed. We found ourselves in a long passageway leading past the performers' dressing rooms. Just then Germaine came running out from one of the dressing rooms, almost colliding with us. She recoiled swiftly, leaning against the wall of the passage, white and tense, panting. You know how some one looks when they've just received a physical blow, before the normal color comes surging back? A momentary atrophy of the senses. That was how she looked.

She was dressed in three fragments of black lace netting, and her big insolent body looked absurd in that meretricious costume—absurd, yet somehow pathetic at the same time. The heroic mold of her wasn't suited to that kind of thing.

Then a man emerged from the dressing room, a swart little man with two black curls on his forehead like an architectural design, and with a sallow face that was about as unpleasant as any I had ever seen. He was shaking his fist at Germaine, shouting at her in an amazing and furious garble of languages:

"*C'est fini, vous comprenez? J'en ai assez de cette pruderie.* I'm t'rough wid you, you understan'? *Allez au diable!* Get to hell out of here!"

SHE stared at him dazedly. She hadn't even registered the presence of Sechelle and myself.

"But where am I to go?" she asked. "In this town—without a sou."

The little man, who was of course Julio, shrugged his shoulders in an eloquent but repulsive way and strode away toward the dance hall. Sechelle and I stood there, facing Germaine. He was the first to recover his composure. He said calmly: "What's happening here?"

She burst into a tirade of French. She was so angry that she still hardly recognized us. "That *chameau!* That Julio! Do you know what he told me? He told me that I was wearing too many clothes!" She indicated derisively the upper portion of her scant costume. "He hoped to please those swine out there. The other girls sometimes agree to such things, but I refused. There are limits, for some of us. And so the pig has dismissed me without a sou of pay!" She flung out her big white arms in a vivid gesture of despair that entranced me because of its freedom, its magnificent vitality. "And now, will you tell me what I'm to do, in this vile city, without a penny in my pocket?"

Sechelle was quietly holding open

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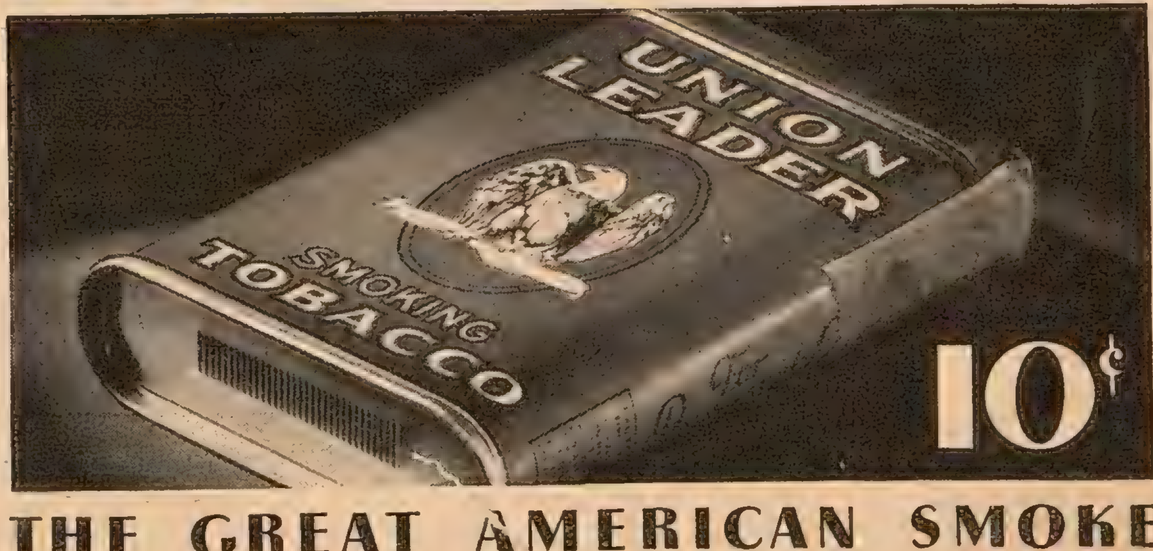

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the door of her dressing room. I had a brief collegiate reaction when I wanted to go back and beat the stuffing out of Julio. But Sechelle was too intelligent to allow that. Not all the French, you know, are excitable. It's a question of latitude, and Sechelle came from the gray calm country of Picardy. He said to Germaine: "If you will get dressed, I will manage the situation."

She gave him a quick look of skepticism. She was too distraught, too excited, to recall his strength and resolution, and for the moment she confused his motives with the motives of other men. She had quite lovely eyes, a deep cornflower blue, with a quizzical slant to the blonde brows; and with them she was now looking at Sechelle as if he were a complete stranger.

He took her by the shoulders and literally shook her out of her cynicism. "Is your memory so short?" he demanded. "Didn't last night mean anything to you? Our talk? Have you forgotten my promise?"

Her lips curled. It was clear to me that she hadn't taken seriously his promise to return to her. Life had flung her about too long in a world of broken promises to allow her to dwell on such opiates. She knew men; did not dislike them, but she had no illusions about their commitments under moonlight. She said harshly: "I thought you were on your way to Djibouti. Why are you here?"

He looked at his watch. He said to her: "Now listen to me, for there isn't a moment to waste. You're going with me to Djibouti. Do you understand? Your life and mine are going to be joined from now on. Since you cannot make up your mind, I had better decide for you. There will be poverty, dirt, and misery ahead of us, because I am a poor man. But you will never again be lonely or without love."

I SAW the quick turn of her head, the widening eyes, the realization that these were not empty words but the outcome of a profound conviction. I saw her hesitate just a moment, dubiously—as she must have hesitated many times before. And then I saw her run to him and throw her arms around his neck—not in a predatory way, but gratefully, like a suddenly tired child who needed comforting. I turned to go, because I believed it was my cue. But Sechelle jerked his head sharply, a signal for me to remain. "We'll need you," he said, when Germaine had gone in to dress.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" he echoed impatiently. "Because Vaniadi's car is waiting outside the back door. Didn't you see the twin taillights there when we drove up? Only American cars have such equipment, and he was riding in one."

Germaine joined us a few minutes later in her shabby little tailor-made suit, and we went to the back door of the establishment. And there was Vaniadi, pacing morosely within the twin arenas of his headlights.

He looked up sharply as we opened the door, releasing a conflicting shaft of light in the darkness. "Germaine!" he cried out in a loud, triumphant voice. Then, abruptly, he discovered Sechelle and myself.

One of his furies assailed him, and they were more like a sickness than a mere display of temper. He came striding toward us, brandishing his thick ivory-headed cane. He actually laid hands on Henri de Sechelle, grabbing him by the arm, shouting: "*Salaud!* What are you doing here?" and like insults, in execrable French.

THAT was all Sechelle required and hoped for. A kindly peaceful man, he proceeded to rid himself of Vaniadi's inconvenient presence with the utmost dispatch. He didn't even award him the dignity of a blow from the fist. With some swift and ingenious movement of his foot, some strange defensive trick which he had no doubt learned from his quick-witted and acrimonious Bedouin friends, he had Vaniadi lying flat on his back in the mud. Vaniadi looked quite funny lying there. He looked like a mammoth overturned turtle helplessly waving its fins. I saw Germaine glancing at him quickly, disgustedly, as Sechelle thrust her into the back seat of the car and signaled me to follow.

The tiny monkey-faced chauffeur, an Egyptian boy, was at the wheel. Sechelle pushed him along the seat; took the wheel; and a moment later we were streaking down that wide bleak boulevard toward the distant glow of Port Said.

When we reached the native quarter on the outskirts of the town, we swerved down a narrow cobbled alley, and came to a halt before an ancient Arab dwelling whose scabrous façade seemed afflicted by some mortal disease, its plaster peeling and leprous and stained. I had no idea why we were stopping there, but Sechelle seemed to know what he was doing. He jumped out of the car, and helped Germaine out too.

"This," he reassured her, "is the house of an acquaintance, a good Samaritan. I was here only two hours ago." Then he turned to me. "I want you to drive on to the railway station," he said, "and to watch for Vaniadi. He will probably go there directly. He is nobody's fool, and Germaine inadvertently told him that I was taking the nine-thirty train to Suez tonight. I shall be taking it. But what you must do, *mon vieux*, is to head him off—to get him away from the station on some false scent, leaving the way clear for us."

The grip of his hand was eloquent in its gratitude. . . .

So I trundled on to the station, with the little Coptic chauffeur at the wheel. He was thoroughly amenable. He didn't care whom he served, so long as he was paid, and I attended to that.

At the station I chose a strategic

position beside the ticket gate. The Suez train was already alongside the platform, an impressive string of long ivory-colored coaches. First the baggage car; then the luxurious Pullmans, their windows aglow with dainty rose-shaded lights; then the simpler third-class coaches for the native passengers.

I stood there waiting, my mind awhirl with a hundred speculations, a hundred conflicting possibilities. The station clock indicated fifteen minutes past nine, and still there was no sign of Sechelle and Germaine.

At eighteen past nine, to be exact, Vaniadi appeared. He was in a black fury. He came hurrying toward me, waving his ivory-headed cane. "Where are they?" he demanded. He grabbed me by the lapel, and I quietly removed his convulsive hand. I said, to gain time, "Vaniadi, don't you know when you're defeated?"

He shouted at me: "You're in league with them, you scoundrel! But you had better look out. I shall have the police after you, on a charge of abduction. I am important in this town—you understand?" And he beat himself magnificently upon the chest.

I REMEMBERED Sechelle's instructions, and I said: "They've probably gone to the Marina Hotel, where she left her luggage." I tried to sound as if I'd been frightened by his threat; but it didn't work.

"You're a poor liar," he said contemptuously. "I've just called up every hotel in Port Said."

I shrugged, and turned away to watch the ticket gate. I was beginning to pray that Sechelle and Germaine wouldn't appear.

Then Vaniadi had an inspiration. "Of course!" he shouted. "They're on board!"

He plunged past the ticket puncher, and I saw him slip the man a fifty-piaster note. He boarded the train, and through the windows I could see him rushing through the Pullmans, pausing now and again to peer insolently at the face of some innocent passenger.

And then a station bell trilled. The Suez Express began to glide out of the station. I looked at the clock, and it was exactly half past nine. I saw Vaniadi hopping off the rear platform of the last Pullman. He came striding back to me, brandishing that cane, still distorted by an uncontrolled fury.

"They are not in the train!" he shouted at me. "But, I assure you, I will have the entire town searched and combed for them. And when I have succeeded, the three of you will learn something about the power of my name." . . .

Strangely enough, I hardly heard him. I was watching the tail end of the train slipping out of the station to avoid noting the peculiar and unpleasant distortions of his face. And as I followed the progress of the last Pullman my eyes inevitably came to rest on the windows of the first swaying, rattling native coach directly behind it. In one of the windows I saw a lean, grave Bedouin chief in a white burnoose and headdress. And beside him I saw a humble native woman clad in the conventional black. But—for an Egyptian woman of the peasant class—her face was startlingly light in complexion, as I happened to notice.

Light dawned on me at last. I looked around the station, and saw that the native passengers had been provided with another ticket gate, down the platform.

Vaniadi said petulantly: "You are not even listening to me!" And with a ludicrous childish gesture of snapping his fingers at me, he strode away.

I smiled to myself, because I understood suddenly why Vaniadi had been defeated in spite of his cunning. Certain people were destined to travel through life on the red plush of first-class, smugly secure in warmth and comfort. That was their aim, their goal in life. Whereas there were other people, less fortunate materially, who would be content to lie on the bare boards of a deck beneath the stars, so long as their souls were allowed to remain intact and free.

That was what Vaniadi—and all his kind—hadn't realized, and probably never would. That was why he'd never thought of looking beyond the pink lampshades of the Pullman.

THE END

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IT WON'T RUB OFF!

HOW I SHALL BEAT

"The First Time He Drops His Left, There'll Be a Race of Right Hands — Then the End," Says the Brown Bomber

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

My managers never joined the challenging league; they let opponents come to us—a policy they'll follow right up to the world's champion.

That may seem strange. It sure puzzled me at first. When I started bowling over leading heavyweights during the winter of 1934-35, every one began talking about a possible title match for me with Max Baer. It made me mighty ambitious. Then my bubble popped suddenly, when Managers John Roxborough and Julian Black said: "Louis isn't ready for a killer like Max Baer. Joe's only a kid."

I never questioned the judgment of my managers, so I just poked my tongue in my cheek and went about the business of chopping chins. Yet I couldn't understand such caution, especially after seeing a movie of Baer's crowning victory over Primo Carnera. Max impressed me as a barnside target for my straight punches, and I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

After we went into training at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, for my bout with Carnera, I got an idea. "How about us going over to New York and seeing that killer defend his title against Jimmy Braddock?" I asked.

Roxborough looked at Black and both winked. "Why, sure, Joe," said Black. "Sure—we intended to take you over to the big fight all along."

So we sat at the ringside and saw Braddock elude those boyish Baer swings all evening to grab the crown. I could see that world's title drift right out of my grasp, and I cast a Grand Canyon scowl toward my managers.

"How come you say I'm not ready to fight such wide-open sluggers?" I asked.

Black saw I was upset. "Joe," he said, "I don't believe it is our place to go around challenging other fighters, especially the world's champion. Folks might think you're cocky. You have the respect of white people now because they like the way you knock out opponents in a hurry, and they like the way you mind your own business. We must lean backward in order to retain that respect."

"Just keep on knocking over heavyweights, Joe," added Roxborough, stepping into the conversation, "and you'll get a match with Baer—and one with Braddock, too—soon enough."

They were dead right. After I cut down Carnera, the Baer match was tossed into our laps, and a near-million-dollar gate came with it.

So we're not going around challenging Braddock now. You may ask, then, how I plan to be champion. My plan is simple: I'll be champion by knocking out Max Schmeling in June and Braddock in September.

Right now I'm concerned with Schmeling. We haven't underestimated the rugged German, by any means. Trainer Jack Blackburn took me into the mountains at Lafayetteville, New York, where I spent three weeks at hard work in the open, chopping and sawing wood, fishing, running uphill to harden my legs, and eating good wholesome food. Then we moved camp to Lakewood, New Jersey, for twenty days of boxing with my spar mates.

It was necessary to condition my body before starting any boxing, because I took my first vacation during the winter. Yet three months of ring idleness found me weighing only 207 pounds, just six more than I expect to scale for the fight. I keep in shape by never letting my diet or habits slice out of bounds, by riding horseback for recreation and dancing for a diversion. My strongest liquid is milk and my chief dissipation is ice cream and fried chicken.

I think ice cream is good food for a hungry man because it is made of milk and cream and a little sugar, and it will put plenty of steam in your boiler. And that is what I want. I have always liked good wholesome food, and that is what I have always eaten and that is where I get my strength.

I like good meat, and to me that means lamb chops, steaks, and chicken fried or roasted. If I can have those three to choose from, that's all the meat I want. But I like a well balanced meal, and so I eat a lot of vegetables, salads, and fruits. I like soup, and I get a lot of vegetables in my soup; but I also like a lot of good vegetables with my dinner. I eat prunes and cereal with my breakfast, but I take a whole lot of orange juice and grapefruit any time of the day. I don't want any alcohol. If I am not hungry I don't eat. I wait. No one can make me eat if I am not hungry.

I have never had any stomach trouble, and because I eat good wholesome food I don't ever expect to have any.

A lot of people have asked me how I like married life and if I think it'll affect my fighting. I think married life is the only thing for a man, if he's happily married. It makes him contented and gives him something to fight for. I've already had three bouts since our wedding and have done pretty well—knocking out Max Baer, Paolino Uzcudun, and Retzlaff.

My wife and I have an understanding about my career. We separate completely when I go into training for a fight, so when I left for the East she went back to her parents. We're not going to raise a family until after I retire from the ring.

When I started earning big purses I promised to hang up the gloves just as soon as I saved a million dollars. I haven't changed from that plan, except that I want a crack at the title before quitting. If I do get the crown, I want to defend it once. After that I'll have my million, and I'll quit the ring, raise a family, and live like anybody else.

Right now I'm paying off my first $200,000 worth of annuities, have an apartment building in Chicago, and another $500,000 in sight this summer.

I never saw Max Schmeling in action, but the movies of his knockout over Young Stribling in Cleveland in 1931 left a lingering impression of a great fighter. I was just a kid then, getting my baptism with gloves at the Detroit A. A., and hadn't been in any real bouts. But I was warming up to the game mighty fast, and saved my pennies to see the Schmeling-Stribling film when it arrived at my neighborhood show. Then I sat with my mouth open and marveled at the way Schmeling slipped under Stribling's piston jabs and countered with short jolts to the body, gradually raised his fire to the chin, and scored a knockout in the fifteenth round. At that time I got the idea Stribling might have done better by drawing away from the German's fists and stepping in with counters.

Now I know just how I'm going to fight Schmeling. I'll let him come winging into me, pull away from his gloves by doing my "backward shuffle," and then step in with counters. If he rushes too fast and furious, I'll grab his arms and spin him before opening up.

I know the "tip" that I'm weak against rushers has spread like a scandal in an old maids' home. That's partly because Adolph Wiater, a mediocre heavyweight, gave me the toughest scrap of my career by pushing me back off balance and churning windmill arms. At the

MAX SCHMELING

by JOE LOUIS

as told to

GENE KESSLER

Confident Joe Louis, who plans to "shuffle in reverse" into victory.

Right: Max Schmeling. Joe expects him to throw plenty of punches.

time I fought Wiater, which was my first ten-round shindig, I hadn't learned to shuffle in reverse.

Blackburn taught me a system of boxing on balance, as I explained in Liberty last November. At first he showed me how to shuffle forward into an opponent and keep my feet always in position for leverage so I could punch without waste motion. My right foot always is slightly behind the left—not too far, but enough to keep me from falling forward off balance when I strike. Blackburn had me watch a shot putter heave the iron marble at a track meet.

"Push your right cross off the right foot something like that," Jack said. "At the same time hold that right toe against the floor for an anchor to keep from falling into a clinch as you punch. Imagine that toe's a stake holding down the corner of a circus tent."

So I learned to shuffle into an opponent, and quick knockouts resulted. Then Wiater came along, hurtling headfirst into me, and I was fuddled for a couple of rounds, but never in distress.

Blackburn immediately taught me the backward shuffle. I simply moved the same way in reverse gear. I discovered I was at my best when a foe came charging into me, because primarily I'm a counterpuncher. In my first clash with Lee Ramage I shuffled ahead for seven rounds before catching up with the retreating Ramage in the eighth. Then, in our return match, Lee decided to wage a charging fight and take a chance on outslugging me. This time I shuffled out of his range, made him miss, and stepped in with counters that iced Lee in the second round.

Maybe Schmeling will switch from his usual style and wait for me to lead; but I don't think so. The German has forced the fighting in all his bouts and would be foolish to change at this time.

Blackburn says Max drops his left hand when he shoots the right. The first time he drops his left, there'll be a race of right hands, and I think mine will ring the button. I know the Teuton has a cast-iron jaw.

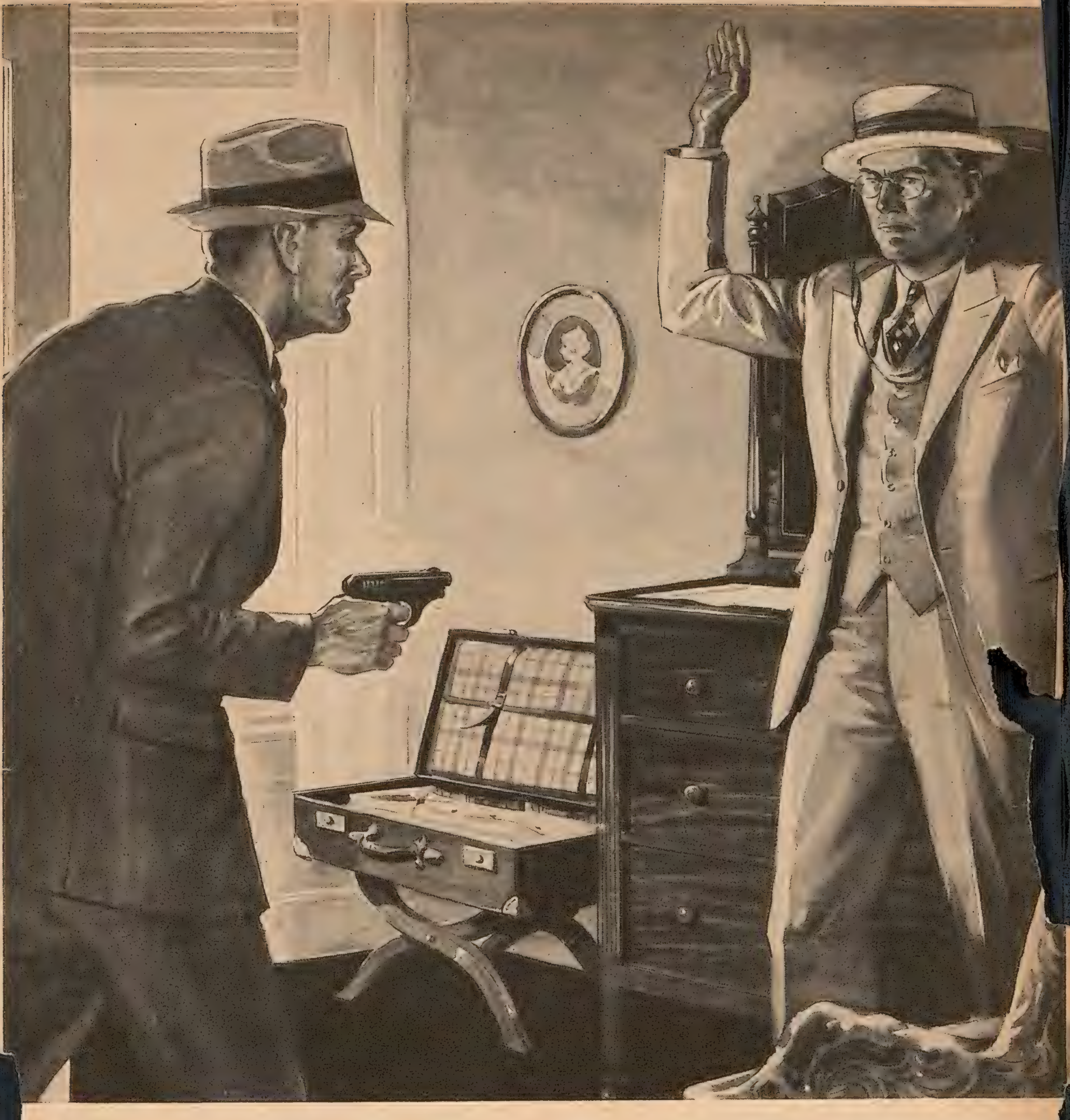
I never expect to hit another man as often with hard punches as I hit Baer before melting his chin, but I expect Schmeling to swing at me plenty. And I expect to get tagged by a few. I am prepared to take as well as dish out the leather poison this trip.

Schmeling is the big hurdle in my path to the championship match. *If* I can whip him decisively, I expect to leap right into a title shot as the next stop, although we might take on a warm-up bout in midsummer.

I feel that I've got a mission to fulfill for my race—to win the title and then prove that a colored man can wear the crown and still act like a gentleman.

THE END

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Louis. She goes back to her parents when Joe goes into training.



"Put 'em up! Put 'em up, sap. Where's that black-haired guy that just

ONE morning in May the advent of a new commuter on the friendly, family-like train between Bellefountain and New York City stirs excitement and curiosity mong the girls. Though his nose is bandaged and his arm in sling, it is apparent that he is a handsome big fellow. net Barlowe falls hard for the interesting stranger, Randy Donald, in spite of the fact that she knows he carries a n and playfully admits he is a gangster. Their flirtation ks as if it might become a serious affair.

Harry Hartman, the joker and wag of the 8.06 commuters, roduced them originally, and in turn Janet makes Randy uainted with her train com —Alice Verney, Clara cranky old Mr. Fr rich banker, who is supposedly sweet on the attractive widow, Mrs. Weaver. For seven years he has paid her marked attention, but neither of them has ever given the Bellefountain gossips any inkling of their feeling or intention in the matter.

Fun and pranks are familiar on the 8.06; and not infrequently, when the train is in the tunnel just before it reaches the metropolis, the jokesters turn off the car lights for the laughter and tumult sure to result.

This particular morning is a rainy one. Randy is almost rude to Janet, and leaving the seat beside him she takes one in back of the snoozing banker, Mr. Francis. Quite unexpectedly, Mrs. Weaver joins her. Then the tunnel is reached, and a humorous trio—Harry Hartman, Mr. Simley,

me in here?"

DEATH on the 8.06

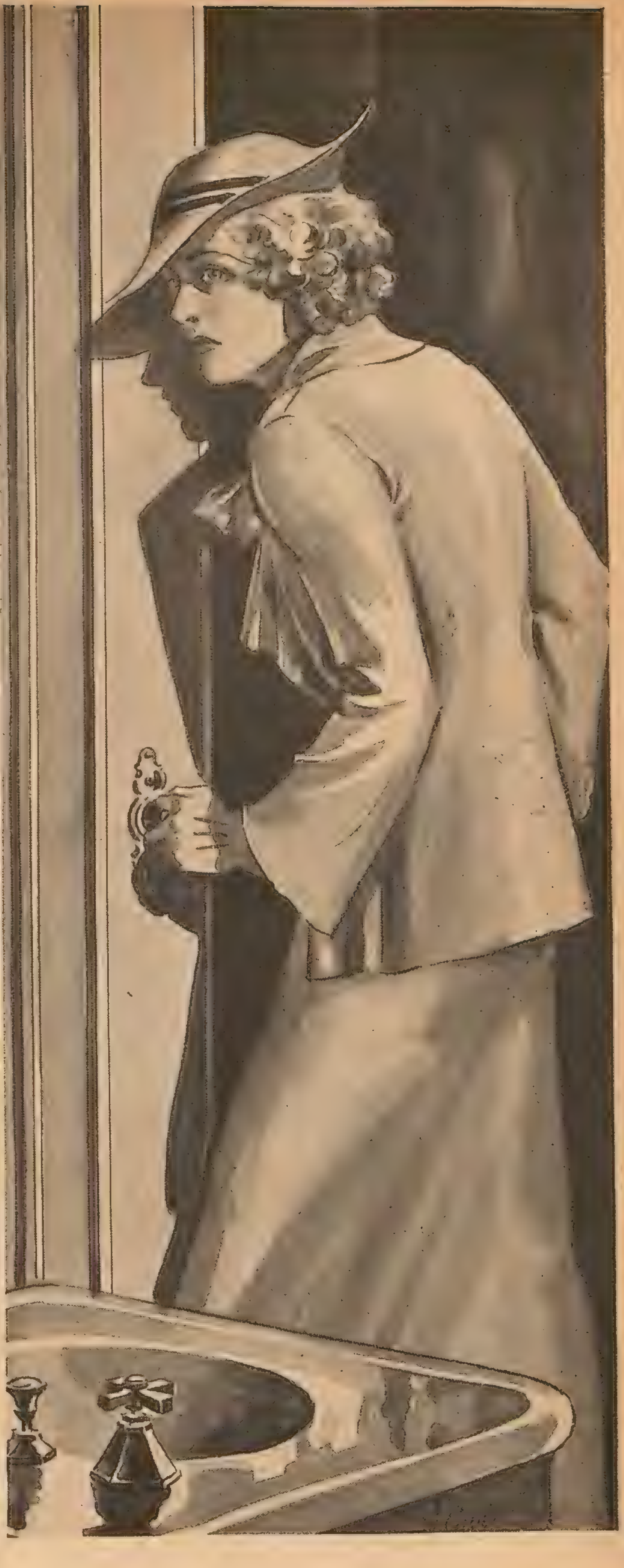
Swiftly, Excitingly a Novel of Love and Thrills and Mystery Races On toward Its Hair-Raising Climax

by

PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILL GRAVEN

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 17 SECONDS



I put my ear to the door panel.

and Grace Dodge—turn off the lights. Startled, Mrs. Weaver gives a faint scream and changes her seat again.

When the train reaches the terminal, Janet touches, then shakes Mr. Francis to wake him. But he is dead—strangled with his own necktie! There are hubbub and cries. A doctor and detectives come upon the scene and take charge. The dicks put Janet through a cross-examination. She looks for Randy; but he has vanished, ignoring her predicament.

That night Alice Verney phones Janet that Randy McDonald has for weeks been seen skulking around Mr. Francis's estate. Hardly has she recovered from this shock when Randy himself climbs up to her balcony window to tell Janet he loves her madly. She feels as if she were a conspirator!

PART TWO—THE MAN IN THE RIVER

MY alarm clock banged me into consciousness at seven o'clock on a blazing May morning. Birds were singing and the air smelled like warm damp blossoming flowers. I remembered yesterday as I spun through the routine that is familiar to millions of commuters. Slippers. Negligee. Downstairs to turn on the coffee percolator which mother always left standing ready. Upstairs again. Shower. Underwear. Make-up. Dress. Hair. Downstairs again. The little phobia that makes you check up to see if you have your ticket, your house key, and lunch money. A drink of orange juice already squeezed and chilled overnight in the electric refrigerator. Bread in the toaster. One cup of coffee quickly swallowed. A slice of buttered toast. Another cup of coffee with two cigarettes. Then—garage, car, station, a hundred "good mornings," train, and office.

Mother was anxious.

"I wish you wouldn't go. I'm almost afraid to let you out of my sight today. Do you suppose the police will want to talk to you again?"

I said, "Listen, mother. My job is pretty important to all of us. I had plenty of trouble getting it. I'm sure, under the circumstances, the firm would give me a couple of days off if I asked for them. But they'll like me better for not asking them, and these are times when it's a good idea to be liked."

I got a newspaper on the way down to the station.

The headlines were blacker than ever.

Mr. Francis had been getting extortion notes—notes signed, "The Five"—asking for large sums of money under threat of death; advising him to signal his readiness to pay by leaving on certain lights in his front rooms, running shades up and down, and things like that.

The Five!

It was in the regular tradition of that racket. People keep being kidnaped and threatened by such gangs as The Five. The newspapers reproduced some of the notes. They were hand written—or, rather, printed. In white ink, on black paper, and posted in Bellefountain. I had visions of G-men starting out on the trail of The Five.

And I felt sick. Because I was alternately certain and doubtful that one of The Five had been on my balcony the night before, telling me that he loved me.

I deliberately almost missed the train so that I wouldn't have to talk to people at the station. I saw everybody on board, however. Everybody, that is, except Mr. Francis, Mrs. Weaver—she didn't ride in often, anyway—and Randy.

When Pete punched my ticket he said, "Hope you're feeling all right, Miss Barlowe. The railroad had to put up a bond for me to appear as a witness. I was just figuring out last night that Mr. Francis had been commuting for more than twenty years."

There were a couple of men in each car who pretended to read papers but who were really looking at everybody and listening to everything. Detectives.

We stopped at Eumoria and at Wayne. Paul Simley got up.

I wanted to be by myself. I walked back and stopped in the vestibule of the car next to mine and looked through the glass door. The train was slowing down to cross a bridge over the Hakatak River. It's a short bridge and not very high. The river has mud flats on both sides, but it has been dredged deep. When you get out on the bridge, you can see mills and factories, slums, billboards, and marshes—not a pretty view but an interesting one.

I WAS looking at the view when a man fell off the train over the edge of the bridge and sailed like a doll down to the water. He hit with a great splash. I could hardly believe my eyes; but the image of him, falling face down, was vividly impressed on my brain. His hat floated away as he fell. He had on a blue suit and black shoes and brown gloves.

Ripples were just beginning to spread on the water when I pulled the emergency cord and ran back into the car.

The train stopped hard.

It hadn't occurred to me to look in the next vestibule. In fact I don't believe I had realized the man had fallen from the next vestibule until much later.

I yelled at everybody, "A man has just fallen out of the train into the river!"

There was terrible pandemonium. I looked out the window, and so did everybody else. The man came up and began to struggle feebly in the muddy, black-banked river. People started swarming out of the car. One of the men I had thought was a detective dived right off the side of the bridge. He came up immediately and swam to the other man. An old woman in a rowboat, who had been fishing, pulled in her line and rowed toward them. The diver lifted the other man aboard. The old woman rowed them to shore in a few quick strokes, and the two men, one half dragging the other, scrambled up the embankment.

I started through the car with a number of others.

The door in the vestibule next to the one where I had been standing was wide open. There was a monkey wrench lying on the floor. It had blood on it. . . .

We couldn't see the two soaking men brought aboard, but word came back quickly enough: "It's Harry Hartman! He's got a terrible cut on his head!"

I sat down, shaking like a leaf.

Everybody was trying to get to the rear of the train. But Clara, who was pushing along with them, saw me. She sat down beside me. "What happened?"

I stuttered, "Somebody must have hit Harry Hartman with a monkey wrench and thrown him off the train."

She looked at me. "You were in the next vestibule when he fell, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was. It was awful!"

"You pulled the cord pretty quickly."

"It was the first thing I thought of: I thought, 'He's going to drown, and we're riding away from him.'"

CLARA never did like me, but now she looked at me with the most hateful expression I have ever seen. "You weren't by any chance expecting that Harry would fall, were you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You weren't, by any accident, not in the next vestibule but in the *same* vestibule?"

I said, "Clara, you're out of your mind!"

She went on with a sort of insane excitement: "You were sitting right behind Mr. Francis in the dark. You were out between the cars with Harry. Maybe—"

"Maybe," I said frantically, "Harry can tell something about what happened."

Clara's mouth was fixed and her eyes were staring. "Maybe you don't know that you did either one," she said. "It's like that sometimes."

"What's like that?"

"Homicidal mania. You have spells, and you kill people for no reason, and then you don't know you've done it."

I began to bawl.

Clara got up and went away.

The engine whistle tooted. The train started.

Paul Simley, white as a sheet, collapsed in a seat in front of me and turned around. "This is awful!" he moaned. "Awful! Harry is one of my best friends. I don't blame you for crying, but he's all right, Janet. Excuse me for using your first name. I'm upset!"

I was still panting and messy, but I felt a little better. "He's all right?"

"Yes. He's talking to the detectives on the train right now. His head is cut some, where he got hit, but he even grinned at me and made a joke. They brought him in the car where I was, you know."

"Did he say what happened to him?" I asked quickly.

"Sure. He was standing at the door watching the train go over the bridge and having a cigarette. Somebody hit him from behind."

"A man or a woman?"

"He didn't know. He just said 'somebody.' He said everything went dark. He caught a handrail and tried to hold himself up. He thought he could remember the doors being opened. The next thing he knew, he was trying to swim."

Paul turned away from me.

A man I didn't know came up to me and said, "You're the girl who pulled the emergency cord?"

"Yes."

"My name is Johnson. I'm on the Homicide Squad. Suppose you tell me all about it."

I told him. He wasn't rude, but he wasn't kind. He had a square dour face and gray eyes close together. When I finished, he said, "You didn't hear the door open?"

"No."

"You didn't hear anybody fall on the floor in the vestibule?"

"I didn't."

"Nobody came from that car into the car where you went after you pulled the cord?"

"I don't think so. I wasn't accountable."

He stared at me for a minute. "I've half a dozen witnesses who say that nobody came into the other car, either. Apparently you were the only person in the vestibule besides Mr. Hartman."

I felt desperate. "I tell you, I wasn't in the same one he was! I was in the next one. I didn't even know he was there."

"But you did know Hartman. You were fond of him—"

"I hated him!" Right after I had said that I knew it was wrong.

Mr. Johnson murmured, "Hated him, eh? Perhaps we're starting to get places, sister."

"We're not!" I was beginning to lose control of myself. "I didn't really hate him. I just disliked him. He is a boor. He annoys me."

"Annoyed you, eh?"

"I didn't say he annoyed me. I just said he annoys me generally." I looked straight into Mr. Johnson's close-set eyes. "Listen! I didn't like Mr. Francis, either, particularly. Not many people did. But I didn't strangle Mr. Francis. And I didn't hit Hartman over the head with a monkey wrench and throw him into the river."

"But you knew a monkey wrench was used?"

"Certainly I did. So did a lot of other people who walked through the vestibule right after the train stopped. We all saw it lying on the floor. There was somebody else in the vestibule, all right, and you say they didn't go toward the end of the train, and I say they didn't go toward the front."

"So what?"

"So, when the train stopped, everybody was jumping out and running through the cars, and what was to prevent whoever slugged Harry from doing the same? Getting off and mixing with the crowd and getting on somewhere else? Or hiding underneath the train? Or hiding under the bridge until the train went away? You're bright enough to pick on a girl who had nothing to do with it." I was crying again. "But you haven't got the plain dumb sense to figure the only possible way the man who tried to do murder could escape, and to go looking for him where you ought to look. Have you?"

"I think," said the detective, "that you better tell that to the captain."

He glinted at me and walked away.

PAUL SIMLEY, who had hunched down in his seat and had listened in on the conversation, now turned his pale, prunish face around and stared at me. "You shouldn't antagonize the police. You'll get in trouble."

"I am."

The train slowed for the terminal.

I started to get up. My knees were like wet tissue paper. I sat down again and cried a little. We stopped, and everybody began to get off.

After the car was empty, I got to my feet. The last stragglers were hurrying up the platform.

Just ahead of me a redcap was pushing a wheel chair. I knew Harry was in it, and I wanted to speak to him, but I didn't have the strength. There were two detectives walking alongside him. He was laughing, smoking a cigarette. From his gloves to the tips of his shoes, he looked like something left out in the rain. I guessed they were going to take him some place to get dry clothes.

I started to walk toward the exit, and I noticed a man coming along behind me. I realized that Detective Johnson had let me go but he was having me followed.

When I passed the baggage car, a man with a dog on a leash was just getting off. There was something familiar about him, although he had smooth black hair and a black mustache. He wore dark sunglasses. He walked with a slight limp—holding the dog leash in one hand and using a cane with the other.

I felt sure it was Randy—Randy in disguise.

I started toward Randy, thinking I might just as well blow the whole thing up right then and there; but I suddenly remembered Randy standing outside my windows and whispering that he loved me.

Be fair to your HAIR

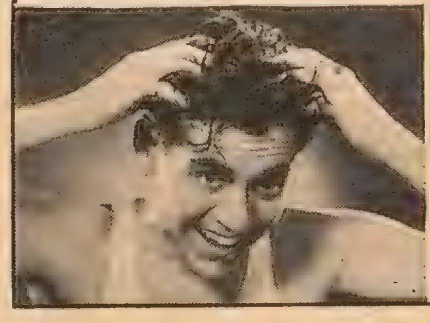
protect it from that double-drubbing by SUN and WATER

YOU'D think men didn't care a hang for their hair—the way they neglect it in the summer! Hot sun bakes hair to a crisp. Then to cap the climax natural, needed oils are soaked away by swims and shower baths, leaving the hair as lifeless and unruly as a rope-end.

Your hair can't stand—won't stand—such abuse. Give it the protection it's asking for and badly needs—Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." A vigorous massage with Vitalis penetrates to the hair roots. Circulation quickens. Loose dandruff disappears. The pure, clean vegetable oils replace dried-out natural oils. Your hair has a chance to be healthy!

Vitalis adds a good-looking, subdued lustre but none of that objectionable "patent-leather" look. Buy a bottle today at any drug store. Use it regularly. Give your hair a helping hand to health and good looks.

● 50 SECONDS to rub—circulation quickens—needed oils are restored —your hair has a chance!



● 10 SECONDS to comb and brush —your hair has a lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Use VITALIS

AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

I abruptly hurried up to the terminal and led quite a little chase through the drugstores and the ladies' room—and from there to my office.

Another day at the office.

Another uproar in the afternoon when extras yelled, "New Murder Attempt on the 8.06!"

A million people talking to me. Reporters. I don't know what I told them.

Another ride home on the 5.11. More questions. Volunteered solutions—senseless and worthless.

Harry in bandages—the center of excitement. His picture in the papers—like mine.

More talk. The police had found fingerprints on the wrench handle. A man's. Smudged. I sat in my seat and tried to avoid everybody, and wondered if I would be in prison if they discovered the blurred marks belonged to a woman.

A horrible ride. I left the train gratefully. The placid routine of commutation was no more. I drove wearily home.

On Wednesday I didn't go to work. There was an inquest. We all were summoned. We all went. Except Randy. Randy, ducking the police.

IN a big grimy room we took the stand one by one and told what had happened on Monday morning. After an interminable amount of talking, the coroner said something about "person or persons unknown."

By the time I went to bed Wednesday night I was in a thoroughgoing tizzie. Things raced through my mind so fast that I couldn't hope to sleep.

I lay in the dark, fighting to make simple declarative sentences of all that had taken place.

It would start out easily enough. Mr. Francis had been strangled. Mrs. Weaver could have done it—and she might have had a motive, because she was supposed to be in love with him. Somebody had tried to kill Harry Hartman. Mrs. Weaver again? She knew Harry. But she hadn't been on the train. A nice-looking guy named Randy McDonald had started to commute on our train. But—he carried a gun; he had been seen in Mr. Francis's shrubbery at night; he had run away when Francis was killed; the police couldn't find him; and I alone knew that he'd ridden into town on our train disguised. Randy could easily have killed Francis. And Randy might have slugged Harry. But— Again the spin began in my head. Nothing was related sensibly to anything else.

I didn't believe that I had slept at all—but my alarm clock woke me up, so I must have.

I dressed feverishly and dallied over my coffee. I almost missed the 8.06.

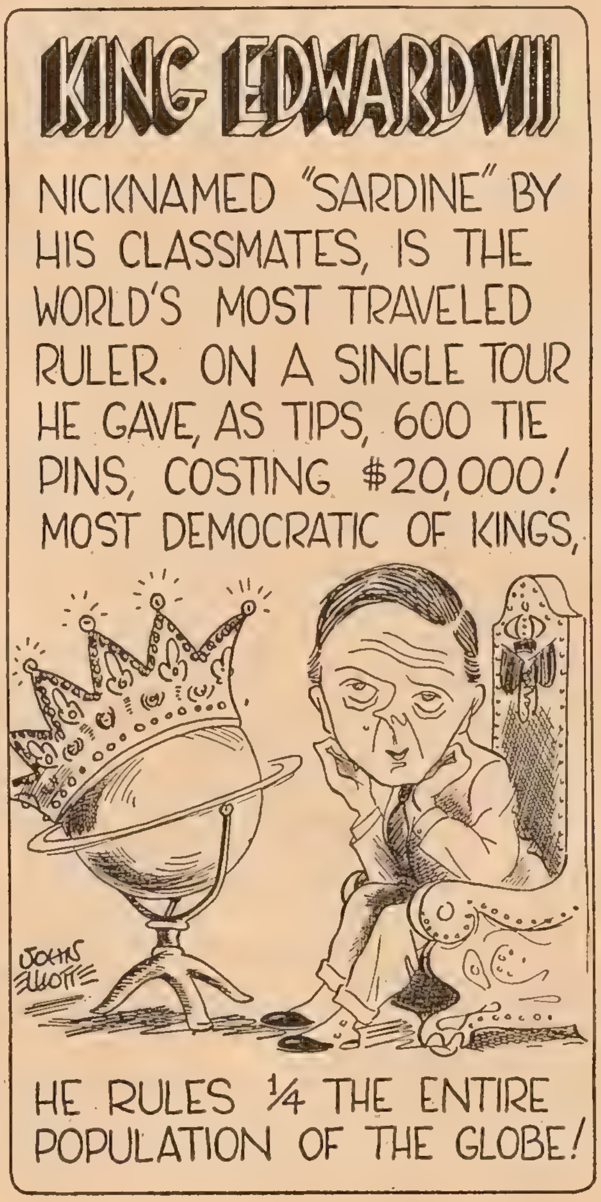
Harry was aboard—no worse for wear. Talking to anybody who would listen. So was Mrs. Weaver. Not saying a word.

There had been newspaper photographers at the station to take our pictures as we caught the train. And other newspapermen met us in New York. They buttonholed me as usual, and I couldn't get to the baggage car in time to see whether or not Randy in his ridiculous wig led off his little dog. When they finally let me go, it was too late.

I worked as well as I could all day. I had to talk to a couple of detectives again during my lunch hour. I went home on the 5.11.

Keyhole Kartoons

by John W. Elliotte


KING EDWARD VIII
NICKNAMED "SARDINE" BY HIS CLASSMATES, IS THE WORLD'S MOST TRAVELED RULER. ON A SINGLE TOUR HE GAVE, AS TIPS, 600 TIE PINS, COSTING $20,000! MOST DEMOCRATIC OF KINGS,
JOHN ELLIOTTE
HE RULES 1/4 THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE!

The newspapers declared that there were as yet no suspects in the Murdered Commuter Mystery. I guessed the police weren't ready to tell all they knew. I left newspapers scattered all over the living-room floor and went to bed.

Then—about twelve—the phone rang. I ran downstairs and answered.

There was plenty of taut nerve in the voice on the other end of the wire: "Janet Barlowe?"

"Yes."

"This is Jimmy Taylor." Jimmy Taylor is chief of police in Bellefountain. I had a sinking feeling. I said, "Yes?"

"Did I get you up? Sorry. It's about Mrs. Weaver. She went into New York on the 8.06 this morning."

"Yes. What happened?"

"Did you by any chance get off the train with her? Or talk to her on the train? Did she say what she was going to do in town?" He was talking fast. "Or where she was going? Or why?"

"No."

"Thanks. You see—she didn't come back to Bellefountain this afternoon. She had an engagement this evening with the Humes, next door. When she didn't come, and they noticed her house was dark, they went over. She wasn't there. I think—she's disappeared."

"Had she packed?"

Jimmy was evidently stopped by somebody at his elbow. He said a few words I couldn't hear and then came back on the wire:

"Keep your mouth shut about that—about her disappearing, I mean. No, she hadn't packed. The food for her supper was in her icebox. But she has never spent a night in New York before."

"Maybe she just wanted to get a little rest from being tagged by the police all the time," I said.

His voice was ironic: "Yeah. Sure. *Maybe.*"

He hung up.

AND I felt the same way. *Maybe* Mrs. Weaver had deliberately lost herself in New York City to get away from the investigation, the prying, the conversation, the suspicions, the wagging tongues, the detectives.

Maybe! . . .

The papers had it in the morning. Mrs. Weaver had ridden into town on Thursday on the 8.06. A few people recalled seeing her walk through the terminal and out on to the street. A taxi driver had carried her to a department store. And that was the last trace of Mrs. Weaver the police had been able to uncover. She had successfully eluded her "shadow."

There was bedlam aboard the 8.06 all the way into the city.

Between a rainy Monday morning and this hot Friday the dull repetitive lives of the passengers had been devastated by a murder, an attempt at murder, and the disappearance of a woman.

I can't remember what I said or to whom I said it. I was half nutty from what I told myself was loss of sleep and what I knew was apprehension for Randy and fear about who he was and what he had done.

When the train came into New York I knew what I was going to do. Perhaps I'd known for twenty-four hours. I was going to follow Randy—if, of course, he was in the baggage car with his false hair, dark glasses, and dog again.

So, as we filed out, I threaded my way through the crowd along the platform and got behind a truckload of express packages and waited.

I didn't really believe he would be there.

But he came out, leading the dog and walking with the people. I tagged along behind, keeping him in sight.

I was pretty excited. I had decided to see where he went and what he did. After finding out that, my plans were vague. Maybe I'd capture The Five—

He walked through the waiting room rather quickly, like all the other people on the way to work. He stopped at a cigar stand and bought some cigarettes. I had to pretend I was taking a long drink of water at the fountain in the wall to keep him from seeing me.

Afterward he strolled up the ramp to the street. He went over to Fifth Avenue and across it. He stopped, then, at a pet store. He went into it and stayed about two minutes.

I was in a fairly dizzy state by that time. I remembered a Chicago gang that had used a flower shop for headquarters. Why not a pet shop?

But he came out without the dog—and it dawned on me that since the dog was his excuse for riding on the baggage car he probably checked it in the pet store for the day.

As I followed him uptown I did some more wondering about why he was so anxious to ride on the 8.06—but I couldn't guess.

He next stopped at one of those white-fronted fruit-juice stands and had an orangeade. I put in the interval in a little window-shopping.

We walked on. I was about half a block behind. It was easy to follow him, because he was so tall.

His third stop was at the Wallonia Hotel. When I saw him turn into the entrance I practically ran, because it's easy to lose a person in a hotel.

Randy was passing the desk.

I heard the clerk say to Randy, "Morning, Mr. Williams."

Randy said, "Hello." It was his voice, all right.

He took the elevator. I had to chance it. I walked in after him and I stood behind him. Fortunately, about eight other people, mostly men, got in at the same time.

Randy said, "Seventeen."

ON the seventeenth floor he got cut. So did I.

The door slammed. Randy stalked down the corridor. I didn't think he knew any one had followed him out of the elevator. The carpets were thick.

But quite suddenly, without turning his head at all, he said to the empty corridor ahead, "Hello, Janet. How's everything?"

I stopped.

He turned around and came back toward me, grinning. I was so startled that I stood there for a moment. Then I said, "You saw my reflection in those glasses."

Randy laughed.

"Sure. I saw you behind the baggage truck. And at the fountain. And looking at those hats while I had a drink. You're a terrific shadower."

I started to ask him what he was doing and why. But he had my arm and hurried me down the hall a little way, took out a key and unlocked a room.

"I thought you'd follow me. Because, for one thing, you like me—and, for another, you've got too much curiosity. I'm glad you did. Keeping track of you put me wise to the fact that another person was following me as well."

At that point he had ushered me into his room. There was nothing unusual about it—a medium-sized hotel room and bath, with a couple of suitcases on the baggage racks.

I STOOD there, paralyzed.

He ripped off his glasses and wig. He yanked open a suitcase and found another wig. He began adjusting it. He looked in the mirror and he changed his coat. And he talked steadily.

"I don't know who the other person is. A man. Not a cop, I'm sure. He followed me yesterday, too. So I changed my hotel and my name."

He stopped talking. I had had a glimpse of him as he really was, and then I was looking at a blond young man with pince-nez glasses on a ribbon and a straw hat on the back of his head. A lightning change.

The elevator door crashed.

"That'll be the boy friend," Randy said. And he wasn't very calm. He grabbed my arm and pushed me into the bathroom. "Look here. I can't be connected with the 8.06 by anybody. I've got to stall. I'm even hiding my gun. Stay in there—no matter what. Because you'd be recognized. Your picture's everywhere. Take a bath—anything. I'll say you're my wife—"

By that time there was a hard knock on the door. Then I put my ear to the door panel.

This is what I heard:

A man called, "Open up, here!"

The door opened. Randy said in a somewhat disguised voice, "Well?"

"Put 'em up!"

"But—"

"Put 'em up, sap. Where's that black-haired guy that just came in here?"

"Black-haired? You must have the wrong room."

"You heard me!"

"There's a mistake—"

"Yeah?"

Footsteps. Then Randy's voice: "You can't go in there!" Randy sounded confused, embarrassed. "My—my wife is taking a bath!"

Is Randy a crook, and is he caught with the goods at this critical moment? And what can Janet do now? It surely is a situation that calls for audacity and ingenuity. What is the next move in this seemingly checkmated game? Read the next issue of Liberty and you will be more than surprised at the final outcome.

IT'S AN INSULT TO ME!
IMAGINE! GOING OUT TO DINNER WITH A CHIN LIKE THAT!
YE GODS! YOU KNOW MY FACE WON'T STAND SHAVING TWICE A DAY!
SHE'S SORE. BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
LISTEN, OLD MAN. MY FACE IS TENDER, TOO, BUT COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM GIVES ME A SOOTHING "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT LASTS ALL DAY.
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
NEXT EVENING
YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY, BOB! THE BLAKES EXPECT US FOR DINNER.
READY IN A JIFFY. THANK GOODNESS I DON'T HAVE TO SHAVE AGAIN. THESE COLGATE SMALL-BUBBLE SHAVES SURE LAST!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted. **COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EGYPTIAN camel drivers paint their eyelids like chorus girls to counteract the glare of the sun. . . . India's royal rajahs eat gold leaf on their ice cream and their stewed fruit. . . . Wise women of the Orient wash their faces with almond oil to prevent wrinkles. . . . The favorite wife of a rich old Chinese statesman juggles her chow mein with a bejeweled pair of carved jade chopsticks worth fifty thousand dollars. . . .

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

I'm just giving you a few samples of the world-wide information picked up by Lady Drummond-Hay in the routine of her work as a globe-trotting lady journalist. She goes everywhere, sees everything, knows everybody. Naturally she came here on the maiden trip of the new dirigible, the Hindenburg.

Grace Marguerite Drummond-Hay is small, plump, calm, auburn-haired, dark-eyed, Liverpool born, a widow, an expert cook, a linguist. Speaks French, Italian, English, Spanish, German, a little Arabic, a little Russian.

In China, a while ago, her airplane had to make a forced landing in bandit territory. Her American pilot asked her to watch for the bandits while he tried to fix the plane. "Tell me as soon as you see them," he said, fingering his revolver, "because if they come, the first thing I'll have to do will be to kill you."

● Last week a friend of mine let her husband in on a family secret, and he had hard work believing it.

"But we've been married six years!" he exclaimed. "It never has happened before. Are you sure?"

"We have been married *five and a half years*," she corrected him, "and I'm positive."

She almost resented his amazement. Yet if the situation had come along a year later, she probably would have shared his surprise. This is a very strange fact. Two, three, four, or five years without issue do not seem to make wishful women abandon hope. The sixth year usually does. And a first expectancy in the seventh year, after six childless years of marriage, nearly always astonishes both of the prospective parents. As far as I can find out, nobody knows why.

● The following episode was narrated to me by a lady of normal eyesight. She saw a strange man walking down the street ahead of her. There was something vaguely familiar about him, but she couldn't think who he was. He stopped to eye a store window, then she got a good look at his face. He was her own husband!

"It just shows," she said to me, "how different we all must look from the back."

A disquieting thought! Ever since she told me this, I have been worrying about how *I* may look from the back. Do you know how *you* look from the back?

● *In many homes there was neither a hammer nor a saw. One little girl said she couldn't even find a stray button around the house.*

Here I quote a report from the Tom Thumb Club of Oakland, California. Organizers of the club encourage poor children to make things at home, aiming to help the kids keep off the streets and out of trouble. A big difficulty, they say, is the lack of common tools in the average household, and it isn't confined by any means to poor neighborhoods. All city parents are being urged to remedy this. To me the idea certainly seems worth pushing. A few plain tools and cheap materials should be part of the equipment of every home with children in it.

● A hot controversy has broken out among the jewel merchants who sell rings in our town. To a certain extent I started it. One jeweler told me that women's fingers now average a couple of sizes larger than they did in the days of our mothers and grandmothers. The report interested me, so I tried to check up on it. I asked other jewelers if they thought it was true. Some did and some didn't. Now they're all squabbling about it, but they don't seem to have many facts on which to base their opinions. Few of them can find their old records of finger measurements taken for the ring fittings of past generations. You might compare the sizes of old and new rings in your family, and let me know.

● Two good books for summer vacationists on wheels: Motor Tales and Travels In and Out of California, by Herbert Carolan (published by G. P. Putnam's Sons); and The Heart of Old New England, by A. Hyatt Verrill (published by Dodd, Mead & Co.).

● Tongue fritters are a specialty of Bavaria, they suit the summer menu to a T, and they're easy enough to make.

To 1 cup thick cream sauce add 2 tablespoons chopped onion and 1 tablespoon chopped mushroom previously sautéed in butter till soft. Let sauce cool. Slice a cold cooked ox tongue in slices about ¼ inch thick. A fresh tongue, not the smoked kind. Spread sauce on half the slices, cover with remaining slices, dredge with flour, dip in raw egg and bread crumbs, fry in deep fat. Drain well.

Garnish each fritter with a slice of lemon and serve with green peas.

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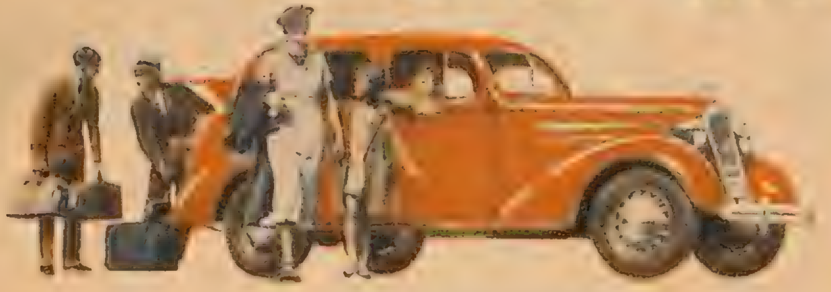
. . . in the only low-priced car with the

KNEE-ACTION GLIDING RIDE!*



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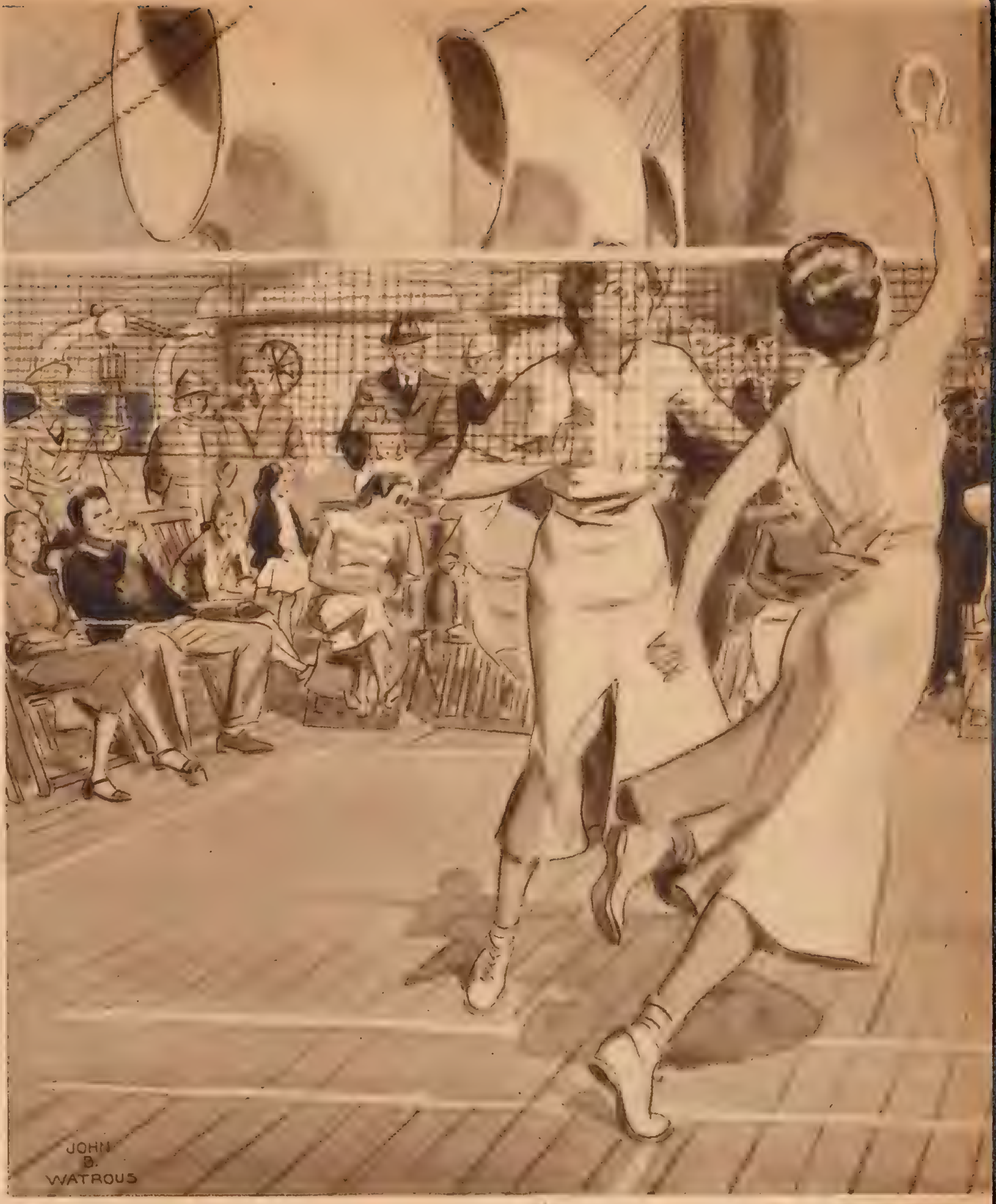
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

The Revealing Story of a Man Who Married a Champion—A Lively Tale of the Way of a Maid in Sportsmanship and Love

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



I Learned

I THINK very highly of my mother-in-law.

I began by feeling about her much as any other young man does about the mother of the girl he is going to marry. Indifferent. Then antagonistic.

My dazzled eyes just barely registered her, in the days of courtship, as a bag-shaped figure (the bag not too stuffed) in dowdy hats, with nothing to recommend her but certain age-dimmed features in common with Lorna.

The hostility began on my wedding day. Probably almost never has a bridegroom had the experience of the bride's mother taking him aside, at the eleventh hour, and warning him against proceeding into matrimony with her own daughter. That was mine.

Mrs. Brooke summoned me to her spacious bedroom, into which the sunshine of an Oklahoma City spring morning streamed, and there, already gowned and hatted for the church in festive gray, she addressed me: " I've tried to get out of saying this to you, Cass. But my conscience won't let me. Have you thought what it's going to be like to be the husband of a woman tennis champion? "

I laughed uneasily. " Do you think my friends haven't razzed me ragged about marrying Lorna, when the nearest I've ever come to wielding a tennis racket is a ping-pong paddle in my dad's fishing lodge? I'm resigned in advance to being *Mister* Brooke! Don't you worry, Mrs. Brooke. I'm a good sport, if I do say it myself."

" Yes—I believe you are." Those blue-gray eyes upon me were Lorna's over again, but they had some content Lorna's lacked. Later I was to discover it was wisdom.

" You've known Lorna just four weeks. Out of match-play season. And you haven't even had a sister or two as preparation. Just what do you know about girls? "

I grinned. " I've kissed a few."

Mrs. Brooke smiled, too. " It's not enough. You're starting with a failure handicap. It's my fault. But of course, when this coach came along and wanted to train Lorna for championship play, I had no idea what it would lead to. She was only twelve. I'd wanted a boy; so I tried to make Lorna a little bit one."

" Allah be praised you failed there! "

Mrs. Brooke said darkly: " The time is coming when you'll wish I'd succeeded. Even a girl ought not to be too feminine. I mean, she should have a boy's sportsmanship. I figured that sports were one place to learn to be a sport! But of course a girl can't."

" But Lorna," I cried, " has an absolutely world-wide reputation for her absolute sportsmanship! "

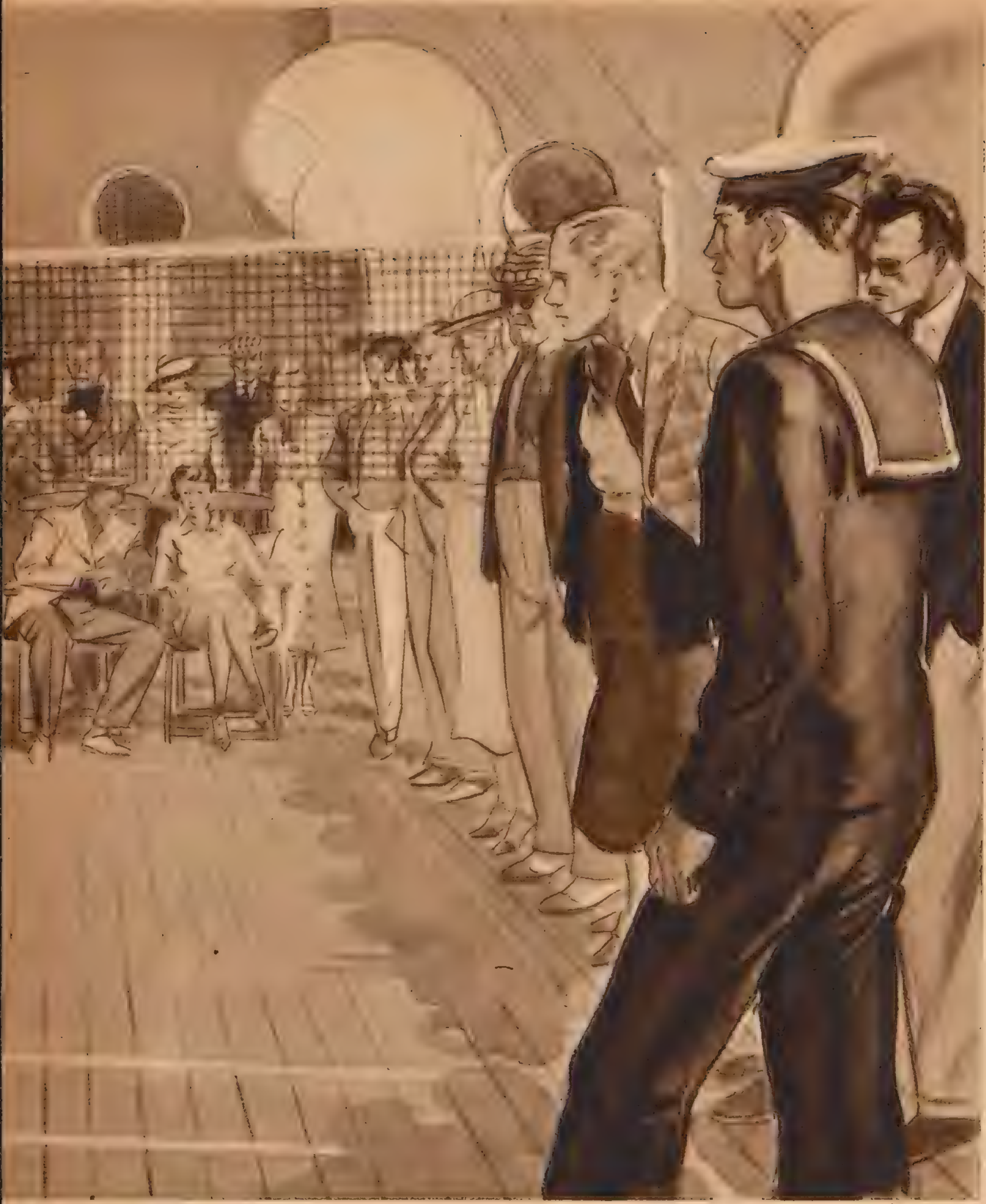
Lorna's mother just looked at me. She was a hardy woman, but I saw suddenly that she was tired.

" Then, too, the discipline of the training seemed desirable. An only child is so prone to be spoiled. But I simply widened the arena of Lorna's spoiling from the home to the whole world."

About Women

by VALMA CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN B. WATROUS



Lorna and Kit, by unanimous request, staged a deck-tennis match.

At this point indignation was born in me. "She's totally unspoiled! Every sports writer from here to New York has used that adjective at least a dozen times in hammering out copy about Lorna Brooke. Why, I knew that before I knew Lorna."

"It was a mistake," brooded Mrs. Brooke. "Some mothers are lucky enough to have their girls ruined in more human ways. My girl has been ruined by applause. Take just her photographs. You must have noticed, Cass, how she has that instinct, like a movie actress, for striking an effective pose. Her photographs—even the smeared newspaper prints—are far more beautiful than Lorna really is."

"I don't agree!"

"You're making a mistake; but if you're *bound* to marry Lorna—"

I said very stiffly: "I am."

"It's probably too late. But there's one chance for a husband to save her where a mother could not. Of course, if she'd lose! Lorna's not the sort who would go on performing in public to the tune of defeat. But I've prayed for that too many years. It's no use. She's too good. If you'll take Lorna's mother's advice, Cass, you'll not let her off of one single duty—or result—of being a wife."

Her tone was so significant that I blushed. I said, with shocked distaste: "But, Mrs. Brooke, it's all understood between Lorna and me that she's to go on with her tennis for the next few years. She's so young—"

"She's too young. Only twenty-two. Have you thought how long this winning at tennis can last?"

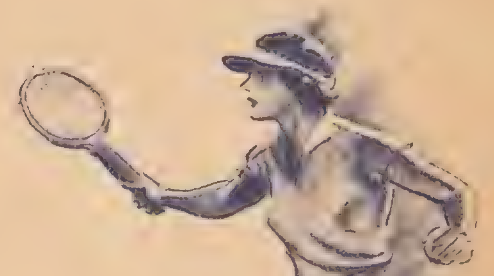
"Five or six years," I declared proudly. "I sincerely hope so. I'd be the last person in the world to cramp Lorna's tennis style."

"All right," said Mrs. Brooke, rising. She straightened the mushroom-shaped lace hat so the brim cut her forehead in the line God gave to horizons, and from under it gazed out at me directly: "I love Lorna, but I'm frank to say it will be a relief to shift her. I am going back into the country, where there are no newspapers, and rest. I refuse to follow Lorna's victories even in print this summer. But all my sympathy, Cass, will go with you to Paris and to Wimbledon."

Well, naturally, if your imminent mother-in-law, who looks like an honest, solid woman, speaks thus to you just before the minister slips the knot, it makes an impression.

I was mad. Mrs. Brooke seemed to me both libelous and disloyal. "She's got a lot of nerve," I thought, "expecting to raise a sport when she isn't one herself. And a lot of luck to bring it off like she has."

But of course, right away, I was involved in my own wedding. We got off to journalistic hand clapping, though I scarcely realized it at the time. Press photographers caught us as we emerged from the church, and their brother reporters gained entrance to the



big reception on the Brooke grounds. Lorna came out marvelously (we saw the spreads on our way East). Her chestnut hair photographs black, for a decent contrast with bridal (and tennis) white; her classic face looked divinely pure; and her mouth, needless to say, was closed and bowed to a slight downward smile expressing both shyness and sweetness. Mine—the mouth—was open, and being so blond, in strong sunlight I showed up about as much as the late Conan Doyle's pictures of spirits. To the press Lorna granted a blushing admission of our ideal happiness in advance of the state; but it followed so quickly that it was true upon publication. I'd had small experience of being interviewed, but when they quizzed me about my attitude toward Lorna's tennis career, I hit on the right line: "I'll never interfere. The tennis in this family is just entirely up to Lorna."

But, as I say, the ordeal of the wedding was soon over. And though we traveled, and Lorna was frequently recognized by her public, I moved in a nimbus of such exclusively private ecstasy that I hardly noticed. She was certainly something pretty special in brides! I was sorry for all the other poor goops who could only read about her in impersonal printer's ink. The Pullman drawing room gave way to New York, which was in turn succeeded by an ocean liner—all just so much flat canvas background to this delicious girl. Did I mention that our honeymoon had been combined with the yearly foray to Europe for the French Lawn Tennis Championship and the Wimbledon Championship? If I wanted to wait, Lorna had said. But I most decidedly did *not* want to wait.

She added vaguely: "You know I have to keep training."

"That's all right, honey," I'd assured her heartily. "I know when I marry you that you're the world's crack player."

"It really doesn't take all my time."

"Well, I should think not!"

"I mean—I win rather easily."

"Don't be so modest. You just top them all like Mont Blanc, with about as much fuss."

She ate it up. "You really think so?"

"Nobody's told you before!" I laughed at her tenderly; it was darned flattering that she had to keep hearing it from *me*.

Not until we were aboard ship did Tennis even passingly rear its ugly head.

True, I was awakened one night in our New York hotel as by the report of a gun. But Lorna exclaimed: "There's a string gone! I'll bet it's my favorite racket! Will you see, Cass?"

I hauled out and fumbled with a dozen rackets. I finally brought up the damaged one.

"It is! You'll have to take it to a sports store tomorrow. Mother always saw to the repairs."

THAT started us talking about her mother, and there in the night Lorna got pretty confidential.

"Poor mother! She's going to miss the trip this year. I felt sort of mean leaving her."

"I wouldn't worry about that," I said strongly. I kept my own counsel, because I didn't want to hurt Lorna.

"I can tell you, Cass, now, but nobody else ever. Mother did her best. But she was rather a drag. I always felt I owed it to her—these trips, the fun—on account of my father being dead. But being an only child is a strain on the child too."

"I don't think your mother understood you very well, dear," I sympathized. "I mean—well, as mothers go, I think *I* was the luckier."

The first day out from New York Harbor, Lorna and I were doing some miles around the deck, when we steamed head on into Lorna's chief runner-up for tennis laurels—Kit Keller. Now, I was familiar with the Keller's photo and her record, but up to this moment I'd never seen her in person. I knew, of course, that Kit and Lorna had attended the same boarding school in Denver, midway between their respective homes in Reno and Oklahoma City; that they had for years followed the same tennis circuit, Kit Keller invariably bowing to Lorna when they met on opposite sides of the net. I'd accepted the newspaper version of those two as lifelong friendly rivals. Lorna's only reference to Kit had been a laughing remark after she said yes to me: "She'll think marriage is going to be the end of me. It'll be a good joke on her."

The girls met today with exclamations of joy. Lorna presented me. I gave the Keller my approval. She was a tiny, good-looking girl. Nothing of Lorna's impeccable manner and face—her flawless royalty. She was the gamin type. A redhead.

Kit perched on the foot of Lorna's deck chair while I continued the marathon solo. I heard some people passing them say: "That's Lorna Brooke, the tennis queen, and Kit Keller. You know, the girl who always loses to her. Second ranking woman's player—never can be first while Brooke's in the field. They say they're fearfully good friends off court."

Kit was showing her nice teeth in a spectacular smile of appreciation for Lorna's words; but it suddenly struck me she looked as though she were going to take a sizable bite out of something larger than an apple. You couldn't really blame her. It must be fairly galling. My sweet fine generous Lorna was the only friendly one in that combination, I decided. Though, of course, benevolence was to be expected of Lorna in the circumstances.

WE were dressing for dinner when Lorna, struggling toward the venthole in the white crepe, cast forth in a muffled voice: "We *would* have to find Kitty-Cat Keller aboard!"

Her head emerged, to encounter my look of inquiry.

She laughed softly. "And one more thing she hasn't got now is a husband!"

I had to kiss her for that. "The girl may have pluck, but you've got the luck," I joked, before we forgot Kit Keller entirely.

I just didn't get it—I was that innocent. Why, I was still skidding along under the illusion that tennis was merely a game and a honeymoon side trip.

The sea got to brawling, and the Keller kept to her cabin. But the last day out she aired her saucy red head again. There were the usual high jinks of farewell deck sports, et cetera; and Lorna and Kit, by unanimous request, staged a deck-tennis match. Lorna lost. She posed, with laughing good will, arm in arm with her vanquisher, for the camera of a roving journalist who chanced to be aboard.

But afterward, in our cabin, she blew up like a torpedo. "She'll advertise it! Can't you just see the headlines? Oh—oh—oh!"

She was as white as tooth paste and all a-jitter. It was a Lorna I had never seen. I was scared enough to ring for the steward and order a double brandy double quick.

Sobbing, she protested this: "Mother always gave me aspirin."

"What is it? Lorna sweet—"

"That Catty Keller!"

"Don't you like her?" I groped.

"*Like* her? She always does this to me. Upsets me."

"But, Lorna, she's never won a match from you in her life."

"Of course she hasn't! How she has the upstart nerve to even keep on trying! Until today—"

"But deck tennis isn't tennis. Why, you don't even play it with rackets," I soothed.

Lorna blubbered against my shoulder. "It's her n-nerve, Cass. Her father's a b-baker."

"My father was, and is again, a brewer," I said humorously.

"That's not comparable. Cass, will you do something for me?"

"Practically anything." But it was not so cordial.

"When reporters inquire, do you have to be explicit about the brewery? Just tell them you're in business in Oklahoma City."

I looked at her straight. "Uh-huh. I might do even that for you."

Well, it was petty, and I'd thought she was big. But, after all, the best of us have a nick or two, and finding Lorna's made her more exclusively mine. After consideration I felt amused, tender, protective toward her.

But snobbishness should be encouraged in no man's wife. At the Gare St. *(Continued on page 32)*

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(Continued from page 30)

Lazare we stepped down into a covey of newspapermen, and I held Lorna's arm and looked happy by request, while she, smiling radiantly into my eyes, breathed: "They don't even see her."

"Her," I now knew without glancing, was Kit Keller.

After interviewing Lorna they turned on me: "What's *your* line, Mr. Bowen?"

"Me? Oh, I'm just in business in Oklahoma City."

"What business did you say that is?" asked one.

"Drink, boys—not soft," I said with a screwy smile.

Lorna was hopping. "How will it sound in print? It will give Kit Keller a handle on me."

"This Keller woman seems to be getting in our hair. Don't be like that, hon. Come on; let's go out and paint the town red, white, and blue."

She gazed at me in shock. "But, Cass, I'm in training now!"

"Is that going to keep us from seeing a few white lights on our first night in Paris? Why, sweet, it's *important* that I kiss you in an open taxi under the flowering horse chestnuts and toast you in *Cordon Rou—*"

Lorna stated: "I am going to have a lamb chop and new peas, and be in bed by nine. I have to have ten hours' sleep, Cass."

"Every night? My gosh! You mightn't believe it to look at me, but I played quarterback in the varsity, and we never took it that damn serious. I mean, our coach took it serious, but we slipped out on him now and then. And these first matches, when they're just eliminating the duds, aren't going to be much of a strain on you, Lorna."

"I take tennis seriously," said Lorna. And she did, too.

VALMA CLARK
though born in Missouri, was educated in Rochester, N. Y. After a short but varied career teaching, she started to write—1920—and has been at it ever since. In 1929 she and her family migrated to France, whereupon she wrote two novels of American life. Now, she says, she wants to write a novel about France and feels she will have to return to this country.

We had lamb chops and green vegetables for dinner (Lorna considered this the ideal diet when playing) every day for the next two weeks. I switched to steak, once or twice, before I noticed it disturbed her.

We went to bed every night at nine o'clock *and* to sleep. I tried sneaking in late on one occasion, but that woke her.

But all this was the least of it. Daily Lorna played, and I sat in the tribune and swelled the mighty applause for her by clapping with cupped palms. I learned how to get the most noise out of that gesture. I smote my hands together till they ached. For a while this was an unqualified pleasure. Lorna's tennis is something to watch. Though not a small girl, she is one of the few women players who look feminine in shorts. But in action she has the driving power of a man. She runs through her matches at a rapid hard-hitting pace, and her balls just seem to explode. Afterward I'd tell Lorna how good she was. We got on swimmingly.

BUT after a bit this began, ever so little, to pall on me. In most families, if there is an athlete—well, it is the man, not the woman. The people we met were all tennis players. None of them paid much attention to me. I was just along with Lorna. A couple of the United States men stars had brought their wives over, and I hung around the outskirts with them. We three would occasionally sip drinks in the restaurant while our mates swung the heavy rackets. As we got familiar, they twitted me some about my curious position. It made me feel womanly—and I am not a fellow who cares to feel womanly. They called themselves tennis widows; that made me a tennis widower.

So one practice morning I dug out my golf sticks, with the intention of cutting it. I am no Bobby Jones, but I do break eighty occasionally and have a good time doing it. But Lorna almost cried.

"Aren't you interested in my tennis any more?"

"Darling, I *exist* on it. But you're just practicing this A. M."

"But my backhand was off yesterday. Don't you want to watch me work on it?"

"Cripes, Lorna, I need some exercise myself."

"You can feed the balls to my backhand—you know, just *throw* them. Mother often did."

"She did? Your mother seems to have been a versatile woman."

"She never missed my play, even practice."

"Faithful, too," I muttered. "O. K."

But the worst was the way she'd go absent-minded in my arms and ask had the volleying dodge been right with the little Spanish señorita, or should she have played her backcourt? Something technical like that. I got to feeling that I'd married not a girl but a tennis arm.

OH, she loved me all right; she gave me evidence of that. Sometimes she'd have qualms and promise me that we'd go off into the French countryside and have a divinely quiet time between Wimbledon and Forest Hills. As a sort of foretaste, we hired a car on the Sunday she was not playing and drove out to Les Andelys. We had dinner on a terrace by the slow brown Seine, and it might have been perfect if Kit Keller, who was also enjoying a free day, had not driven up with the French champion who had recommended the place to Lorna. They joined us. Lorna and Kit behaved to each other like beloved sisters. Lorna was the poised queen of the party, Kit the gay jester.

But afterward, driving back, Lorna pulled near-hysterics on me. It was then I learned in piffling detail the history of the long feud between these two. How, to gain rest in a fast match, Kit had once feigned a twisted ankle, and done it so well that only Lorna knew—and had, in the name of good sportsmanship, to pretend she didn't. How, when Lorna as champion was the star of an exhibition match, Kit had stolen her spotlight by appearing in extra scanty shorts and a shirt that was all but transparent. Et cetera.

These purely feminine instances were cited with such venom that it was a revelation of the narrator's character. I was learning about girls, all right. Having been an idealist about them, the truth hit me hard. Things Mrs. Brooke had said to me that day kept coming back. That dame knew her subject. I found I had a growing appreciation of her. Lorna's flaw was more than a nick; it was a complete crack. Yet, disapproving with my head, I loved her even more with my heart. The girl was nothing I'd believed her to be when I married her. She was a spoiled, wrongheaded, damned attractive little scrub sport.

I understood now what my mother-in-law had meant about the photographs and applause. Lorna, when she stepped out on to that spectator-banked center court at the Stade Roland Garros, had two ideas firmly in mind: the compulsion of winning; and the picture she presented in doing so. Never for an instant did the concentration required for the former object obliterate the latter vanity. The professional batteries of cameras trained on her, before and after a match, found her at her frank best. And any casual amateur kodak pointed her way during play invariably caught her in some bit of action absolutely guaranteed to be worth the chemical bath for development. She was the photographers' honey.

The rushing rain of applause revived her when failing, freshened her play. She drank it in. Some flowers you can water too much, but not Lorna. And the clapping followed her off the center court right back into her private life. The fall of the printed words was iteratively in her favor. And any new way of saying an old admiration, either in sporting columns or in speech, was gratefully imbibed by her. She was established tennis royalty, exacting constant homage from her subjects. And I had been reduced to the role of the familiar slave.

I was valet to the rackets, and I never did get the knack of holding them in a bouquet so they didn't slide through my arms. With needle and thread I anchored a slipping head bandeau in emergency. I went shopping for a "salmon pink" cardigan for Lorna, and was then taken to task because the pink wasn't salmon but more nearly lobster! I was delegated by her to tell off the ball boy for destroying her concentration by Gallic wrigglings.

"But, Lorna, I don't speak French," I protested.

"Mother didn't either, but she always managed."

"How?"

"I don't know"—impatiently. "She never bothered me with those details. She just got a dictionary of the country we were in and looked up the words she needed."

"Uh-huh. Your mother is a pretty miraculous woman. I want to know her better. But look here, Lorna. You're constantly making a major mistake. You're constantly forgetting I'm not your mother!"

We quarreled. I went out that night and got absolutely stunk. By morning, with a wicked hang-over, I was ashamed of myself. "Who are you—the original sour grape?" I deliberated. "Jealous of a ball?"

But we rowed again when Lorna lit into me for disturbing her sacred tennis slumber.

"I knew you were a tennis star when I married you," I retorted. "On the other hand, *you* knew tennis wasn't my sole interest. There are other sports I'm keen on."

"For instance?" sneered Lorna.

"Well—fly-fishing for trout."

"Oh, my goodness, don't talk to me now about fishing. That's just a little thing between the man and the trout."

"And a lot more decent for its lack of publicity! It's a gentleman's sport compared to competitive tennis!"

Well, you can see how silly this was. But my conclusions were serious enough, involving my whole future happiness. The five- or six-year sentence to tennis was too long. Lorna must somehow be divorced from tennis —*or* divorced from me!

Certain canny critics of the sport wrote that Kit Keller's play was stepping up and prophesied coming laurels for her. I watched her one day, but decided there was nothing in that. She played a soft, graceful game. Her balls fell like feathers. She had foot speed, true, and you could see her brain working. But she didn't look dangerous to me. I didn't know tennis well enough to detect the sly spin in those delicate strokes. She and Lorna had drawn opposite brackets and they never did meet. Kit was eliminated by the French star, Mme. Jouvin, who in turn was eliminated by Lorna. With the Frenchwoman's championship title safe, we headed for England.

NOW, in England tennis is an institution, Wimbledon is its royal stronghold, and Queen Lorna is a prime favorite. The English worship sportsmanship, and they consider Lorna a leading exponent of it. The odds were overwhelming that Lorna would win the title, and hundreds of tennis fans would wait in line all night to get one of the twelve hundred priceless eight-shilling seats to see her do it.

An all-American final did not daunt those British gluttons for punishment. Yes, we skip here. There's no use going into the matches Lorna won and the lamb chops I ate through that long week preceding the moment when she faced Kit Keller across the net on the famous turf center court of Wimbledon.

Lorna toed the service line, and the match was on. She swung into a powerful attack and annexed the first set, 6–4. But Kit Keller was steady on the defense. Her answer to Lorna's clean-hit drives was a cut shot which made the ball float in the air and bounce very low. Lorna did some overhitting. And after twelve games Kit took the second set, 7–5.

Lorna, as she faced her opponent for the final set, looked more calmly assured than the Queen, who had momentarily stopped the play by her entrance into the royal box. Both girls wore shorts; but Kit, being so tiny, was mosquitolike in hers. The blazing red hair, in contrast to Lorna's smooth chestnut crown, was somehow the badge of the upstart pretender's baker antecedents!

Lorna, triple service balls in hand, smiled serenely on Kit, who answered with an impudent grimace. To that English gallery they were just two nice American girls giving one more evidence of their sporting good will for each other. Only I knew the poison in that exchanged smile. Knew that either would willingly have slain the other with a cannon ball but for the way it would look. Knew that they were wordlessly loyal to just one common code: the necessity of *appearing* sports.

AGAIN Lorna attacked, setting a fast and furious pace. But Kit hung on, slowing the play with her softer balls and lengthening the rallies. She was always trailing, always pulling up; but now her game fighting quality struck a sympathetic chord in the sporting English gallery, which began applauding Kit in turn with the favorite. This manifestly annoyed Lorna. She lost two games, and for the first time the challenger was leading, 5–4.

Would the champion lose? The tension was electric. I found myself praying, like Lorna's mother: "Let her lose. Let her lose this next game!"

But no. Lorna was fighting now. They were tied again. Mob sympathy is a curious thing, and suddenly all that great gallery was, with me, *for* Kit Keller; and the clapping fell in roaring thunderous outbursts.

With Lorna 5–6 down and the score 30–all, Kit reached for a ball intended by Lorna for a passing shot, got it cleanly over, and the umpire called, "Not up." His decision was openly wrong. But Lorna gained her point and led, 40–30. One more point and she might have squared the match.

It was then Lorna did a thing which will make her go down in tennis history for all time as one of the world's finest women sports. Kit served her—and she tossed the point. Netted the ball deliberately. It was magnificent. I joined the tumultuous ovation of that normally repressed British throng. Lorna's mother had been wrong. I had been wrong. To hate a girl as she hated Kit Keller, and yet, losing, to refuse to profit against her by an erroneous decision—surely that was the very peak of fine sportsmanship. I was awed.

Lorna lost in two more strokes, but she lost in a big way. Smiling brilliantly, she ran forward and grasped her conqueror's hand. Photographers centered on the vanquished champion. Applause focused upon her. Kit Keller was a weary, *gauche* little figure. Graciously Lorna drew her into the spotlight. . . .

You've guessed it. I had a bad night—but that's better than a bad lifetime!

"She pinched my hand when she shook. And now she'll try to storm English society. Kitty-Cat Keller—a baker's daughter! Just to get even because *I've* always been such a social success here."

Morning. "They can't say I wasn't an absolute sport."

"Oh, absolutely," I agreed. "It says here in the Times: 'Mrs. Bowen, if no longer the greatest player, is still the greatest woman in the game. . . . A defeat of which her grandchildren may some day be proud.'"

"Let me see! She's better than she was, Cass. I'll have to go on—l-losing to her—being a g-good sport. I can't simply retire, at twenty-two, without an alibi."

"I can think of one."

"What?"

"Think."

She blushed.

This was June. It was August when, after a happy interval in the French countryside, we landed in New York. Mrs. Brooke traveled East to meet us. She appeared to approve of me highly. I certainly returned the compliment. Reporters hovered about us.

"Will Mrs. Bowen return to tournament play?"

"That's just entirely up to Mrs. Bowen," I replied.

Lorna murmured, to me alone: "Never. But Mrs. Bowen's daughter some day may."

I thought it too early to state that no daughter of mine would ever enter competitive sports.

There's nothing to add except that I have great hopes for Lorna as a *person*. She has at moments a certain resemblance to her mother.

THE END

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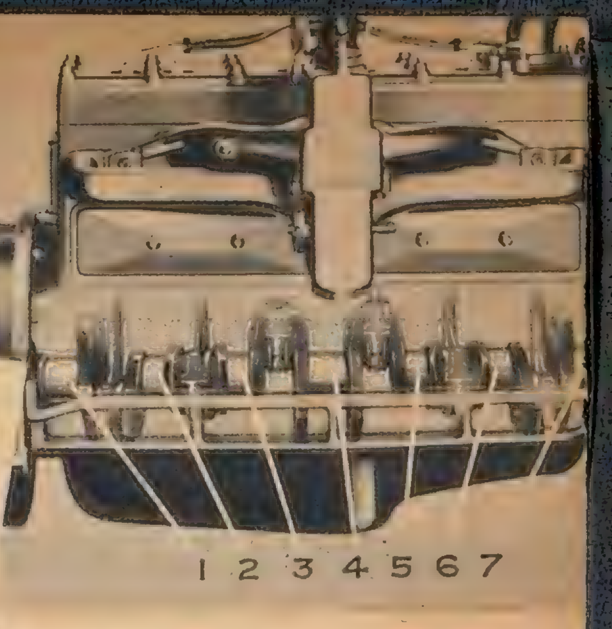

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ILLUSTRATION BY
EDGAR McGRAW

IN order to preserve the estimable reputation which lovely young Betty Allison believes him to have, Hamilton Burton, unscrupulous criminal lawyer and legal head of an underworld mob, resorts to desperate measures in removing the McCabe brothers, who know too much about his sinister connections. He frames Larry McCabe into a death sentence by killing the gang's collector, Heinie Schwartz, with Larry's gun and planting the weapon on the innocent owner. And he maneuvers the other brother, Robert "Butch" McCabe, into a twenty-year sentence on a grand-larceny charge. When the two compare notes in Sing Sing, Butch swears revenge and plots an escape.

Meantime Betty's friendship with Jimmy Cronin, a personable young photographer, reaches its romantic climax at a party given on the eve of Betty's return to school in Switzerland. Infuriated when Jimmy vetoes her suggestion of elopement that night, Betty accepts Dexter Putnam, a lifelong admirer. But at her hotel they find her mother suffering from a broken ankle. The elopement is forgotten and Mrs. Allison, unable to accompany Betty, agrees to the suggestion from Ham Burton, who happened to be on the scene when the accident happened, that two nuns, sailing on the same boat, chaperon Betty. Secretly Burton has arranged passage on the same ship.

At sailing time Betty learns from a steward that sickness has forced one of the nuns to cancel her trip, but that Sister Angelica, the remaining one, would chaperon her. Then Betty meets Jimmy on board. He has sold everything and quit his job in order to marry her. Betty asks for more time to think it over.

The following morning Betty surprises her chaperon in the act of shaving. Sister Angelica is a desperate-looking man! An escaped convict, he later tells her. Under threat of being killed, she is forced to accompany him on deck, and is forbidden to see Jimmy or Burton in private. From a detective magazine she recognizes her captor. It is Butch McCabe. "You're on this boat to kill Ham Burton," Betty tells the disguised convict when they return to their suite. "But you're not going to do it."

PART FIVE—"I'M GOING TO TORTURE HIM"

THERE was a touch of hysteria in Betty's voice. Butch detected it; knew she was at the breaking point.

"Calm down, calm down," he said; but he made the mistake that wiser men than he have made innumerable times. He lowered his voice when he should have raised it.

"Calm down, Betty!"

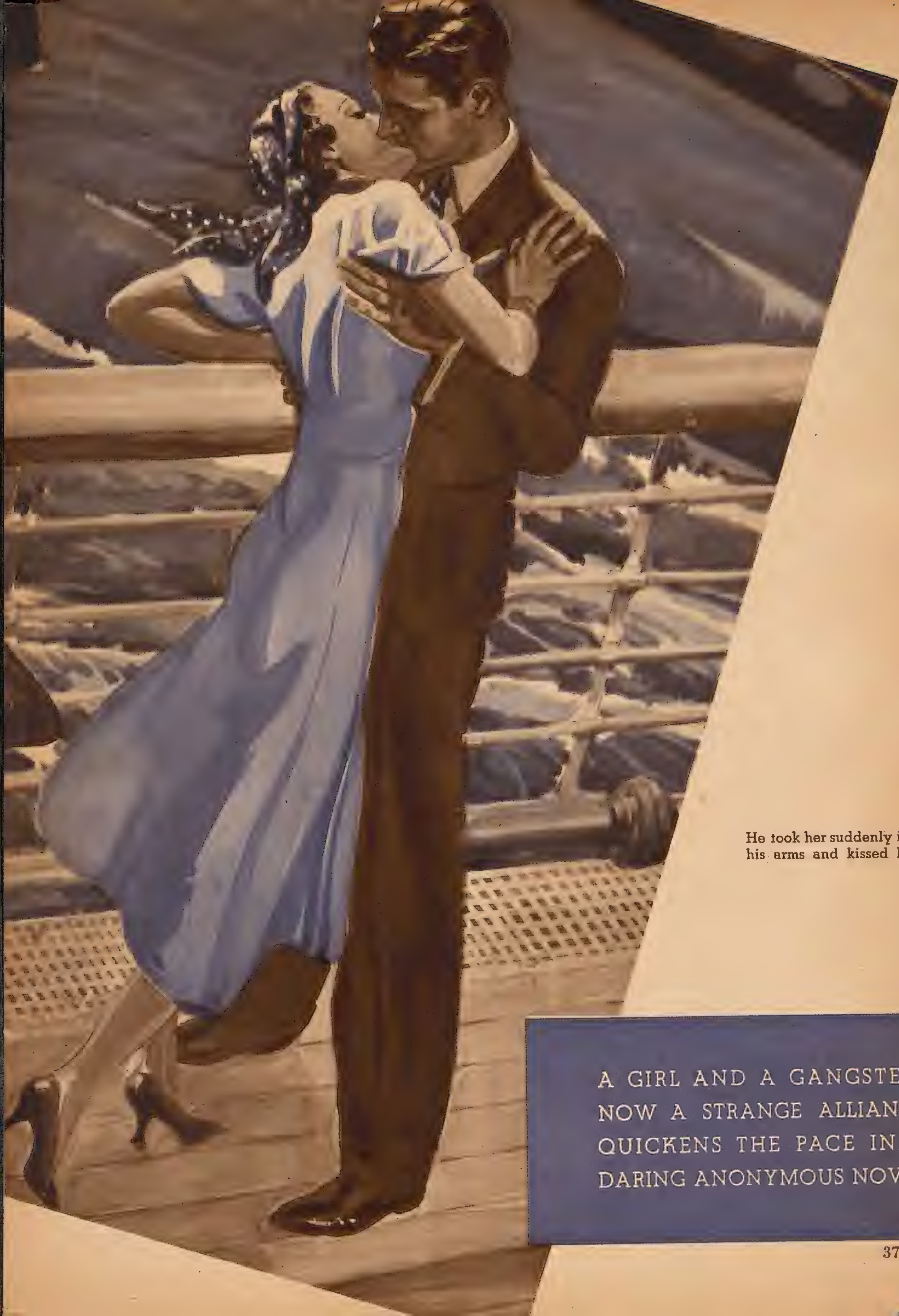
"You're not going to do it, Butch McCabe! And if you come any nearer I'll scream. I'm going to let everybody on this boat know who you are, and what you mean to do. That'll stop you. That'll—"

Now Betty realized she too had made a mistake—and a bad one. She had warned before she had had a chance to strike. She had threatened to squeal. She had done the one thing no criminal can forgive. She saw in Butch's face that she was going to die.

Before she could scream he had caught her and pressed his hand over her mouth. He had picked her up and covered her head with blankets. He loosed her a moment. She tried desperately to free herself, and succeeded—only to find him bending over her, stuffing her own handkerchiefs into her mouth. He had released her only to gain time to open one of her dresser drawers and obtain an effective gag.

She struggled, but uselessly. He made no effort to stop her kicking legs, her flailing arms. He kept stuffing little handkerchiefs into her mouth until she thought she couldn't breathe.

EDGAR McGRAW



He took her suddenly into his arms and kissed her.

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He opened another drawer and took some stockings from it. He tied a stocking around her head, knotting it over the gag.

With other stockings he bound her hands and her feet.

He did it quickly, silently, as though he'd done this sort of job many times. His face wasn't even angry.

He stood up presently and regarded his work. It would do.

"I told you to use your head, sister," he said mournfully. "You wouldn't."

He was going to kill her now, she was sure. She wriggled desperately, tugging at her bonds. She was helpless.

"SO you're going to blow the works, huh?" he said. "So you know me, and you're going to turn copper! Geez, I didn't figure you like that, sister. On the square, I didn't."

His tone was mournful, disillusioned.

"I got a job to do, see? And you ain't going to gum it up. You ain't going to do no squawking. I'll throw you overboard first."

Something in her eyes—the brave defiance, the loathing, the fear he saw—made him try to explain.

"Look, sister," he said, sitting down beside her. "I like you and all that. I hate to hurt you. Killing dames ain't in my line, specially dames like you. But look. My kid brother's in the death house, see? He's going to the chair. And he's innocent. He never killed Heinie Schwartz, or nobody else. I know that. That's why I'm here. That's why I broke jail—if you must know.

"Burton bought his ticket weeks ago. The next day we knew all about it in Sing Sing. We planned for me to get on this boat. Naw. It was going to come off in France. We got friends there. But since you butted in, I'll have to do it alone. I'll have to do it here. Tonight. You know what I'm going to do?"

Betty couldn't even weep.

"I'm going to torture him with a knife until he comes clean. He's going to tell me why he framed my brother. He's going to tell me who killed Heinie Schwartz. You know who I think killed him? Burton himself. Heinie was a grafter. Everybody knew that. He was a double-crosser. Everybody knew that, too. He was holding out on Burton. Burton got wise. What does he do? He sends my brother to meet Schwartz up at Tarrytown. He waits there. He shoots Heinie through the bean, and makes the kid take the rap. It was the kid's gun. He lost it. Who had it? Who would have it but Burton? Sure. Guns don't get lost. They're copped. Burton copped that gun. He waited a year to plant it—a whole year. And you say I ain't going to kill him! Why, the dirty rat, I'll kill him with my own hands and feed him to the sharks—but not until he comes through with the dope. Not until he's put it down in black and white—and stuck his moniker on it. Then—"

He sprang up. He began to pace the floor. He began to talk about himself.

"I got twenty years on a bum rap myself—the first case Burton ever lost. Why? Because he wanted to lose it. That's why. Because he was afraid of me. That's why. Because I knew too much about him. He couldn't trust me. I did all his dirty work for years. But he thought I'd squawk."

Betty was glad to see him walking about like that, whipping himself into an emotional state that bordered on frenzy. She was glad, because he couldn't talk and pace the floor and watch her. She had made a run in the stocking that bound her wrists. Her sharp little fingernails were working busily under the protecting blankets, shredding the fabric to pieces. She watched him narrowly, making no movements that might attract his attention.

There was a push button beside the bed—the call bell for the stewardess. A little card above it read, "In an emergency, give four sharp rings." When her hands were freed—

"So he sends me to the pen for twenty years. Geez, you ain't twenty years old yet. You don't know what twenty years means. Twenty years —for something I didn't do."

His back was turned to her. Her arms were free. She reached out toward the bell. But she withdrew her hand again. She tugged at the stocking that held the gag in place, pulled it over her head. She spat out the handkerchiefs. She reached out again toward that bell. But she didn't ring it. Instead she took a cigarette from the little box on the bed table. She struck a match.

Butch spun around, hearing that match strike. His face was murderous.

"You rang that bell," he said.

She laughed, and lit her cigarette.

The little gun was in his hand.

"Put away your gun, Butch McCabe," she said.

She swung herself out of bed and bent down to untie the stocking about her ankles.

Butch stared at her as though he were the dangerous lunatic Burton described.

"HOW on earth a dumbbell like you ever got out of jail," Betty said calmly, working with the knots, "I can't imagine. Butch, you're long on mothering but short on brains. I could have rung that bell—but I didn't."

"What stopped you?"

Betty decided the best way to loose her ankles was to take off her shoes and straighten out her feet. She did so. The stocking fell off. She put on her shoes again.

"You did," she said. "Not your gun. Nor your threats. Threats wear out after a while. Besides, you aren't so hard. I found that out—yesterday. And you're all wrong about Burton.

I'd have told you so if you'd given me half a chance—but the first thing I knew you were cramming all my nice lace hankies down my throat."

Butch sat weakly down in a chair. He looked like a man spent with much effort.

"If you want to help your brother you'll go back to Sing Sing as soon as you can. If you haven't money enough to take a boat home, I can lend it to you. I'll get Burton to help you and Larry. You know he's going to appeal Larry's case?"

"Appeal. That's good. Go on, sister. You got me stopped. I don't know what to do with you."

She noticed the gun was pointing at her heart.

"BURTON didn't have anything to do with the murder of Heinie Schwartz," she said.

"No?"

"I can prove it. When was Schwartz killed? Do you remember the exact time?"

"Sure. About ten fifteen the night of June twenty-second."

"That's right. And, strange as it seems, at ten fifteen that night Ham Burton and I were together. I remember distinctly."

"You're crazy."

"We were at a dance."

"Where?"

"Tarrytown,"

"Huh! And you don't think it funny that Heinie Schwartz was dumped almost on your doorstep—with Burton there?"

"But Burton couldn't have done it. We were together all night until—"

She stopped, suddenly remembering that Burton had been gone half an hour or so that night. He had made Dexter Putnam cut in on her. He had disappeared. She'd gone looking for him and met Jimmy.

"Until what?"

She didn't answer. She couldn't. Not for worlds would she let him know that she, too, had begun to suspect Ham Burton. But such a suspicion was ridiculous, idiotic!

"There's something I don't know," she admitted. "But I'm going to find out."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Put away your gun. You're not going to kill any one, Butch McCabe. You're not a killer at heart. And you're going to let me handle this from now on. I'm going where I please, do as I please. You're doing what I say from now on. Before we dock we're going to know—"

"What are we going to know?"

"Whatever Burton knows about the killing. You've got to trust me. I'm not going to squawk."

Butch played with the gun for a moment, then put it away.

He sighed and got up off his chair.

"You made a sucker out of Four-eyes," he said, "you made a sap out of Burton, and a lush out of that young Mick. Now I see the way you work, I don't wonder. Sister, I'll take a chance. But if anything goes wrong, I'll plug you, sure. And don't forget what I said about your old lady. I got friends in New York, remember."

"I'm not forgetting. It's a bet?"

"Oh, all right. But the first time I catch you cracking wise—"

Betty held out her hand to him, surprising herself as well as him. Butch took it sheepishly.

"O. K., sister," he said. "This is the first time I ever trusted a dame. And, win or lose, it'll be the last time too. I'll give you a hundred to one on that." . . .

Jimmy Cronin stared gloomily into his drink.

Why couldn't he get drunk? Why couldn't he get so pie-eyed drunk he wouldn't remember Betty or anything about her? Nepenthe? Nonsense! The more he drank the more he hated and despised himself, the less sure of himself he grew, the more hopeless seemed his chances of winning that girl, the more hideous his own passion that had turned her against him.

"So you can't take it."

Jimmy looked up into the smiling bitter eyes of Hamilton Burton.

"Sit down, Ham," he begged. "I don't like you. I never did. I never will. I think you're a crook and a shyster and a blackguard. But you're the only guy on the ship I know. Let me buy you a drink."

Burton seated himself without haste.

"I understand the feeling," he said. "It's more or less mutual, Jimmy. We're like two men marooned on a desert island, surrounded by hostile savages. We've got to talk to each other."

A white-coated steward appeared at Burton's elbow.

"Champagne," Burton said. "Lanson's 1921."

HE followed the steward's flight across the rolling deck for a moment idly, then leaned across the table and spoke confidentially to Jimmy.

"I've never drank in my life; but I promised myself, when I was a kid starting to study law, that some day before I died I'd taste champagne, the best champagne money could buy."

"I've wondered why you never drank. Afraid you'd talk in your cups?"

Burton laughed.

"Yes," he admitted. "I've seen too many men talk in their cups. The truth comes out as the booze goes in. And sometimes the truth can damn a man beyond redemption."

"'And, after all,'" Jimmy quoted, "'what is a lie? 'Tis but the truth in masquerade.'"

Burton lifted his right eyebrow.

"So you know Byron. Well—let's drink to him."

"Drink to him? Let's get drunk on him."

They were laughing together quite amicably when the cork popped. They lifted their glasses. They clinked them.

"The truth in masquerade," said Burton solemnly.

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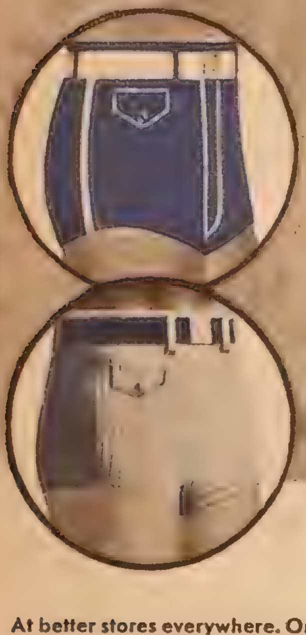

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"To a dark masquerade," said Jimmy, "a darker masquerade than any man knows—the light that lies in woman's eyes, and lies and lies and lies!"

They drank in silence, without rising.

The steward refilled their glasses.

"Let's strip off our masks, Ham," Jimmy said. "Let's quit masquerading. You and I hate each other for one reason. We won't name it. I consider you a social climber, a rather shopworn bachelor who sees a way to get into society or an important political job. Or both. You consider me a fortune hunter."

"Not at all," Burton was quick to say. "Not at all. Here, Jimmy, is a gem so precious that many men seek to own it. The fact that it is valuable doesn't enter into the quest, can't enter into it. We're collectors of rare diamonds, Jimmy—you and I and goggle-eyed Dexter and the Lord knows how many others. Now, a collector doesn't want a particular gem for what it will bring at auction—not the genuine collector. He wants it for itself, its rarity, its beauty, the exquisite essential that makes it unique. He will go to any lengths to obtain that gem. He'll lie, he'll rob, he'll kill. He'll starve himself, he'll suffer a thousand indignities, he'll make a million sacrifices to get it."

He lifted his glass and sipped his drink, savoring it, letting it remain some moments in his mouth before he swallowed it.

Jimmy stared at him with reluctant admiration.

"Some collectors are more fortunate than others," Burton went on, "because they have money—more money than others. They are in better position to—to cherish what they win. Would you put a priceless diamond into a pewter ring? Would you stick it into a tin bracelet? Of course not! You'd put it, naturally, into the costliest setting you could buy—where it belongs."

JIMMY was silent. He knew what Burton was getting at. Burton had said it all before in blunter language. He didn't know how to answer him, couldn't even begin to phrase an argument against his logic.

"Of course," Burton said, "we're not talking about a diamond, but something infinitely more—more—"

"More precious."

"Exactly. We're competitors—rivals, if you fancy the term. I won't stop at anything to achieve my purpose. Neither will you. You want her desperately. So do I—even more desperately. I don't look on you as a fortune hunter. It would be an insult to her if I did."

Jimmy leaned across the table, spilling some of his wine, and offered his hand.

"You know, Ham," he said, "I still don't like you. But, damn it all, what you just said—you know, you're almost a gentleman!"

Burton laughed as he shook Jimmy's hand.

"Coming from you," he said, "that's almost a compliment."

He lifted his glass.

Jimmy lifted his.

"I suppose I ought to say, 'Let the best man win,'" Jimmy said, "but I've quit masquerading."

"Huh!" said Burton. "I'm putting on my mask again. And I'm keeping it on for good. A woman doesn't want the truth—not in the man she marries. All she asks, all she requires, is a great devotion. I can give her that—and much more besides. Can you?"

"If you mean can I put her into a flashy setting and show her off in a way to make all other gem collectors bite through their lower lips with envy—no, I can't. But I believe she does want the truth—and in my case the truth isn't going to hurt her one lousy bit."

"YOUR allegories are a bit mixed, Jimmy," Burton answered, "but I gather your meaning. You're still a boy living in a world of ideals, dreams, impractical nonsense. You don't know the world, the real world. It would shock you. You don't want to know it. You couldn't begin to understand me, for instance, in a million years."

"Nor could she! If your mask slips, Ham—don't you see, man, what it would do to her? Don't kid yourself about me. I savvy plenty. You've got money. You've got intelligence. You've got everything. She hates me now. She avoids me as though I had smallpox. That's why I'm drinking. She may get over it; she may not. I have a feeling I've lost out. But that doesn't mean you've won. Ham, I'd rather see that girl on a leper island than see her married to you. I understand you too well."

He glanced over Burton's shoulder and saw Betty and Sister Angelica passing by the door. Betty smiled sweetly but sadly at him. He half rose from his chair. But she did not stop. He sat slowly down.

"Steward," he called, "another magnum of champagne."

Betty and Sister Angelica walked slowly down the companionway, and thence along C deck toward their suite.

"Let's not go in," Betty said. "It isn't nine thirty yet."

Angelica opened the door at the end of the corridor, helped Betty over the coaming, and escorted her to the starboard rail.

"That was a funny play," he commented.

"What was?"

"You telling me you were going where you pleased, speak to any guy you wanted to, do whatever came into your head. Well, I give you the chance—and all you do is grin and pass on. What kind of a play is that?"

"You mean, when they were in the bar?"

"Yeah. Him and Burton."

"I changed my mind. I wanted to talk to him, but not while Burton was around. I want a chance to think before I talk to Burton. Don't you see?”

“Nope. I don't get it. That young Mick will have a prize head tomorrow. You could of tipped him off that he was aces. But you let him go on lapping up the booze. Is that a way to treat a nice guy like him?”

Betty didn't answer. The stars were out and a quarter moon was riding the silvery clouds.

“Some guys have all the luck,” Angelica mused.

Betty turned to look at him, and laughed in spite of herself. She was alone with a desperate convict who was both ridiculous and scary in his nun's costume; and the moon was working on him.

He hardly heard her laugh, so deep he was in his own thoughts.

“Here's this guy with the cheaters. He thinks he's got a right to kiss you good-by. Here's this Jimmy what's-his-name—keeping you up on deck until after two o'clock in the morning—and he'd be necking with you right now if it wasn't for me. And here's Hamilton Burton—you still like that rat, don't you?”

“Do I?”

“Geez, you make a squawk when I mention what he done to me. You come pretty near making me do something I didn't want to do.”

“I wouldn't let you kill him, Butch. Of course I wouldn't.”

“Sure. You were going to turn copper on me. But if he was some guy you never even heard of, and I was going to work on him, you wouldn't care, would you?”

“Yes, I would. I'd care a great deal. I wouldn't want you to kill anybody. I wouldn't want you to go to the chair.”

“You mean that?”

“Certainly.”

“You mean—geez, sister, you mean you like me?”

“Of course I like you. You're not half as tough as you think you are, Butch. The only trouble with you is that you've gone around with the wrong crowd.”

He leaned his elbow on the rail and spat over the side. He looked up toward the moon and the little stars.

“I guess that's right. And there's nothin' can be done about it now, is there?”

THE winds gave a ghostly touch to his veil, his billowing sleeves, the black skirt of his habit. The rosary beads, playing with the iron supports of the railing, made ghostly music.

He sighed.

“I suppose not,” Betty answered. “What could be done about it now?”

“Suppose I hadn't gone around with the wrong gang. Suppose my old man hadn't been bumped by a car and ma didn't have to go peddle papers to bring up me and Larry. Suppose we'd gone to a swell school like other kids, me and Larry. Suppose we'd amounted to something. Suppose I'd never been in jail, never knew what it was to spend a week in solitary, never got beaten, or hung up by the thumbs when I was a kid. I mean, let's say I grew up like this Jimmy Chromium or whatever his name is.”

She could hear him breathing hard in the pause that followed. She dared not look at him.

“Yes, Butch,” she said.

“Suppose I never had to treat you rough, like I done twice already since we left New York—geez, sister, I didn't want to do it, but I had to. Suppose you and I had met like—well, like other guys and dames meet. Some big shot introduces us right, see?”

“Yes.”

“Well, suppose—I mean, supposing all that stuff was on the up-and-up, supposing it really happened that way—well, you know—could I ever have dated you up?”

SYMPATHY stirred in Betty, sympathy and a little fear. She must not encourage him to make love to her. But she must not, either, make him angry.

“Yes, Butch,” she said, her voice faltering a little, “I think perhaps you could.”

“Thanks,” he said.

He sighed again.

“Well, that's that. Forget it. I just couldn't help shooting off my mouth a little and wondering—you know—about this and that. I was brung up wrong. Geez, sometimes I don't even know how to talk to a dame like you. I guess I'll always be wrong. But it's kind of nice to think—sometimes—that—that—”

He looked into Betty's face and looked away again. He coughed to cover his confusion.

“Geez, sister,” he said, “it's bedtime for us, and we're standing here chewing the rag like a couple of green screws the first week in the big house.”

He took her wrist. She submitted without a word. It was still embarrassing to go into the stateroom with him. But the fear of him had vanished. She wondered at that.

He locked and bolted the door. He followed her into the bedroom, and locked the bedroom door. He stood with his back to her until she had undressed and slipped into bed. He put out the lights and undressed. He jumped into bed and pulled the covers over him.

“Remember,” he said softly, “I like you and all that, but no sleepwalking, sister. I still got the key.”

“I know. See that you keep it under your pillow. I sleep lightly too. If you leave this room any time during the night, I'll follow you.”

Butch growled but not very fiercely.

“I bet you would, at that,” he said. “Women! Always gumming up the works.”

“Hush,” she bade him. “I'm trying to think. We've only one more day.”

“And one more night. What can you do?”

“Wait and see. Good night.”

“Good night, sister.”

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She heard him suddenly tumbling out of his bed.

"Now what?" she asked in some alarm.

"It's all right, sister," he assured her. "I just remembered. I'm supposed to say my prayers every night before I go to bed. It's in the act. And after all that rehoising, I forgot!" . . .

It was a gray day. Rags of cloud in the gray sky threatened storm. The Selig Adler rolled a little, though the sea looked calm.

Betty, with Sister Angelica by her side, bent her slim body against the force of the wind.

"This is sailing!" she cried. "I love it. It's grand!"

Angelica, a little unsteady, a trifle nauseated, looked at her through his thin black veil and shook his head.

"Geez," he said, "what you can love about a day like this—God bless you!"

"It's going to storm!" Betty cried. "I love a storm. The wilder it is the more I love it."

Again Angelica shook his head.

"I thought dames were scared of everything," he said. "Me, I don't like no kind of storms, especially on a boat."

"Say your beads then, sister," Betty taunted him.

They moved slowly along the promenade deck, looking for Jimmy Cronin. They'd been every place on the ship, except the boiler rooms and the kitchens and the cargo space far down in the hold, but hadn't seen him.

Angelica spied him in the writing room, just off the main salon, immersed in a letter he was writing.

"There's your storm, sister," he said. "Go on in and get it over. I'll stick around outside."

A man, seeing the nun's hesitation, sprang to offer her a chair.

Angelica bowed to him, murmured a pious "God bless you," sat down, and began to finger his rosary and move his lips. The man smiled, touched his hand to his beret, and walked away.

Betty tiptoed into the writing room and stood in front of Jimmy. He did not look up, did not pause in his writing. She coughed. He went on writing. But he was aware of her, she knew.

"Good morning," she said brightly.

"Is it?"

Jimmy's voice was hoarse, rude, a fair indication of his mood. Betty drew a cartoon of his scowling face. She dropped it in front of him, partly covering his letter.

He looked at it angrily, then he grinned. He didn't want to grin, it was evident, but he had to.

Betty returned the grin with interest.

"How's for a walk around the deck?" he asked.

"It's a bet."

He jumped up, tearing the letter to shreds. And as he walked with her around the starboard side of the promenade deck he fed the shreds to the wind, little by little.

Next Week—

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Famous radio commentator and author, who was with Lawrence in Arabia at the time

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Don't miss the opening installment, coming

In Liberty Next Week

Sea gulls swooped down in the mistaken belief that they were being fed. Betty laughed at them. She laughed at Jimmy. He was a little tipsy. His face was white and strained—like the face of a man who hasn't slept for many days.

She tried her best to make up for the last few days; but Jimmy was stubborn. That exasperated her.

"Can't you understand I was seasick?" she asked. "Don't you know the facts of life? Nobody's herself when she's seasick. Bounce out of it, Jimmy. Don't be a grudge holder."

"Funny you got seasick all the time the sun was shining," he observed, "but the first nasty day that comes along—"

"It's because I love storms, that's all."

"You're a storm maker, Betty Allison, if you ask me."

He took her suddenly into his arms and kissed her.

"I've been hungry for you," he said. "I could eat you up."

Betty wriggled out of his grasp.

"Sister Angelica's just outside," she said. "Be careful."

"Careful!"

He tossed the word away with scorn.

"What do I care who sees us? Now that you've come back to me—oh, Betty!"

He tried to caress her again, but she ran out of the room. Angelica rose.

"Oh, Sister Angelica," Betty cried in her gayest voice, "this is Mr. Jimmy Cronin! I think you met him the other day. But I don't think you were properly introduced."

Jimmy bowed with due reverence.

"I'm afraid I made myself very unpopular with you, sister," he said humbly. "But—but I was feeling ugly."

Sister Angelica inclined his head so that the edge of the veil dropped almost to his lips.

"God bless you," he said.

"Thank you, sister. Thank you very much. You're—all right, sister. I love this girl. I want to marry her. Do you mind very much if I take her away from you now? We have a lot of things to do—to say. We want to play deck tennis and shuffleboard and ping-pong and deck golf. We want to take a swim in the pool before lunch. We want—"

Betty laughed.

"Oh, sister," she exclaimed, "do be a dear and let us have a few hours together!"

Angelica hesitated and then—not at all in character—shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "so long as you don't get out of my sight—"

"Oh, thanks, sister," Jimmy said. "I'll have the steward place your chair where you can watch us. Later, when we go to the pool—"

"I'll put on my most modest bathing suit," Betty couldn't help saying. She didn't realize she was acting. Not at all. For the moment Butch McCabe, escaped criminal, really was a nun to her.

"Not that one-piece thing I sawr in your trunk the other day," Angelica said. "I don't go for that."

The word "sawr" whipped across Betty's consciousness, destroying the illusion she had helped to build up. It was as though Butch had shed his religious habit and stood before her in stripes.

"Oh!" she said.

For a moment she was tempted to blurt out the truth to Jimmy, to ask his help, his protection. But that was madness. She mustn't do that. On the contrary, she must keep up the pretense.

"Anything you say, sister," she said.

SHE took Jimmy away quickly, whispering in his ear:

"Sister Angelica's from Brooklyn," she said. "That's why she says 'sawr.' The other day she was talking about awrnings."

"Ornings?"

"Yes. You know—awnings. And a dog is a dorg. Don't notice it, Jimmy."

"No, I won't. A dog is a dorg. A hog is a horg. And a horse is a hoise. I know Brooklyn. You can have it. I don't want it. I don't want anything but you."

Angelica had his chair placed where he could watch the deck tennis on the hurricane deck. He watched it intently, studying every expression on Jimmy's face. He told his beads with his left hand. The right was concealed by a fold in his habit. He didn't know anything about the game, but he knew Betty was winning easily. He grinned. What a dame! Geez, she could make a monkey out of any man.

"Good morning, sister!"

Angelica was just about to answer "God bless you," when he looked up and saw Hamilton Burton. He merely nodded his hooded head. He didn't dare let Burton hear his voice. He pretended to be absorbed in his prayers. "Looks like we're in for some nasty weather. As the captain says, it's a dirty sea."

Burton smiled benignly and picked up a blanket from the foot of Angelica's chair. He placed it around the black shoulders.

"Forgive me," he said, "but a day like this is treacherous, sister."

He snatched a blanket from an adjacent chair, and before Butch realized it, the lawyer who had framed him and his brother was kneeling at his feet.

But there is more than reverence or politeness in the clever Burton's gesture. He has other things in mind. So has Betty, who plays her trump card in this little game in next week's installment, wherein Jimmy accidentally penetrates the convict's disguise and complicates matters more than ever.

GOOD BOOKS—BY OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **DEMOCRATIC DESPOTISM** by Raoul E. Desvernine. Dodd, Mead & Co.
A Democrat analyzes Fascism, Nazism, Communism, and Kemalism and sounds a warning on the recent tendencies of the New Deal. A well written book and a strong argument for the preservation of the Constitution.

★ ★ ★ **THIS WAY TO THE BIG SHOW** by Dexter W. Fellows and Andrew Freeman. The Viking Press.
The best known press agent writes the inside story of the most romantic form of entertainment—the circus. This is a book that will make you feel like a boy again, climbing under the tent. Real pleasure.

★ ★ ★ **RETURN TO COOLAMI** by Eleanor Dark. The Macmillan Company.
An enchanting novel in which the emotional lives of three families are radically changed during a two-day motor trip from Sydney to the ancestral ranch, Coolami.

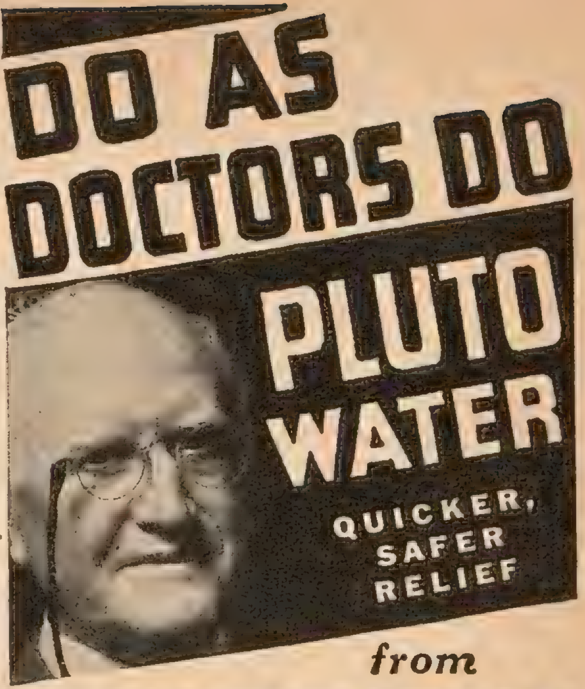
★ ★ ★ **MY GREAT, WIDE BEAUTIFUL WORLD** by Juanita Harrison. The Macmillan Company.
The naïve diary of a domestic who worked her way around the globe, seeing more than the first-class passengers do. Delightful, humorous, and full of color. A "must" for summer reading.

★ ★ ½ **HARPOONER** by Robert Ferguson. University of Pennsylvania Press.
An authentic description of life aboard a whaling vessel during the early '80s. This diary of Bob Ferguson's—kept during a trip from New Bedford, Massachusetts, to Java and back, hunting whales—is full of humor, excitement, and the romance of the sea.

★ ★ **THE SUPREME CAUSE** by Estelle M. Sternberger. Dodd, Mead & Co.
A good treatise on the causes of war which leaves us wishing for a workable method by which peace could be assured.

★ ★ **CHILD OF EVIL** by Octavus Roy Cohen. D. Appleton-Century Company.
Fast-moving scenario of what happens when a high-spirited Southern beauty becomes involved with a gangster. Nudism and Southern chivalry against a background of azaleas add spice.

★ ★ **A NOVEL ABOUT A WHITE MAN AND A BLACK MAN IN THE DEEP SOUTH** by James Saxon Childers. Farrar and Rinehart.
The author has chosen exceptional characters to portray a touching story of the long-waged racial conflict. Moving situations.



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A White Woman Among Cannibals

MY OWN STORY

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

An Amazing Chronicle . . . The Real-Life Nightmares and Hairbreadth Escapes of a Famous Author Whose Experiences Rival Her Own Fiction

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IN the days when I lived with the rest of a large gay family, in a country house of Northern Ireland, I was at heart a wanderer. On horseback I wandered, on foot, and on a bicycle. I promised myself that very soon I would wander all over the world. It seemed easy then.

But the house went, and the fortunes that had kept it up. There was enough left for every one to live quietly somewhere else. Quiet, however, was the last thing I wanted. The world was calling, and above all the great South Seas.

I had been fascinated by a huge map of the Pacific that I had found in a public library. It seemed to be nearly all bright-blue water, with pin-point islands flecking, scarce interrupting, its enormous surface. These islands had the most intriguing names. I said to myself, "This is good; this is what we want. We'll go."

I looked up the steamer fares, and nearly fainted. Then I set myself to see what could be done about it.

I had had experience in journalism by this time, and also I had fallen in love with ships and steamers. These two ends I managed to bring together. Three great companies gave me first-class passage round the world in exchange for advertisement. I had commissions for travel articles from London papers. Thus I was enabled to journey in luxury, fellow passenger with millionaires.

"They," at home, had wanted me to take a B. A. degree at the University of London, and afterward obtain a post as classical lecturer in one of the more or less new women's colleges. I had had a year of the London, and it was enough. I left. "They" said I would be sorry. I said the women's college that secured my services would have been infinitely sorrier.

Latin and Greek, chemistry and physics, I forgot as soon as possible. In their place I learned some Spanish, some Fijian, some island Maori, a bit of New Guinea Motu, and a good bit of Malay. Also cooking out of doors without kitchen or cooking apparatus, driving mules and bullocks, steering a twenty-five-foot whaleboat with a sixteen-foot steer oar, taking my trick at the wheel of a schooner, and a few more sensible things of the same kind.

(I had, some years ago, a letter from a former fellow student at Bedford College [London University]. She had been one of the good girls; she had taken her degree with flying colors, found a well paid job in a women's college, and gained every one's approval—in the '90s, long ago.

She said, "I wish to God I were you!")

. . . .

Three times round the world; all over many strange parts of it; thirty years and more of adventure, sorrow, joy, making and losing money, building houses and selling them and building more; risking life often, and somehow getting through. Salt with the sweet; starvation with the feasting. Hard times and danger. Death—not mine, but more to me than mine. Life.

Instead of which, there might have been the oriel windows, the quiet gloom of the colleges; a lecturer on a platform, growing by slow and sure degrees old, limited, repetitious, dried, and sad.

A twelve-by-fourteen tent in the "big bush" of New Guinea, with the Goura pigeons chiming at evening and at dawn, and the sound of giant crocodiles belling from the riverside, were better; better by far. I have had that, and loved it; I can have it again. I have built more than one home; may build others, but always within the sound of softly gossiping palms and the droning call of the coral reef.

I found the Pacific world all that I had dreamed it; and after a visit to the home country, I returned. Thenceforward the islands were my home. I have written thirty-three books about the Pacific and its people—novels, short stories, travels—and I am still writing; the South Seas are inexhaustible. . . .

When at last the way to them was open, long ago, I found myself aboard a hundred-and-eighty-ton topsail schooner, sole passenger, in a region of the world where time was not, where nothing seemed to matter very much, and where the most astonishing happenings did not astonish, because they were part of the day's routine.

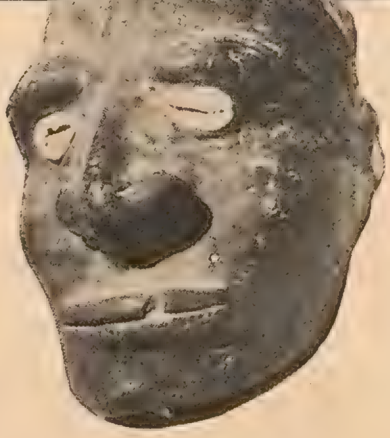
Adventures? Most of those came later on. But there was one day on the schooner when we found we were being chased by a gigantic waterspout, harmless, more or less, to steamers, but a cruel enemy to the helpless sailing ship. It came fearfully near, and I saw what one seldom sees ("'Cause," said the captain, "people who've been that near don't mostly come back to tell")—the wall of twisting spin-

This devil's specialty was eating young babies.

Right: Beatrice Grimshaw today—still in the South Seas and adventuring. Left: When she went there, thirty years ago.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE AUTHOR

Below: Cannibal head-hunters up the Sepik River offer a dried head for sale. Bottom: A skull within a portrait mask of clay.



drift round the whirlpool at the base of the stalking monster; heard the droning sound of death that accompanies this terror of the seas. It was touch and go. We could do nothing but wait, and the captain said that if it hit us we'd go down like a stone.

We went on from island to island, eternally. On many no white woman had ever been seen, and the sight of one caused immense excitement. It was on a lonely but very beautiful isle, covered with fruiting orange trees, that the chief of the island came down to the ship and made a long speech in island Maori to our captain. The latter turned and translated it. "He says that they've never had a white woman here before, and will you come to a feast in your honor? You'd better go; they'll have good fowls and maybe suckling pig. . . . No, I won't come too. . . . Yes, you'll be all right. They'll treat you like a queen."

He was grinning quietly when the boat went off.

They dressed me up in native ornaments and countless wreaths of flowers. They stuffed me with food as if I had been one of their own pigs. They danced for me—men only, young men decked with flowers and whale-tooth necklaces; the women sat in the background and beat time for the dancing. They sang many songs. Then the old chief politely escorted me back to the ship and there was another long powwow with the captain. He turned to me at last, with a grin only half concealed.

"THIS chap says they have shown you their houses and their goods, and they've trotted out all their young men, and he wants to know if you'll choose one of them—any one you like—and stop on the island; he thinks it would be a pity to lose the only chance they've ever had. And if any one on the ship owns you, he says, they'll pay in pigs, because they wish to do the thing all honest and correct."

It would have been cruel to laugh. The interpreter expressed my regrets; said I had been deeply touched by their kind offer, which circumstances made me unable to accept; informed them that no one on board owned me, but that (according to the strange custom of the whites) I owned myself. Then the chief said something else.

"He wants," explained the captain, "to know if he can deal with you direct, although he don't think it's the correct thing. I told him he could go away; you wasn't dealing, 'cause you was on the lookout for yourself and wanted something a lot better!"

Years after, when I stood by the sea-blown grave of the "something a lot better," I was less inclined than I had been that day to quarrel with the too candid statements and prophecies of the captain.

We sailed away, as we always did, and there were hurricanes that almost wrecked us, and there were many, many beautiful and solitary islands. And one day the captain declared his intention of finding out whether a certain very lonely atoll reef had been correctly charted or not.

He found that it had not—by six miles—and that the edges of the reef were marked by many anchors of dead ships. We were, I think, the first who had seen the reef and lived to tell of it. And we all but added the bones of our good ship to the collection already on the reef. Before our visit, nobody had known—had lived to tell—that the reef had rich pearl shell within its lagoon.

The captain was overjoyed at his discovery, and, being anxious to keep it secret, he asked me to take charge of the map he had made when I left the ship at our next port, a seldom visited island. He had still many calls to make, he said, and the map was safer ashore.

Was it? The native crew had talked. The few whites on the island knew. In a couple of days the British Resident sent a secret messenger to me warning me on no account to sell my revolver to any one. Next morning there were half a dozen offers for it, at absurd prices, from traders and beachcombers, who all declared that they wanted it for protection against the not at all dangerous natives. Firearms had been prohibited on the island for some time, and suddenly, causelessly it seemed, every one wanted them.

"If you sell it," the Resident warned me, "there'll be murder. They seem to think the map's somewhere on the island, and they're ready to kill one another to get it."

"Why?" I asked. "Surely the atoll belongs to the discoverer?"

"Not till he's gone to New Zealand and registered his claim. As things are, any chap can go out and loot the place. But it's a deathtrap, and they want the map before making a try. I wonder who has it."

I told him, untruthfully, that I wondered too; and that night I made my plans. Savage Islanders were exceedingly afraid of spirits in those days, and never went

Why did I go to Papua? Because, lying in my bed in a comfortable Sydney hotel and reading the morning paper, I saw the startling account of a suicide—that of the lieutenant governor of Papua, who had killed himself at the foot of the flagstaff that bore the British Union Jack, and was later found there, with the flag floating high above his shattered head. I wanted to know why he had done it, so I took ship for Port Moresby.

I found out that it was because he had been blamed (unjustly and unduly) for a massacre of natives that occurred after the murder, by cannibals, of the famous missionary Chalmers and his companion Tomkins. They had killed and devoured both men, but, under pressure, had given up the bones, minus the skulls, which they had kept for their temple.

The successor of the unlucky governor decided to visit Goari-Bari, where the missionaries had been killed, and very kindly allowed me to go also. We were met on the beach by a band of nearly a thousand armed cannibals, dancing and yelling (the cannibal war dance is a curious movement, very like that of the toy known as a jumping jack), all armed with clubs and the famous seven-foot blackwood bows that can shoot an arrow through a man three hundred yards away. We were three or four white men, one white woman, and six native police.

The governor sent a message through a speaking trumpet: we were coming ashore and they must put down their arms. They did not do so. Then the governor (Sir Hubert Murray) ordered out his whaleboat and started for the shore, telling me not to follow until he gave the signal.

I REMAINED in a whaleboat with a few native boys. We were fully occupied squabbling with young cannibals who had come out in a canoe and were trying to loot the boat of everything in it. The unexpected summons from Sir Hubert broke off the squabble, which was threatening to develop into something more. He and his few companions had landed in the midst of the yelling dancing natives, walked about coolly among them, offered them tobacco, and talked to them through an interpreter (who, incidentally, was so scared that he could hardly speak). It was a most daring act, especially as the last visitors to the village had been the former governor and his constables, who had shot down and killed numerous natives. Savages keep up vendetta religiously, and in the ordinary course of things the whole of Sir Hubert's party would have been killed and eaten.

The savages had been promised that if they would lay down their arms and bring out their women (always a sign of peace), they would be allowed to see a real live white woman, now waiting to land. Curiosity seized them; they were daunted by the courage of Sir Hubert and his little party. They laid down their weapons and, economically, brought out one or two of the oldest and least valuable of their women. These terrified and screaming creatures were dragged to the beach, and immediately made for me and clung round me as if I were their only salvation.

Peace was made, more or less, and we began to walk about and examine the village. While Sir Hubert was securing the heads of Chalmers and Tomkins, which he intended to take back and present to the London Missionary Society, two or three of us became separated from the general body, and found ourselves at the back of a long dark native house, which we were asked by signs to enter. Pulling our hands, they seemed to urge us to sit down. "I wouldn't," said a member of the party. "I know these —— ——s and I reckon it's time to be moving on."

AS we went quietly, a youth ran past us carrying a smoking dish of meat, which he shook in our faces, telling us, by signs, that it was man meat. It seemed to be the small ribs of a medium-sized man, and it smelt extremely unpleasant.

When we were back on the yacht, my companion told me that the house we had entered was the same in which Chalmers and Tomkins had been killed; and that they had been first induced to sit down, then given food, and then, while eating, killed with blows from behind.

The Goari-Bari people, at that time, had a pleasant habit of biting off a prisoner's nose before proceeding to further hostilities. When one of them later on was taken back to Port Moresby and put in jail, he flew at his warder, fixed his teeth in the warder's face, and endeavored, after the manner of a "savaging" stallion, to bite the face away from the skull. Fortunately he was interrupted in time.

All the New Guinea savages in their untamed state are torturers, and it was only good fortune that kept me, in 1923, from personally experiencing their unholy skill. I had gone up the Sepik River, in the Mandated Territory, without asking government permission, which probably would not have been given, as at that time few white men and no white woman had ascended the river, and it was feared that trouble might result.

It may have been rather an antisocial act, but the temptation was strong. I had just come through by way of Dutch New Guinea, and when I found that two Catholic missionaries were planning a trip upriver on their launch, and would take me, I could not find it in my heart to miss the chance.

Miss Grimshaw's escape from the head-hunters and their tortures was a thing to freeze the blood, and it led her into "blackbirding"—snatching a native boy from his ferocious man-eating captors! She will tell this story, with others as startling, in an early issue of Liberty.

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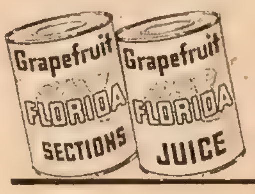

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by GRACE LEWIS SHEA

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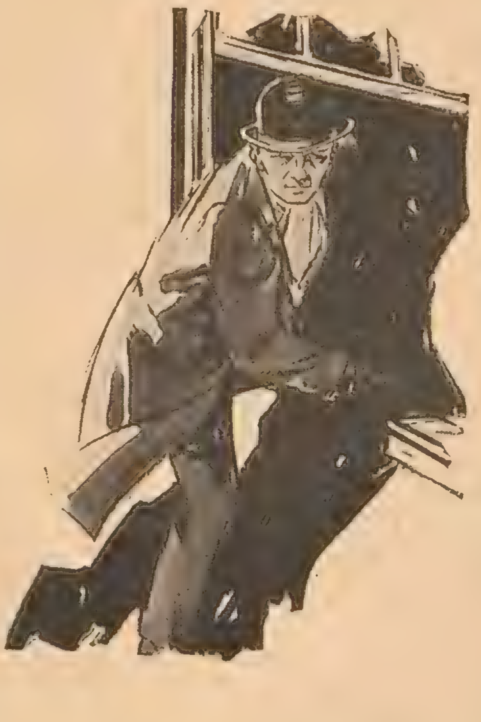

LISTEN, Sweetie Pie. What time does your fan dance go on? . . . Eleven? . . . Yeah? Fine—I'll be there. Tell Jack to save me a ringside table. And you save me a little more of this and that than last night. . . .

"No—for crying out loud, I'm not sick! . . . Sure I got a pasty pan. You don't get sun baths in the machine shop in Sing Sing. I'll tan up in Florida. . . .

"Yeah. We're leaving tomorrow, Beautiful. And can some of them horse-players that was hanging around last night. I don't want to place—I'm playing you to win. See, baby?"

Swifty replaced the receiver, pushed the door of the telephone booth partially open, and stood in the darkness looking into the empty drugstore. What did she mean, laughing when he called her Sweetie Pie? Old stuff, eh? A year was a long time to be out of circulation.

Maybe his clothes were out of date, too. He looked in the fountain mirror while he bought some cigarettes, rebuttoned his overcoat, wriggled his neck. O. K.! His tight-waisted slimness and padded square shoulders were the nuts. And his stiff shirt and black tie a hundred per cent Broadway. Reaching the door, he pulled on yellow gloves. Pretty ritzy! Perfect—except for the missing middle finger on his left hand. He could thank flatfoot Connell for that—damn him! Well, it might have been worse. He shouldn't have lost his head and grappled for the dick's gun. And if the lousy gumshoe hadn't beaten him to a pulp he wouldn't have had that two weeks in the hospital before he went up the river. This was another year, and he'd learned a lot.

Sauntering out, thick gray fog formed a dankish nimbus about his rakishly slanted black derby. Lucky break—this fog. Couldn't have been better. He lit a cigarette. It would have to be a wiser bull than Connell who would outsmart him again. This was going to be a perfect job. It was a natural.

Pretty clever, at that, never to carry a gun. If he'd had one that time he'd still be working on a lathe in the Big House instead of on his way to get some soft dough.

Better check up on the diagram of the Home before he got there. Not a bad kid, that nurse who used to bathe his wounds and talk to him. Sorry for him because he was a prisoner. The dumb cluck didn't know he was pumping her about the nurses' habits and the layout of the Home across the street. In another two weeks she'd have fallen for him, too. Glamour—that's what he had—and a line. Here it was.

Stopping before the dimly lighted doorway of the square brick house, Swifty gave it a hasty once-over. Just like she said—the nurses who weren't on duty were at the movies or out with boy friends. Away for a couple of hours.

Fire escape in back—he remembered that from hospital days. Leisurely, Swifty pulled rubber gloves over steady hands. Window open on the first floor. Well, if he couldn't get in easily on the third he'd come back. He'd rather work down. . . .

Say, he was shot with luck, getting out of stir around the first, when the nurses were flush. What socks some of them had! If the second and first floors were as meaty as this he'd have plenty over a grand. Probably Myrtle would like some of these trinkets. Nothing doing! They had a backfire as loud as dynamite.

The stuff they collected in bureau drawers — evening slippers! Maybe something in the toe. And a pair of elephant book ends that weighed a ton. Have to be careful about dumping these bureau drawers. Women were whacky!

It would have been just as safe coming down the stairs as the fire escape. The place was like a morgue. The tops must room on the second—more money here. And the rooms were nicer. He'd clean up in an hour. Not an ounce of risk. Then Myrtle and Florida—maybe some easy jack down there. That traveling bag would be swell for her. No—what the hell! Hadn't he planned this haul to be perfect? Nothing but cash!

Not so many rooms on the first. He'd begin at the front and work back to the fire escape. Huh! This dame must be Scotch. A quarter cash register! Heavy, too—probably a nice bunch of change. Too bulky, though—and he couldn't break it without— What was that? Sounded like some one padding down the hall.

The bank still in his hands, he jumped behind the door as it was flung wide. As a hand reached for the light switch, Swifty stepped out and swung hard.

Why, just a kid in a blue bathrobe. She looked like—sure, she was. The same kid nurse. God! If she'd seen him she would have recognized him. She'd be out for a while, but he'd better scram—fast. He jumped from the window and landed in something soft. Sand! Did he have a rabbit's foot! With a pile of brick under the next window. Running through the lot, he brushed his coat and tore off the rubber gloves. This fog was damn cold. So what? A grin gargoyled his features. So tomorrow he'd be on his way to Florida. . . .

"Cut your three-o'clock dance, eh, Myrtle? You're through with this dump after tonight. Let's go places. Farewell party. You call a coupla dames and I'll round up Frenchy Joe and the Mex." Swifty held Myrtle close and weaved unsteadily toward the telephones outside.

"Hello, Swifty!" It was Connell. "How's tricks?"

"None of your damned business." Oozing synthetic Scotch bravado, Swifty laughed tauntingly.

"Wait a minute!" Connell ran experienced hands over the slim torso. "How long's he been here, Myrtle?"

"He came early. He brought me before—"

"Skip it, Blondie. Chief wants to see you about a little job over at the Nurses' Home, Swifty."

"Yeah? Well, you can tell him I'm busy."

What did they have on him? Not a thing!

"Oh, sure. Just need your help for half an hour. A kid nurse was bumped off."

Connell was lying. He couldn't have socked the kid hard enough to rub her out.

"What's that to me? Didn't Myrtle tell you I been here all evening?"

Connell's steel-blue eyes held Swifty's malign leer. "The guy who conked her jumped out of a window and fell—into a little mound of s-a-n-d, Swifty." Connell gripped the slight figure firmly. "Well, listen to this. It's music to me. A natural. Let's see your left hand—got a finger off, hasn't it?"

"Damn well you know—you clipped it. What of it?"

"There's a pair of rubber handprints in this sand, dead-pan—and the left middle finger is missing. Quicksand—eh, Swifty?"

THE END

Murder Mars A Masquerade

Miss Lombard as a Bogus Princess in a Gripping Mystery . . . Dancing and Color, Tears and a Vampire . . . The Week's Procession of Films

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Douglass Dumbrille, Alison Skipworth, William Frawley, Porter Hall, George Barbier, Lumsden Hare, Siegfried Rumann, Mischa Auer, Tetsu Komai, Bradley Page, Benny Bartlett. Directed by William K. Howard. Story by Philip MacDonald.

A CURIOUS compound of sentimental farce and grim seriousness, The Princess Comes Across contrives to fuse these seemingly incompatible elements into a thoroughly enjoyable photoplay. For all its lack of balance, the film is consistently engrossing, whether comic or near-tragic, and for an evening of swiftly moving excitement it comes off very well.

Princess Carole Lombard and passenger Fred MacMurray.

The Princess Comes Across really tells two stories. Story number one is a lighthearted, somewhat burlesqued account of how a Brooklyn hoofer, splendidly played by the orchidaceous Carole Lombard, hoaxes her way to a movie contract. Acquiring a heavy Garbo accent, the dancer passes herself as a Swedish princess and sets sail for America. Obstacles in her path to fame present themselves in the affable form of Fred MacMurray, also a ship passenger, and in the decidedly unaffable form of a blackmailer (Porter Hall) who threatens to disclose the princess's true identity.

Equally unreal but a great deal more spine-tingling is the second story. This plot gets under speedy way when the blackmailer is murdered. Since, as fate and the scenarists would have it, a convention of internationally famous detectives is also on board, it is not long before the killer is located. But the detective who makes this find is also murdered before he can divulge his discovery.

From there on, The Princess Comes Across sprints home to a surprising climax that has both twists and surprises.

VITAL STATISTICS: Tough rough George Raft walked out in a huff when studio refused to replace cameraman Ted Tetzlaff as mugger in this. George claimed Ted favored Lombard over him in past love clinches, though no mugger lens louse he, insisted George. Studio countered by benching the Broadway Svelte and substituting Fred MacMurray, who doesn't care how he looks, so long's he's facing the camera. . . . Lombard has darkened her hair just coincidentally after Harlow, blondes coming out dumb these days. Is the most immaculate woman in Hollywood; spends a fortune on clothes. . . . Alison Skipworth's taken to chicken farming. . . . They get better ocean effects on land, so once again the luxury liner sails around on an indoor stage. . . . Tammany Young played his last extra bit in this. He died right afterward. . . . Hollywood axiom, If you want a good gangster, get a college man! fits Porter Hall, Phi Beta of the U. of Cin. . . . Fred MacMurray cost $25 a day to rent, was worth $300. Sings his first song in a mike, although he started moviefying with nothing but a sax, some sex, and a voice.

★ ★ ★ THE DANCING PIRATE

THE PLAYERS: Charles Collins, Frank Morgan, Steffi Duna, Luis Alberni, Victor Varconi, Jack La Rue, Alma Real, William V. Mong, Mitchell Lewis, Julian Rivero, John Eberts, Royal Cansinos. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. From a story by Emma Lindsay Squire.

SET in the early nineteenth century, The Dancing Pirate is a frivolous recording of what befalls a dancing master, shanghaied from his native Boston, in the pleasant wilds of Spanish California. Suspected of being a pirate himself, the escaped dancer is sentenced to hanging by the wary Californians, and is saved just at the bell by a winsome Pocahontas of the plazas, who succumbs to both his nimble footwork and his wooing.

The Dancing Pirate is a feast for the senses rather than the intellect. Photographed in Technicolor, this animated postal card has been handsomely designed by Robert Edmond Jones, whose costumes and settings are the prettiest yet flashed upon a screen.

Spiced with dancing, dueling, fighting, and much jumping about from roof to roof, The Dancing Pirate has a lot of the bouncing appeal of the early Douglas Fairbanks acrobatics. Played throughout with theatric gusto, the film is given heavy-handed villainy by Jack La Rue and Victor Varconi. Steffi Duna is a lilting delight as the accented heroine. While her fumbling, dithery father is played by Frank Morgan in the standard mirthful manner that has practically become an "act."

The lithe, pleasantly mannered Charles Collins dominates the show. His dancing is the closest thing to Fred Astaire Hollywood has yet discovered. And, charmingly scored by Alfred Newman, Collins's debut is an amusing and beautiful treat for the eye and ear.

VITAL STATISTICS: Charles (Little Known) Collins, Hollywood's latest Fairbanks-Astaire, is a Frederick, Oklahoma, farm boy who hiked for the dance floors of the world with only a saxophone and some wild ideas about the Charleston, and conquered the London dance stage via the Publix Vodvil units and a New York musical or two. He replaced Clifton (Whoosh) Webb in As Thousands Cheer, married Dotty (Fred's dotter)

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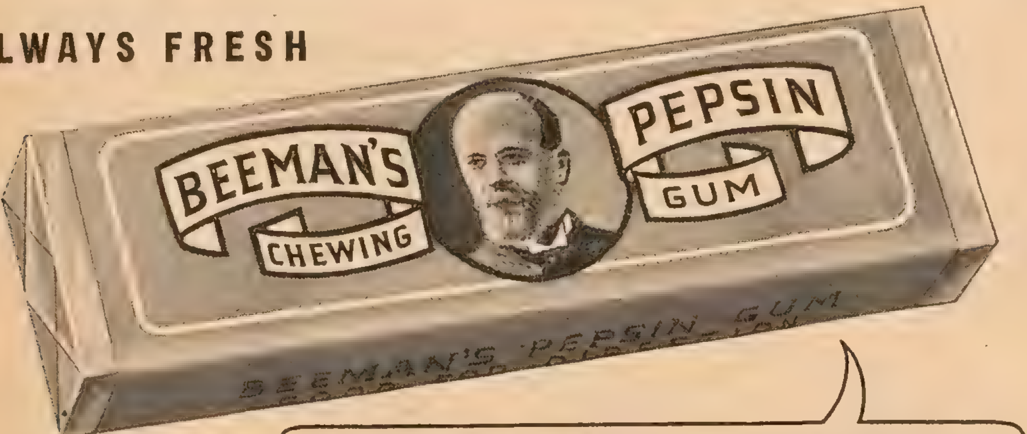


ALWAYS FRESH

RELAX A MINUTE AND REVEL IN BEEMAN'S FINE FRESH FLAVOR . . . IT CALMS YOUR NERVES AND IT AIDS DIGESTION

Stone when both appeared in Ripples. Was tested by Jock Whitney, Pirate talent scout, and was picked from 100s immediately when Jock saw rushes. Public passion for new faces should put Chuck across, plus his versatile style, twinkle toes, black wavy hair, virile floorwalker mustache, ability with clashing pirate sabers and romantic swarthy studio Mexican-gal hoofers. His diction's been purified by English stage associ-a-ci-on. He likes golf, hossbacking; his wife Dotty. Got nicked seven times in climax duel; didn't care. He gets about $250 a week till he makes good; let those sideburns grow. . . . Color in this is known as "imaginative," colorist Rob Ed Jones's idea being to keep it in background and leave it to the fancy rather than smearing it on with a wild trowel as he did in La Cockaroacha, D. P.'s successful ancestor. . . . Director Lloyd Corrigan wrote La Cucaracha; is a happy bachelor; is strong for polo, football, baseball, hockey—as a spectator. . . . Entire picture—indoor scene and outdoor—shot on United Artists' encased stage. . . . If Steffi Duna is by repute fiery, gay, and a madcap, Hollywood wouldn't know it. Such antics don't shine in the sun. Steffi's not stuffy, however, but Budapest born, has first-citizenshippers, played in N'l C'rd's Words and Music, got Hollywood renown in Cockaroacha. Had never danced with a partner before; had to learn co-operation and also Spanish dancing. . . . This is Frank (Er-Uh) Morgan's color debut. Frank's the gabbiest, most entertaining man in Hollywood.

★ ★ THE SINS OF MAN

THE PLAYERS: Jean Hersholt, Don Ameche, Allen Jenkins, J. Edward Bromberg, Ann Shoemaker, De Witt Jennings, Fritz Leiber, Francis Ford, Christian Rub, Gene Reynolds, Mickey Rentschler. Directed by Otto Brower and Gregory Ratoff. From a story by Joseph Roth.

A RELENTLESS attack on the tear ducts, The Sins of Man is so lushly emotional, so unrestrained in its masochism that it more or less defeats itself. In this Jean Hersholt suffers and suffers. The baleful story opens in an Austrian village, with all the actors being self-consciously quaint, and Hersholt perplexed by the problem of his two sons.

The eldest child is bitten by the newfangled aviation bug and leaves for America. The youngest boy is hopelessly deaf. As the years unroll, war, death, and isolation add to Hersholt's turmoil. The flying son is killed in a crash, and his deaf-mute brother is lost on the Tyrolean battle front.

Assisted by Don Ameche, a somewhat kittenish juvenile, Allen Jenkins, J. Edward Bromberg, and Ann Shoemaker, Jean Hersholt demonstrates that he can handle a growing-older-by-the-reel part with crafty skill. And the film shows that tragedy needs occasional touches of lightness and restraint to be completely moving.

VITAL STATISTICS: In this his 428th picture, and as reward for his Country Docking, Jean Hersholt, Denmark's finest ham, gets his third crack at stardom. Of Great Dane Stock Players, Jean played first movie part in 1906 in first Danish picture. In 1917 was an American star, thanks to Tom Ince yanking him from imported Dane players at Pan-Pac-Expo in 1915 at $15 per week. Talkies struck him dumb, but he won his way back after seven years of taking it like a man. That 75-year-old make-up was very lon-chaneyish to apply, taking 2½ hours to put on, 1½ to remove, harder to tote about. The beggar's bleary eye wrinkles were result of gluing fishskin under the eyes, pulling it down to lower lids; the old-age stoop by strapping him into a crooked harness; the dragging step by loading his shoes with six pounds of lead. Unable to blink, had to take dust in his eyes all day; unable to contract facial muscles, had to eat through a straw. . . . Zanuck initiates Don Ameche of radio as a Hersholt son herein. Don blew out from Chicago; three hours after landing, had been popped into make-up and was working before cameras. After first day's rushes Zanuck abandoned idea of using two sons, as per script, handed both roles to Ameche, tacking on a blond wig and mustache for the double brassing. . . . J. Ed Bromberg, born Christmas Day in Temesvar, Hungary, has been silk salesman, candymaker, laundry worker. . . . Hollywood ace Paul Mantz banged together 1913 pusher plane, nice stick-and-wire job, tested it by taking it up 2,000 feet. When it came time to use it, assistant couldn't get it more than 600 feet off ground, making it impossible to take it over Hollywood Hills to location. He was 40 pounds heavier than Mantz. So plane was taken apart, flown by truck to spot. . . . Director Otto Brower is descendant of seventeen-century brush flinger, Flemish Adriaen Brouwer, and gets composition ideas from dear old ancestie. . . . Four years ago Greg Ratoff read Joe Roth's Job on the Twentieth Century, cried for an hour at climax of story, bought book for stage production, himself in lead. Got it for $9,800, went into movies, sold it to Zanuck, to whom Ratoff's been under contract as a writer but has done nothing but act.

★ ½ DRACULA'S DAUGHTER

THE PLAYERS: Otto Kruger, Gloria Holden, Marguerite Churchill, Nan Grey, Edward Van Sloan, Irving Pichel. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Based on the story by Bram Stoker.

THE latest potion brewed by the Universal witches is Dracula's Daughter. When, in Dracula, the king of the vampires was killed, this race of bloodsuckers was supposedly doomed. But now, ready to pounce upon innocent humans and the box office, they are back again. For it seems Dracula had a daughter (Gloria Holden) to carry on his trade.

After a lot of eerie hooting and howling in the semidark, Dracula's Daughter boils down to one big situation. Trapped in Dracula's musty castle, psychiatrist Otto Kruger must choose between having his fiancée, Marguerite Churchill, killed by a vampire, or himself marry Dracula's daughter.

Why she wants to marry Kruger is something only a werewolf would understand, for he goes through the entire picture with a grouch.

Occasionally frightening in spite of itself, the picture should give you one or two good scares.

VITAL STATISTICS: Garrett Fort is the big ghoul maker of Hollywood. Looks very mild, contentedly plump, has $30,000 library jammed with Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Hungarian books on vampirism and sundry diabolic folklore—second in size only to late Harry Houdini's. From 41 candidates Fort selected Gloria Holden, former buyer for exclusive Fifth Avenue shoppe, for Drack's Dotter. 150,000 feet of film were consumed in testing the 41, and Fort accompanied each film test with a psychoanalytical one, trying not for a plain blonde dumbbell who would look cute in the hairy arms of a sublimated Krafft-Ebing case, but a gal who could show reasonable ability to struggle to escape from the vampire obsession inherited from her dad. . . . Instead of dusting off famous Dracula castle set, unused since Bela Lugosi drank blood cocktails on it back in dismal 1931, the dust of five years was allowed to remain, fresh soot was drifted on that, and fifteen-foot spider webs of rubber cement were blown from rotary blowgun to add the really shriek touch. . . . Having been done to death in Dracula, poor Bela Lugosi was unable to appear. . . . Debutting Miss Holden is of London, England, September 5, 1910. Was brought here when a mere tot by folks who wanted her here in time to see things Ina Clairely. At seven Gloria had voice of full-grown woman, developed by incessant aping of victrola records. At twelve she church-choired; at eighteen she danced and acted amateurishly. An interlude as buyer preceded stage debut in Desert Song dancing bit; then tours; then B'way legitimately. Gloria dabbles in parlor magic, hypnotism learned from Keatingites; uses these arts to some degree in this role rather than use make-up. She has olive complex, brown hair, eyes, is 5 feet 5, weighs 124. . . . Ed Van Sloan has played Doc von Helsing chap who settles hash of Dracula in every stage, screen performance.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

★★★—Under Two Flags, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, The Great Ziegfeld, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Who (shown in the early photo at the right) raised Yankee dollars for the Allies and held a diminutive lady in his lap for newsreels? He was born at Irvington, N. Y., in '67, graduated from Harvard, succeeded his father in 1913.

2—What tailless animal has no ribs and swallows air?

3—By what other name do you know Spangler Arlington Brough?

4—The Anvil Chorus is from which opera?

5—An undomesticated hog with tusks, long snout, and short ears is called what?

6—What game, played on a rectangle, was made fashionable by Louis XIV?

7—Where in the Bible is an Ethiopian said to have commanded an army of a million men?

8—In a bird, what is horny, lipless, toothless, and in two parts?

9—What small tropical fish eats only other *living* fish?

10—Which country has the most blind people?

11—Is there a public building in London the King of England may not enter?

12—Who is Harlean Carpentier McGrew?

13—Why is the Siege of Tyre particularly memorable?

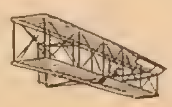
14—The Virgin Islands were purchased from what country?

15—Who circled the globe in 1,093 days?

16—The birthplace of what famed American poet was recently advertised for sale as "suitable for an ideal inn or roadhouse"?

17—Where was the earliest picture of a game of checkers found?

18—Who—once secretary to Thomas A. Edison and formerly a public-utility king—now heads a broadcasting chain?



19—The first glider flight in the United States was made in what year?

20—Whom did Poe consider "the best of the Philadelphia poets"?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

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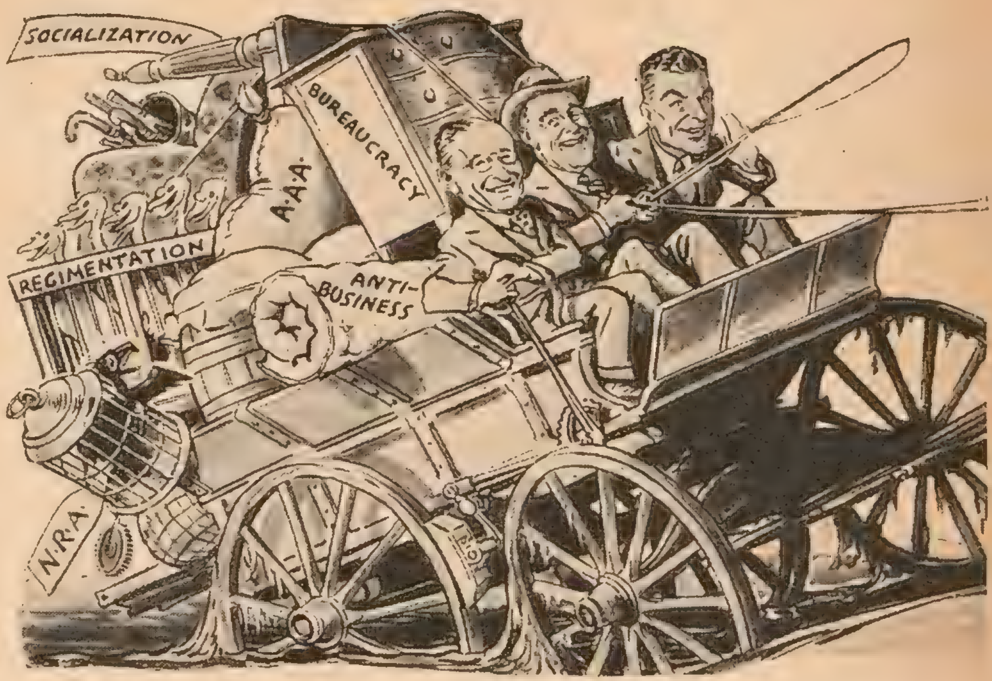
Why I Was Forced to

AN AMERICAN EMPLOYER WHO ARRAIGNS THE MEN AND MEASURES

by BERNARR



READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHAT sort of deal is it, anyway—this *New* Deal? And just how new is it?

The public mind is confused on this. It believes that the New Deal administration began to function on March 4, 1933. In reality, the New Deal program and New Deal activities as we know them—and as Rex Tugwell, long before President Roosevelt was inaugurated, intended them to be—did not begin until August 1. That date marked the inauguration of the NRA, and the actual aims of the New Deal did not begin to be realized until after September 1, 1933.

I charge the New Deal with direct responsibility for stopping the greatest surge toward unprecedented prosperity that any country in the world has ever experienced in a period of five months—one hundred and fifty days. I gladly give President Roosevelt—during that time, when he was a Jeffersonian Democrat—full credit for stemming the tide of a disastrous financial panic. But the indelible record of historical events from September 1, 1933, to the present time compels me to accuse President Roosevelt of bringing on a political depression needlessly after he had stopped a financial panic.

He took office in one of the darkest periods in American economic history—an acute situation that had developed mainly between his election and his inauguration. During those first soul-searing days the new President of the United States followed a Jeffersonian policy. He demanded the immediate balancing of the budget—he was not content with just talking about it. He secured the reduction of pensions paid to certain classes of soldiers and to descendants of the soldiers. And that took real courage!

He breathed into the American people once again the spirit of vigorous co-operative effort. He appealed equally to all factions. Dramatically he declared that we had nothing to fear in this country but fear itself. And that soul-stirring statement did more to start a definite return of prosperity than Congress could possibly do with years of lawmaking.

Yes, those were dramatic days!

All of my publications vigorously supported this new Chief Executive who had dispelled the clouds of fear and doubt. In those remarkable hundred and fifty days he was praised to the housetops. Party lines faded away. Factional differences of a partisan nature also disappeared. Bankers and business men, workers and farmers, dropped their antagonisms and rose *en masse* to support the Chief Executive.

But the new President was not yet talking about regimentation—he was not belittling the Constitution, nor was he casting aspersions on the Supreme Court.

Now let us view the disastrous events that followed.

On March 4, when Roosevelt assumed his duties, wheat in Chicago was 55 cents a bushel. A little more than five months later the price stood at $1.17 a bushel. This, of course, was before the AAA came into being. And, incidentally, wheat never did reach that price under the AAA.

Cotton in New Orleans was $6.39 a hundred pounds when Roosevelt took office. A little more than five months later it had advanced to $10.75 a hundredweight—the most dramatic gain recorded in the cotton market in many years. In the five months previous to the introduction of the NRA cotton advanced twice as much as it did in the next thirty-three months, although hundreds of millions of dollars were poured into the cotton district during the latter period. Thus the greatest upturn in cotton came before the New Deal AAA policy, and not after.

Now for the industrial records. On March 4, 1933, steel production stood at 18 per cent of normal. On August 1, after the greatest five-months advance in steel history, production stood at 58 per cent of normal. New furnaces had been opened up and Help Wanted signs were now appearing in steel mills all over the country.

Note how the business barometer then acted. The average price of all industrial stocks on March 4, 1933, stood at 40 per cent of normal. A little more than five months later they had reached 83 per cent of normal; all listed industrial stocks had more than doubled in value. The average of all railroad stocks stood at 39 per cent of normal on March 4; a little more than five months later they had advanced to 86 per cent. The average price of public-utility stocks stood at 67 per cent of normal on the 4th of March; in a little more than five months they had advanced to more than 100 per cent normal. This advancement was close to a miracle.

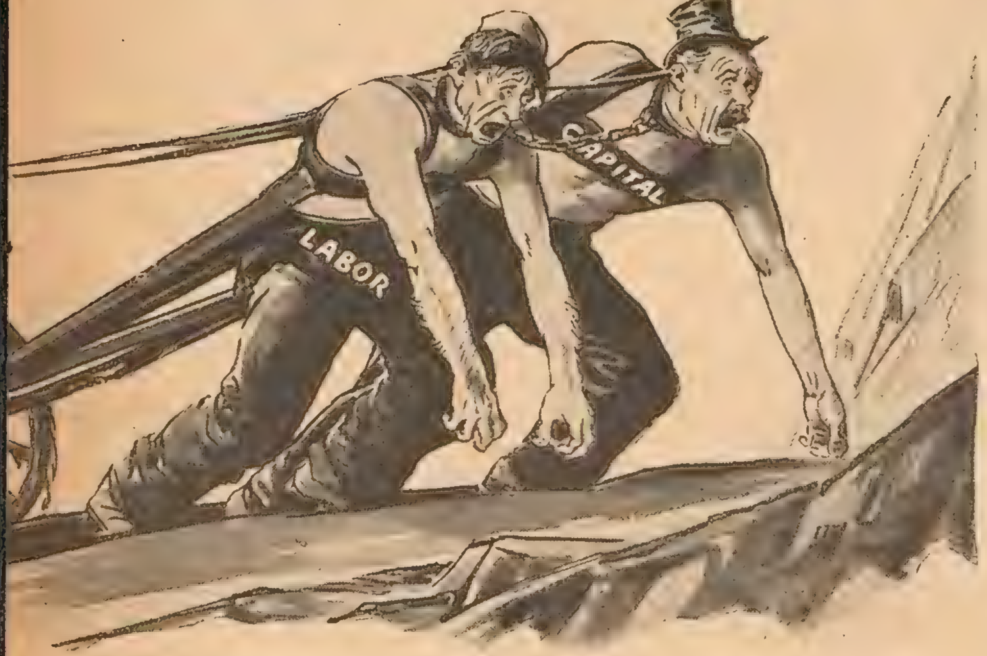
Yes, the end of the depression was already in sight. Yet this powerful upswing had not even scratched the surface of the great awaiting market which had accumulated over a period of three years of depression. Under the normal momentum of this great upsurge, every idle man should have returned to work within a year and a half after the President's inauguration. The stage was set to bring this desired condition into reality.

Then the bubble burst!

Constitutional government was forgotten. Almost overnight President Roosevelt threw aside Thomas Jefferson and Grover Cleveland, and he embraced the principles of Tugwell and Frankfurter, the supporters of Communistic doctrines.

By September 1 every one knew that the Tugwellian theory of socialization was supplanting the policies of the sound advisers who had previously surrounded the President. Men like George Peek, who did not believe in restriction of agriculture but who advocated development of foreign markets and protection of farm prices in our local market, Lewis W. Douglas, who had sound ideas on

Drop the New Deal



BELIEVED IN IT AT THE START

THAT DISILLUSIONED HIM

MACFADDEN

budget balancing, and James P. Warburg, who had had thorough experience in financial circles, were completely ignored and the Socialistic policies of the so-called Brain Trust were adopted.

That marked the beginning of the NRA and the New Deal as we know it now—the New Deal that the administration is asking us to support for four years more.

On the 1st of August the NRA came into effect. Without warning, the entire advance of industrial activity and business confidence stopped as if struck by lightning. For weeks and months no manufacturer, no employer knew where he stood. Business men who had been favorable to the NRA while it was being framed in Congress, as a purely temporary and voluntary agency, suddenly found that it was not a voluntary measure. Under the influence of the Trust that some people call " Brainless," the NRA immediately became a control body; and the employer, instead of being a co-operator with the government and the employee, actually became a servant of both.

What was the immediate result? The business upsurge not only stopped—it went right back downhill at an amazing rate. In a few months steel operations dropped from 58 per cent to 25 per cent of normal. Unemployment began to increase even before the ink was dry on the NRA proclamation, and before the end of the year half a million more men were unemployed.

By winter of 1933 the Socialistic angle of the New Deal plan developed in earnest. Tugwell and Frankfurter began intensive development of their Communistic ideas, turning Congress into a mere rubber stamp. Laws were proposed and enacted completely foreign to the policies and principles of both the Republican and the Democratic parties. The administration changed its co-operative attitude toward business and became openly antagonistic. And this was the first time in the entire history of our country when an administration had taken sides between great American groups and thrown its strength against one specific group.

The country now faced a genuine dilemma. To stop the dangerous increase of unemployment, the New Deal was compelled to spend billions of dollars for artificial employment. Which failed to decrease unemployment! The New Dealers, remaining blind to facts, refused to recognize the month-by-month significance of the disastrous unemployment records; and that blindness has since caused tremendous unnecessary human suffering. It has also caused a nation to wallow in uncertainty for thirty-two months which should have been the most active and the most prosperous in our history.

Then, like a stream of light from heaven, came the momentous Supreme Court decision on the NRA. Actual ruin of this country was prevented by it. It returned to business men their confidence in our government; they now became hopeful for the future. It also laid the first firm foundation for a steady upturn in stocks and business activity. The President and some of the members of his cabinet predicted thirty-five-cent wheat, six-cent cotton, wages cut to pieces, and the return of chaotic conditions, because of the Supreme Court decision. We now find that wages were not cut, a serious upset to the theory of the administration that federal control is necessary for establishment and maintenance of fair wages.

We find that, instead of the chaos predicted, several great corporations have thrown millions into plant rehabilitation. They announced the intention of doing so within a month after the decision was handed down.

The Supreme Court's decision, furthermore, marked the beginning of the end of the Brain Trusters' dream of Sovietizing the United States.

LET me make one thing clear. Mr. Roosevelt is President, the Chief Executive, and is therefore responsible for the official acts of the Tugwell-Frankfurter Brain Trusters. We must stop placing blame for unworkable New Deal policies on administration hirelings.

Altogether, the New Deal has increased unemployment to the tune of millions—it has saddled the country with billions and billions of unnecessary debt—it has vastly multiplied the power of the bureaucrats. It has prevented commercial activity that would have created millions of independent happy homes, homes where families are now subsisting undernourished on a dole.

In 1929, 68 per cent of all taxes paid were collected directly from property owners, business and professional men, while the indirect taxes paid by the forgotten man, by all consumers high and low, amounted to 31 per cent. In 1935 only 38 per cent of the taxes were collected directly from property owners, business and professional men, while the indirect taxes paid by the forgotten man, and by everybody who paid rent or bought merchandise of any kind, had jumped to 61 per cent. The indirect hidden tax load on the forgotten man had just doubled.

What is the solution?

Whenever the government of the United States returns to sound Constitutional policy, and treats business with the same consideration that it treats labor and agriculture, every man in this country who wants work will be able to find it in a reasonably short time.

The government invasion of private enterprise, the confiscatory program of taxation, and the administration's ceaseless antagonism to all business enterprise are together the paralyzing power that is today withholding work from twelve million idle men and prosperity from all of our citizens.

The New Deal has turned into a *raw* deal—and it must be exterminated. If there is any stability and self-sacrifice in the Republican Party, the New Deal nightmare will end on November 3, 1936.

THE END

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur artists and writers.

I really should add sculptors and woodcarvers to our weekly salutation. Among the contributions have been a number of carvings in wood, sculptures in soap and in plastics, which show real individuality and talent.

We have received oil paintings, too, and a few examples of handicraft. While they are original and attractive, many of these contributions cannot be used on the page, but they have afforded me and the Liberty Magazine staff a great deal of pleasure. I want to thank you for letting us see them.

Their chances of being accepted for the page are slight, however, despite the talent they show. A magazine page has definite limitations, and only the forms of art which reproduce well—photographs and line drawings—can be used.

Study the page, and keep trying. Your skill may find an outlet along other lines.

Major Edward Bowes.

Under the title, Fanny Folly's Flippancies, Iva V. Adkins, Kansas City, Missouri, sent in eleven wise sayings. I have chosen two which I consider the best.

Early to bed, early to rise,
And other girls go out with the guys.

If at first from him you don't get freed, cry, cry again.

Eber Riley of Urbana, Illinois, claims his standing as an amateur is not from choice but a matter of editorial decisions. Well, maybe they'll change now. I think your short poem exceptionally clever.

PURPLE PASSION

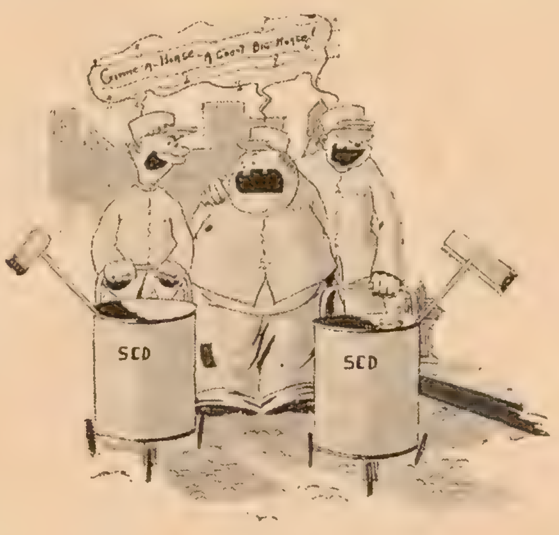
Out of the dark of night
Into my life you came,
Halting my headlong flight
With the brilliance of your flame.

Sending a mad desire
Pulsating through my brain;
Darn these stop lights, anyhow,
When you're trying to catch a train!

Alan Waller of Des Moines, Iowa, twenty years old, student at a local business college, is the author of a truly wise and honest epigram:

Money is like a piece of rope on a camping trip: you can always use more.

An entertaining sketch is entered by Leroy E. Gulick of Lambertville, New Jersey.


Gimme a Horse—A Great Big Horse!
SCD
SCD

"Oh, gimme a horse—
A great big horse!"

Here is an excerpt from Steve Brown's letter which will probably amuse you: "I wish it were possible to actually hear the gong when it is struck for us amateur writers, for I'd consider it an honor to have a 'clarion note' struck on that famous instrument." And then he adds, "even if it were for me." Steve hails from Needles, California.

Well, Steve, the readers ring the gong for this page, and we'll see what happens.

RAIN AND RIDICULE

The mob, grim and forbidding in the pouring rain, was rapidly approaching the jail! As they came to a halt in the jail yard, the little old sheriff came out of his office.

"What do ye want, boys?"

"We want that polecat ye got in there that killed Mrs. Williams," replied the spokesman. "We're goin' to string him up to a tree."

"Jest a minute," said the sheriff. "I've a little somethin' to say, and then I'll jest step aside and ye can do as ye like. No call for breakin' down our new jail. You consarned fools think ye can get away with murder jest because there's a lot of ye. I reckon ye imagine those dinky black masks disguise ye so well that I can't recognize ye. Well, they don't! There, right in front, stands Pop Winters. I'd know that disreputable beard of his any place. Over there is our worthy blacksmith, Evans. Oh, don't try to hide behind Grocer Barnes! I've already spotted ye. Drat me if there ain't Squire Hawkins!"

The mob was becoming uneasy.

"You got no business out in this rain, Snider," continued the sheriff. "Ye know ye'll be crippled up with rheumatiz for a week." Man after man was slipping away in the gathering gloom, and the sheriff pressed his advantage. "The whole tarnation lot of ye look like a bunch of kids masked up for Halloween." The sheriff burst into high cackling laughter.

The mob lost its last vestige of bravado.

"We were just playin' a little joke on ye, sheriff," muttered the spokesman, as he and the remaining few hastened to depart.

"That's all right, boys. No one minds a little joke if it ain't carried too far," replied the sheriff, trying to hide his triumph as he strode into his office.

LaMoyne Hill of Louisville, Kentucky, contributes some poetic philosophy.

MY FACE IS HIDDEN

No breath of sky nor gleam of moon
Can make me raise my head—
That field of stars I used to see
Is trampled now, and dead.

No sighing wind nor voice of bird
Can fill my heart with song—
The melody I knew has been
Forgotten now so long.

My face is hidden in the grass;
I lie against the earth—
Perhaps, the while I gathered stars,
I overlooked its worth.

A joke on a subject that intrigues the imagination of jokesters is contributed by Charles A. Miller of Columbus, Ohio.

Just before you are married you are treated like a good customer about to make a big purchase.

After you are married you are the fellow who is way back on the payments.

Here is a vitally interesting and completely surprising story by Frances B. Stackpole of Dauphin, Pennsylvania.

SPRING

"I seen a piece in the paper where a woman went crazy from not getting out nowhere—she'd been snowed in, like us, since the blizzard last month," Mrs. Etters said to her husband as he sat at breakfast, his honest face red from his chores at the barn.

Mr. Etters, his mouth still full of fried potatoes, mumbled with annoyance, "Womenfolks beat all!"

He wound his muffler around his neck, and put on his short warm jacket, and was off to the barn again, followed by Shep, the collie.

Mrs. Etters sat wearily at the kitchen table, her head on her hand. The old clock struck seven. All the long monotonous day to be gone through again.

Now and again her eyes wandered to the shotgun, where it hung behind the kitchen door. She shuddered to think of the woman who had gone crazy but she could not forget her.

When she finished her work, she began talking to herself, as women will who are much alone: "I'll run down and feed my chickens."

With a shawl over her head, she stepped gingerly down the path between heaped walls of snow, still grumbling. The chickens, hearing her coming, set up a great to-do; but she was aggrieved and overwhelmed by the injustice of life and refused to give them her usual greeting.

As she stepped out on the path to go back to the house her ill-humor became audible.

"I'm sick of it all, sick of it! I'd rather be dead than go on!"

As she spoke she heard a sound—a different sound. What was it? Could it be her neighbor's geese had gotten away again? No, not that! She looked up. Over her head a wedge-shaped formation was making its way. From a hundred long throats came a sound, harsh, but beautiful and thrilling, that made her heart lift.

"Land sakes! If it ain't the wild geese coming north. Spring must be most here."

When John came from the barn that evening he was conscious of something cozy, a pleasant spirit in the kitchen. Mrs. Etters hustled about, putting the finishing touches to supper.

"I jest baked some of my soda biscuits; they'll taste real good, I think. My—it looks mighty purty out—days are gettin' longer. I bin thinkin' about my garden."

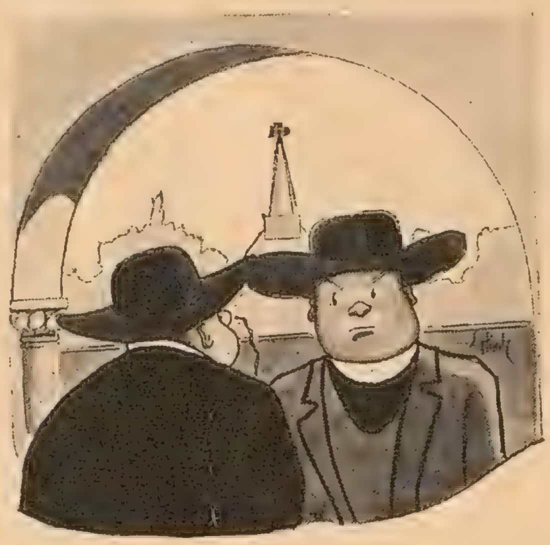
"Womenfolks beat all!" John said.

June Mackenzie, Lakewood, Ohio, is seventeen years old. At present she is attending Spencerian College in Cleveland. She hopes to become a poetess, and this is her entry:

INSIDE DOPE

Sometimes I'm quite self-sufficient,
Equal to all whom I meet.
Then I become less efficient
So he'll think me simple and sweet.

A clever caption that makes a good sketch humorous accompanies the entry of George L. Pugh, West Asheville, North Carolina.



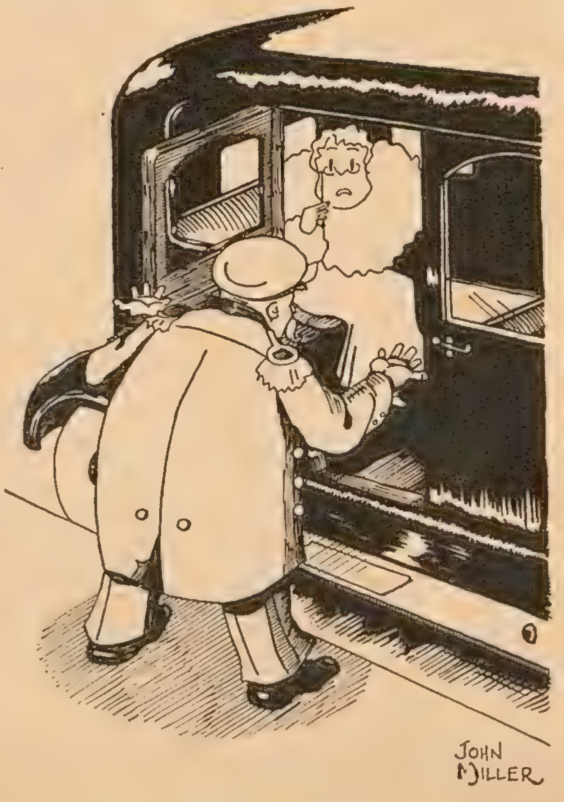
"You'll find that cannibals at times display an all-consuming liking for some missionaries."

A clever woman's philosophy in six lines. Mrs. Marie Connolly of Racine, Wisconsin, is probably revealing her own secret.

HOW TO HANDLE A HUSBAND

If opinions clash,
Do nothing rash;
Don't argue, storm, then freeze.
Be won over completely,
Agree with him sweetly,
Turn around and do just as you please.

I think John Miller of Baltimore, Maryland, deserves applause for his splendid contribution. It is original and displays a keen wit.



"Allez-oop!"

Brief, amusing, with a tang of unusual waggery in his contributions, Roland M. Miller of Cambridge, Minnesota, submits the following:

Whether a young woman should marry an old man is often a question of policy—insurance policy.

Most of the stories you hear around Wall Street are the kind you shouldn't take any stock in.

"Mummy!" exclaimed the Egyptian as he knelt before his long dead parent.

HONORABLE MENTION

For this week honorable mention goes to C. F. Steele, Lethbridge, Alta.; Lawrence J. Magrogan, Chester, Pa.; Roy E. Tarvin, St. Paul, Kan.; and Iva M. Bailey, Plainfield, Ind., for short stories; to Dorothy Miller, Atlantic City, N. J.; James Hastert, Alton, Iowa; and John J. Gray, Brooklyn, N. Y., for drawings; to Evelyn W. Meredith, Scottsville, Va.; Gladys H. Hartman, Wilmington, Ohio; and Winton Beaven, Blossvale, N. Y., for poems; to Jack McKeown, Toronto, Ohio; and J. Gilman, Detroit, Mich., for photographs.

PRIZE WINNERS, MAY 2

Readers gave Henry Bulka of Norwich, Conn., first prize of $25 in the May 2 voting by a huge margin for his cartoon. Second prize of $10 to Robert W. Campbell, Boulder, Colo., for his short story. For the three third-place prizes of $5 each, readers selected Cécille Burgess, San Antonio, Texas, cartoonist; W. Geeves Anderson, Ilion, N. Y., for his humor; and Maurice Spitzberg, Little Rock, Ark., short-story writer. Congratulations to all of you!

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

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VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$2,000
FOR PICTURES OF
BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

YOU MAY HAVE A WINNER—WHY NOT SEND IT IN?

$500 FIRST PRIZE
222 OTHER CASH AWARDS

The Christmas tree may be slightly out of season, but three lovely little ladies are reason enough at any season to reproduce this winning snapshot in a former Liberty cash prize contest.

A SNAPSHOT is just as likely to capture the big money in this contest as a formal photograph. It's a fair field and no favors. The rules ask for pictorial appeal and personality of the subject. This gives you the widest latitude in selecting your entry, if you have not already done so. Think of winning $500 with one click of the shutter! Or any other of the big list of cash prizes, for that matter! Do not fail to send in an entry in this contest. You owe it to some youngster to put him or her in line for a substantial sum. What a way to finance a vacation or start the nucleus of a fund for college! Liberty wants your entry. Will you take the few minutes necessary to mail in a picture? It may mean big money to some one you love. Act now!

THE RULES

1. Liberty is seeking the pictures of beautiful children. Every child—babies and young children, boys and girls who have not passed their tenth birthday—is eligible except children of employees of Liberty and their families.
2. It is not necessary to take new pictures for this contest. However, each entry must be of recent taking and must show the subject as he or she appears at this time.
3. To be considered for a prize, each picture must be accompanied by an official registration coupon properly filled out.
4. Pictures will be judged on the basis of personality and pictorial appeal. The editors of Liberty will be the judges. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. To the child whose picture rates highest, in the opinion of the judges, Liberty will pay a first prize of $500. Other awards will be: second prize, $200; third prize, $100; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Address all entries to BEAUTIFUL CHILD EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before August 5, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Send entries flat by first-class mail.
7. By entering you give Liberty the right to publish the picture for the purposes of this contest. All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the publishers for reproduction wherever desired. No pictures will be returned nor will we be responsible for pictures lost in the mails.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

OFFICIAL REGISTRATION COUPON

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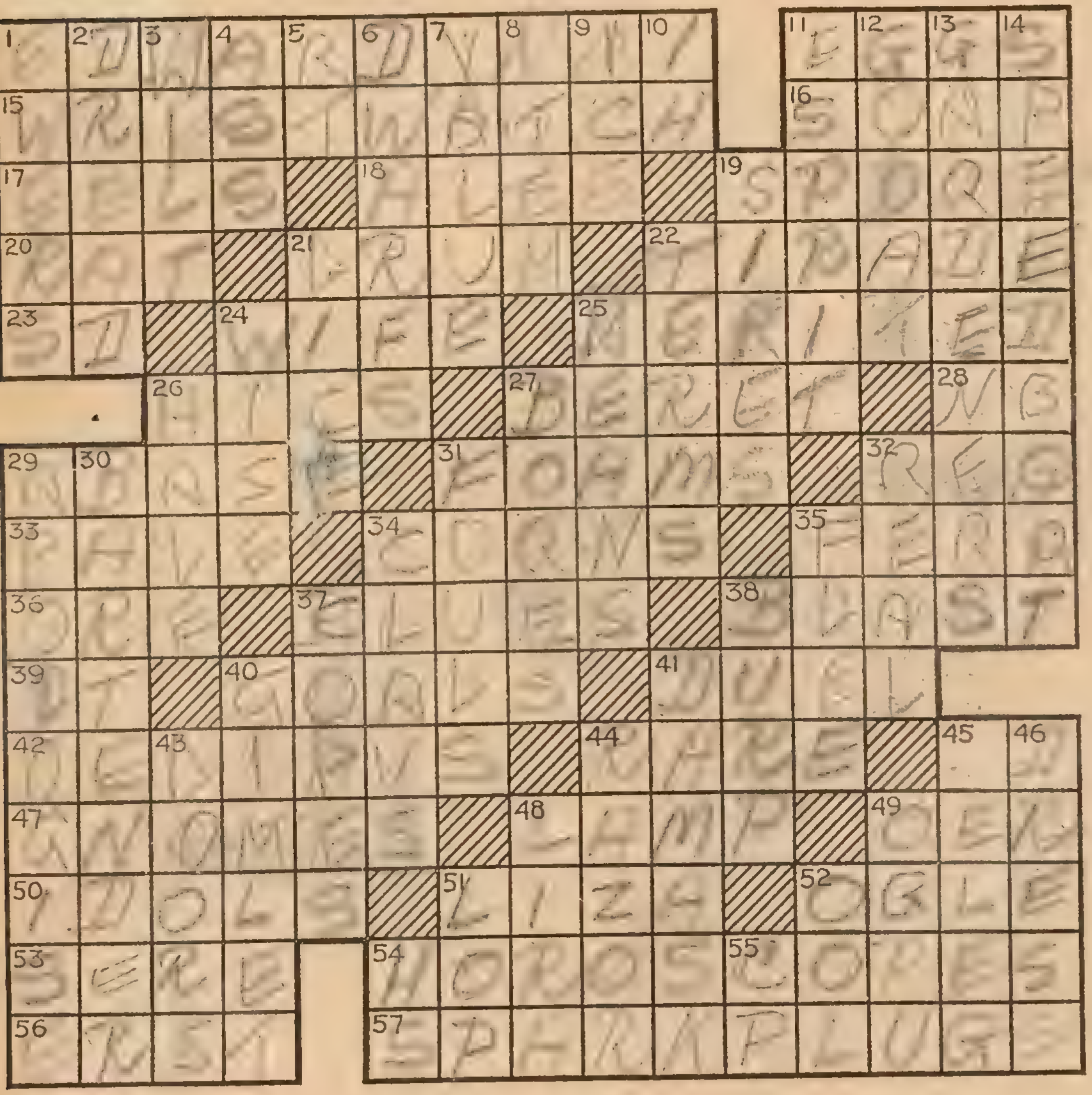
Fill out and paste this coupon on the back of the picture you enter. In the case of small snapshots paste the picture on the back of this coupon.

Please enter this photograph of my child, in compliance with all of the rules, in Liberty's Beautiful Child Contest. Permission is hereby given to reproduce this picture for the purposes of this contest.

Child's name……………………………………
Date of birth……………………………………
Boy or girl……………………………………
Height……………………………………
Weight……………………………………
Color of hair……………………………………
Color of eyes……………………………………
Mother's maiden name……………………………………
Father's name……………………………………
Father's occupation……………………………………
Home address……………………………………
City……………………………………
State……………………………………
Signed……………………………………
(Signature of parent or guardian)
Sender's name……………………………………
Sender's address……………………………………

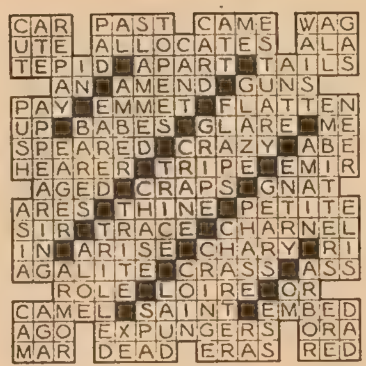
Cockeyed Crosswords

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 They'll crown the gal who grabs him off (two words)
11 Fowl balls
15 Time on my hands (two words)
16 The thing that ended his romance
17 The spaghetti fish (pl.)
18 Nice safe nautical term
19 The beginning of a plant
20 This nested in Grammaw's hair
21 A skinny thing that takes a terrific beating
22 Violent chin music
23 The Sunshine State—no kidding (abbr.)
24 A household device attached to a broom handle that cooks, has babies, and nags
25 Got what was coming
26 Sounds of revelry by night
27 Sissy member of the Kelly family
28 Note this well (abbr.)
29 Dish out the humble pie
31 What beer does at the spigot
32 Horizontal 49 backward
33 Wan in the puss
34 These get stepped on
35 Some old letters discarded by Roosevelt
36 Thar's gold in this
37 Whodunit gadgets
38 A big toot
39 A little loot
40 Puck's rest (pl.)
41 What overheated Frenchmen meet in to cool off
42 He bumped off his poor old paw, guessed the riddle of the Sphinx, and wound up in a Freudian complex
44 Frequently curious and curiously infrequent
45 Happy Bill so decorated! (abbr.)



CAR PAST CAME WAG
UTE ALLOCATES ALA
TEPID■APART■TAILS
AN■AMEND■GUNS
PAY■EMMET■FLATTEN
UP■BABES■GLARE■ME
SPEARED■CRAZY■ABE
HEARER■TRIPE■EMIR
AGED■CRAPS■GNAT
ARES■THINE■PETITE
SIR■TRACE■CHARNEL
IN■ARISE■CHARY■RI
AGALITE■CRASS■ASS
ROLE■LOIRE■OR
CAMEL■SAINT■EMBED
AGO EXPUNGERS ORA
MAR DEAD ERAS RED

Answer to last week's puzzle

47 Mighty mites
48 Farmer Brown's shiner
49 How Shelley got over
50 These have dogs of clay
51 In her time she's traveled over more ice than Admiral Byrd
52 To give the gals the old eye
53 Wilted in poetry
54 These put stars in their place
56 Ferst
57 They stimulate the juices in motorcars (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Pitchers in the Water Carriers' League
2 Awe? Gee!
3 Give way
4 The poor cousin of Mrs. Astor's pet horse
5 There's nothing wrong with this abbreviation
6 Sawed-offs
7 What every careful housewife knows
8 You can make a memo of this
9 An almost extinct species of man
10 Independent Hicks (abbr.)
11 Zat's ze speerit, mademoiselle!
12 Chinese tin-eater
13 Seedy folk who scratch a lot in the spring
14 The motorcycle of the deep
19 Everybody had one of these
21 African golf balls
22 You'll have to come to these in order to talk turkey
24 Have something under the hood
25 All that you need for high living
26 Apple-cheeked
27 Your wife's relations
29 What drunks do for days after
30 A good mixer
31 Strikes that get you nowhere
32 The mccoy
34 A gifted fellow from the North
35 The itchy verb
37 Contends with
38 "Something you et, no doubt!"
40 One of the screwiest bores
41 It hangs around the rich
43 What Mrs. Vanderbilt must go through to get into society (they're considered very knobby)
44 Ethiopian bayonet
45 Captain of the Pequod (see Moby Dick)
46 What the well dressed woman won't be seen without
48 Ravioli money
49 Association of Red Snoopers (abbr.)
51 Hang like a hound's ear
52 Headless fool
54 Hot Spot (abbr.)
55 Cute Pups (abbr.)

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Secrets of New York's

The Strange Case of the Bogus Doctor and the Bigamist's Bride — A True Crime Story Complete in This Issue

by A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ED MULROONEY was the early-and-late kind. That was one of many reasons why he had risen from pavement pounder and nightstick swinger to Assistant Chief Inspector in command of the Detective Division of the Police Department of the City of New York.

On the morning of February 23, 1929, however, Inspector—afterward Commissioner—Mulrooney was earlier than usual at his desk at Old Greenwich Street; and it was lucky for some of us fellows of the Homicide Squad that we were there to answer his call.

" Boys," he said, " I have news from the Dome."

The long room on the upper floor at Headquarters, " under the dome," was officially the Telegraph Bureau but actually the telephone and teletype exchange of the Department.

" The story has just come in over the teletype," he continued, " of a torch murder on a lonely road in Jersey which makes all the other torch murders you ever heard of look like one-alarm fires. It isn't our case yet—it may never be—but I want you men to be ready."

At five twenty-five that morning James Boyle, a driver in the employ of the Ward Baking Company of Brooklyn, had turned his truck off the main highway into a cross-road that would take him by a short cut into Cranford.

The bigamist's real wife. She believed in him to the last.

There is no evidence that Boyle was of a poetic turn of mind, but if he had been, he would have found in the snow-covered fields which stretched for miles on every side a fit subject for his fancy. What he did find, just ahead and to the right, on the side of the lonely road, was a burning body in the snow.

Man, woman, or child?

Boyle did not stop to see. Giving the big bus all it could take, he bumped and crunched and reeled his way into Cranford.

Minutes later—so few that the flames were still licking the ghastly remains—Chief of Police Hennessy of Cranford and several of his men, accompanied by Boyle, were on the scene of the truck driver's discovery.

From the roadside there was a trail of blood, indicating that the body had been dragged, presumably from an automobile. Pouring gasoline over it and setting fire to it were evidently afterthoughts to make identification difficult.

The afterthoughts had certainly worked. However, the policemen took the charred body and remnants of clothing and other belongings to Martin's morgue in Elizabeth, where a thorough examination was made by seasoned, leathery, hard-hitting County Prosecutor Abe J. David, his assistant John B. Walsh, Chief of Detectives John A. Galatian, Assistant County Physician George W. Horre, and other officials.

Here, obviously, was all that remained of a woman.

From the shape and weight of the body, the texture of what remained of the skin, and the half-burned clothes, the age was placed at forty-five or fifty. The victim was of medium height; her hair was a light chestnut mixed with gray. There were no distinguishing marks except that the ring finger of the right hand was crooked and there was some dental work in the mouth.

The remnants of garments yielded little more. She had apparently been wearing a black velours coat trimmed with brown fur, a black satin dress, and a turban hat of the same material. If there had been a trade-mark in the hat, it had been destroyed by the bullet which had passed through the crown of the head and down through the neck and body to the eighth left rib. Both dress and coat had apparently been made over several times. They bore no identifying marks or labels.

The woman had gone in rather heavily for cheap jewelry. There were three rings, a three-strand imitation-pearl necklace, and rhinestone earrings, all purchasable at thousands of cheap stores.

The feet were the best preserved part of the entire body, for they had been incased in brand-new rubber galoshes. The galoshes themselves were not valuable as identification. But they had protected from the flames a worn pair of patent-leather pumps, which contained metal arch supporters of an unusual type.

The metal supporters carried a trade-marked name, stamped on them, together with the patent dates, but no distinguishing numerals or letters. It would probably be possible to trace these supporters to the makers—and this was subsequently done—but there was small hope of following them back through any retailer to this particular customer.

The shoes were more promising, since they

At the spot where the torch murderer set fire to the body of his victim. The bigamist is in the car, in the middle of the back seat. Beside him is Prosecutor Abe J. David.

contained the name of the makers, the Friedman-Shelby Company of St. Louis, and two sets of figures, 360 and 85985-H.

Re-examination of the scene of the burning gave no further clues. The heavy truck and other vehicles had erased whatever tire marks there might have been. The dragging of the body through the snow had done the same for footprints. No one but Boyle had seen the burning body, and nobody at all had seen the murderer, or any car which might have been the murderer's car.

These were the facts, so far as they were known, when Mulrooney called us into his room in Old Greenwich Street. And the picture was substantially unaltered when, four days later, Prosecutor David called in one of our New York boys, William A. Wagner, to aid the local authorities in investigating the crime.

Bill Wagner, a good man and trusted friend of the boss—Mulrooney, I mean—was at that time serving as assistant superintendent of the New York office of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency. Mulrooney was never one to hold out on the private dicks when they were on the square, and during his regime at Old Greenwich Street, and later at Headquarters, we and the Pinks were helping each other every way we could.

So, although we were still not officially in the case, we were, from the moment Bill Wagner took hold, very much inside it, and he had the full advantage of our facilities.

The local authorities had, of course, given out news of the tragedy to the papers, with the result that there had been the usual number of "positive identifications" at the morgue. The police hadn't dared ignore any of them; but they took time. Nothing came of these vexatious delays. When they were out of the way, Wagner was able to get right down to the clues left by the victim herself, and soon decided that the only hope lay in the teeth and the shoes. While other investigators were checking up on all the dentists in the vicinity, he concentrated on the shoes.

His first step was to call up the St. Louis office of the Pinkerton Agency, give them the numerals and a description of the style, and ask them to check with the Friedman-Shelby people as to where this pair might have been bought.

The first report he received was discouraging. The numerals 360 merely indicated that the shoe was size 6, width C. The longer number indicated merely the machine run of, say, three dozen pairs of shoes to which this pair belonged. These thirty-six pairs, once in the shipping room, might have been scattered over thirty-six states, and there was no telling which thirty-six.

"Have any shoes of this model ever been shipped to New Jersey?" wired Wagner.

The second report consisted of one word: "No."

MEANWHILE every dentist for miles around had been interviewed. None had done the work in the murdered woman's mouth. Dental authorities agreed, moreover, that the bridgework was distinctly old-style, and had probably been done many years before.

"It's clear," Bill told us after these setbacks, "that this case is going to take a little looking into."

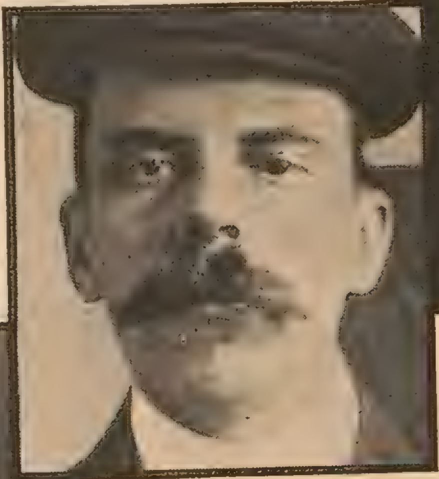
"Where are you going to look first?" one of our boys asked him, kidding.

"In the morgue," he said.

Sure enough, next morning there was Bill Wagner in the shadowy grayness of Martin's morgue, studying over again the gruesome remains.

"Flatfeet," they call us detectives. But now and then one of us has a good idea. And this day Bill had it. There was a spot on the side of the woman's face where the texture of the skin was clearly visible. Bill looked at this spot for what seemed like hours.

What he was really doing was reconstructing the face of that murdered woman. And not only the face. At the



The bogus doctor at the time of his arrest in 1929. Left: In 1904, when he called himself Henry Colin Close.

The "bride" who trusted a bigamist—and never learned of her error! Her name was Mrs. Mowry.

end of his morning of contemplation he sent another telegram to St. Louis:

"Have any shoes of this model ever been shipped to Pennsylvania?"

The answer came back with encouraging promptness:

"Yes, thousands of them."

The boys had a lot of fun with Bill the next time he came back to New York to get a clean shirt.

"What are you doing, Wagner," one of our sharpshooters sharped—"trying out the yogi business?"

Bill's disgust knew no limits.

"That woman," he said, "was a Pole."

Now everybody did think he'd gone daffy. We've all got that way, you know, working hard on a case and sleeping every third night. But the fact was that, from the fragment of skin which the flames had left him, he had gone to work like an archaeologist and built up a mental picture of this woman until he had seen her moving about in one of the mining villages of the neighboring State of Pennsylvania.

She wasn't Dutch. Pennsylvania Dutch don't go in for rhinestone earrings. She wasn't Latin or Balkan; the color of the skin showed that. She was Slavic: the broad shoulders, the thickset torso, the porous skin. But she wasn't dull Slavic; she liked gay trinkets. She was, in short, the Polack or Polack-descended woman of the Pennsylvania coal fields.

Wagner told his story to Abe David, who gave him one of his best men, Detective Michael J. Tevnan, and told him to conduct whatever investigation he saw fit. For weeks Wagner and Tevnan tramped the mining towns of Pennsylvania—Tyrone, Houtzdale, Windber—searching for the seller of a pair of Friedman-Shelby black patent-leather pumps numbered 85985-H, and containing—if they did contain them at the time of sale—two metal arch supporters with a certain trade-mark.

It looked like a hopeless quest, and was. But the effort was not in vain. In every town they went they looked up the local police, left detailed descriptions of the victim's appearance and apparel, and arranged for publicity in the local press. It was this latter stratagem, as it turned out, that broke the case.

Long after Bill Wagner had returned to Elizabeth, two most respectable ladies of Greenville, Pennsylvania, were giving prayerful consideration to items which appeared from time to time about the mysterious incineration of a middle-aged woman with a crooked ring finger and arch supporters.

It was a long chance, of course. Nevertheless, the description, so far as it went, was the very spit of their neighbor and erstwhile crony, Mrs. Mildred Mowry, who had left her Greenville home on February 1, and had not returned.

FINALLY, on April 15, these good ladies, Mrs. John Straub and Mrs. H. G. Dodds, could stand it no longer, and went to call on Chief of Police Harry Barber.

When they told Chief Barber that their neighbor, the forty-five-year-old widow, had been married on August 28 of the previous year at Elkton, Maryland's famed Gretna Green, to one Dr. Richard M. Campbell, that she had returned without him to take up her old life in Greenville "until Dick could make a home for her," and that she had left in February, assertedly to join him in New York, things began to happen fast.

Barber went immediately with Mrs. Dodds and Mrs. Straub to the former Mrs. Mowry's home. There had been one letter, received shortly after her departure, bearing the return address, 607 Hudson Street, New York. In the house Barber found many letters signed "Dick," urging Mrs. Mowry, or Mrs. Campbell, not to come to New York just yet. They were the kind of letters, the chief felt, that would be written by a man who was trying to put something over on a trusting woman.

Moreover, if she had gone to New York against his will, thus interfering with his schemes, whatever they might be, that fact alone was sufficient to constitute a possible motive for the crime.

Immediately Barber called Wagner on the phone and gave him his facts, including two New York addresses to which "Dick" had told his wife to send his mail. One was 507 Fifth Avenue, Room 605; the other was 110 West Forty-second Street, Room 404.

Armed with this data, Wagner and Tevnan started for New York. Room 605 at 507 Fifth Avenue turned out to be a public stenographers' office run by two sisters named Bachman, who picked up a few additional dollars by renting mail privileges.

Yes, a Dr. Richard M. Campbell had rented one of their mailboxes for October, November, and December of last year. They remembered him very well—an aristocratic-looking man, very intellectual, slightly below medium height, gray hair, brilliant blue eyes, glasses, well cut clothes; looked fifty, but might be older. He had said he was an engineer and lived in Jersey.

"And another thing," added one of the girls, "all the letters he got were in one handwriting, a woman's."

The Forty-second Street address proved to be that of the Mirel Service, which made a business of renting desk space and address privileges. The clerks there gave much the same description of Campbell, but they knew even less about him than the Bachman sisters. What they did know, however, was that one day early in February the doctor's wife had called and been much surprised not to find her husband "in."

Dr. Campbell had called a few days afterward. When told that his wife had been looking for him, he too had seemed surprised. He had picked up his mail and walked out. They had never seen him again.

THE girls in the office remembered the wife very well because of her distress, and because she had sought advice on a good place to stay while she was in New York. Some one had recommended the Laura Spelman Hall, a Rockefeller-financed Y. W. C. A. at 607 Hudson Street.

The description of the woman corresponded in every detail with what was known of the woman found murdered and burned. And the officials at the Laura Spelman Hall recalled the middle-aged black-robed lady from Greenville, Pennsylvania, who had registered there on February 10 and had checked out, leaving no forwarding address, on February 20. The burning body in the snow had been found at dawn on February 23.

Confident now, the detectives turned to the next step—the locating of Dr. Richard M. Campbell.

The Elkton marriage records seemed to be their only lead, so they lost no time in getting the authorities of the Maryland town on the phone. Good! Campbell had given his address as 3707 Yosemite Street, Baltimore. The Pinks had an office in Baltimore.

"Send somebody over to 3707 Yosemite Street," Wagner told his man there over the telephone, "and—"

"There isn't any Yosemite Street. Yosemite Avenue?"

"All right, avenue, then," said Bill. "Locate Dr. Richard M. Campbell, put a tail on him, and keep him in sight until I get there with a warrant for his arrest."

The Baltimore Pink promised to telephone right back. Wagner and Tevnan waited for what seemed hours. Then the message:

"Number 3707 Yosemite Avenue is a vacant lot."

Late that same evening I flopped, dead tired, into my desk chair at Old Greenwich Street. In front of me was a penciled memo:

"What have you got on Henry Colin Close?"

"What have we got— Say, boys!" I called to two of the fellows who had been with me before we came on the Homicide Squad. "Don't all speak at once. What have we got on Henry Colin Close?"

"What *haven't* we got? Why, that's the guy we sent up the river for tapping a till back in 1904."

"You mean we started to send him up in 1904. Let's see," I said, taking out my little black book. "We found him living with three ladies at the same time. Here they are: Sara Phelan, a nurse who claimed to be his legal wife, at 203 East Thirteenth Street; Marie Becker, who said he was the father of her small daughter, at 245 West Forty-third Street; and Maude Allen, marital and maternal status unknown, somewhere on West Fifty-seventh Street."

"Sure, I remember now," laughed my old partner.

"Just as we were going to put the arm on him, he ups and picks out one of his harem and beats it for Mexico. We caught up with him at Chihuahua."

Brought back to New York, I recalled, he was tried for embezzling several thousand dollars from a photographers' supply house he was managing, and got six years and six months in Sing Sing. Nice fellow, he seemed, son of a good family. Two brothers in big Wall Street banks, well thought of. Henry was the black sheep, all right. He had already done a stretch in California for forgery when we got him.

Before I started to make out my report, I had curiosity enough to call up the Dome—and learned that Henry Colin Close had just confessed that he was the torch murderer of the snowy Cranford road.

This is what had happened: The Baltimore Pink had wisely figured that a man who knew enough to change Yosemite Avenue to Yosemite Street, and then pick out a number where there was no house, might also know, and be known by, the residents of the section with which he was so familiar. It was a good hunch. But nobody in the neighborhood had ever heard of Dr. Richard M. Campbell.

Then the Pink went to City Hall and consulted the tax records. There he found that the house next to the vacant lot was owned by a man named Henry Colin Campbell of 349 Tuttle Parkway, Westfield, New Jersey.

So Bill Wagner went to Westfield. The doctor's disguise, by the way, was an old one—if Campbell and Close were the same. When we had Close, he claimed to have studied medicine in Wisconsin, been admitted to practice in Michigan and Connecticut, run a sanitarium in Montclair, New Jersey, and served as druggist in the State Insane Asylum on Ward's Island, New York City.

At 349 Tuttle Parkway, Westfield, which proved to be a cottage, the detectives learned that Campbell had recently moved to 471 Madison Avenue, Elizabeth.

THAT night, shortly before eight, Wagner, Tevnan, and Assistant Prosecutor Walsh parked their car half a block from the Madison Avenue address. Number 471 proved to be an apartment house. They rang Campbell's bell.

"[illegible] Mr. Campbell at home?" asked Walsh of the pleasant motherly woman who answered the door.

"No; but I expect him almost any minute now," said the woman, who was obviously Mrs. Campbell. "He said he was staying in town to a banquet but wouldn't wait for the speeches and would be home shortly after eight."

Wagner went with Tevnan and Walsh back to their car. They heard the New York train pull in. Then they saw, crossing the park into Madison Avenue, the figure they had sought so long—the figure of the murderer of Mildred Mowry.

He passed without seeing them, and was about to turn into 471 when Wagner and Tevnan put the arm on him practically at the same time.

One hour and twenty minutes later, in the office of Prosecutor Abe David, the tired, sweating, trembling man threw up his hands.

"All right, all right!" he cried. "I did it!"

The man's confession was a wonder. After we had lost track of him at Headquarters in New York, he had shown up in Omaha under the name of Campbell, and rustled himself a very good job as educational director for the Union Pacific Railroad. In Omaha he became engaged to five girls at the same time. Most of them turned over their life savings to him. One of them he actually married, although he had several other alleged wives living. Altogether he had apparently married seven trusting ladies, and lived with them, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups.

AFTER Omaha became too hot for him, he moved to Chicago. There he met a Southern girl of most respectable family, married her, and became the happy father of two girls and a boy. In business, also, he became quite the solid respectable citizen.

In one year, 1925, as advertising executive of a national trade association, he paid taxes on an income of $30,000. To be sure, there was a slight flurry when the Omaha wife showed up—but he was now able to make a reasonable financial adjustment, after which he remarried his Chicago wife, "so as to make it legal."

It was with her and their children that he was living when fate overtook him in the persons of Detectives Wagner and Tevnan and Assistant Prosecutor Walsh.

In 1926, with $40,000 in cash, Campbell and his family had moved East to Salisbury, Maryland, where he was to manage a big real-estate development which didn't develop. Thereafter his fortunes had been precarious. Most of his savings had gone into the venture. Then, of course, there was the depression. His wife—the one he had married in Chicago, and of whom he seemed genuinely fond—had only recently been forced to sell some of the jewelry he had given her.

To quiet his worries he had taken to morphine. Vials and a hypodermic syringe were found on him, along with the .32 automatic with which he had done the killing.

He still went to New York in search of work. A big coal concern had given him some advertising to do. But he was getting older. Younger, more up-to-date men were readily available. His income was getting thinner and thinner. And in his predicament he turned again to the gullible woman.

Here are excerpts taken directly from the man's signed confession:

I met Mrs. Mowry through a matrimonial agency. I think it was sometime

YANKEE $1.50
AERO $3.25

GOOD TIME FOR VACATION

Leave your expensive watch home. Carry an Ingersoll this Summer—and be carefree. Handsome, trustworthy, small. Finished in non-tarnishing chrome. All have second hands. Aero Wrist Watch has perspiration-proof strap. Yankee has the smart new lapel cord.

Ingersoll

LIBERTY
America's Best Read Weekly!

At Last A DOG SOAP THAT...

NEW! A 6-Use medicated dog soap. Stops itching; Oils dry skin. Promotes hide-health; hair-growth. Kills fleas. Quick lather cleans, destroys dog odors, gives "dog show" sheen. At pet and drug stores, 50c. More economical, outlasts 2 ordinary bars.

- Oils
- Tones
- Grooms
- Kills Fleas
- Deodorizes
- Cleans

ALL in one operation

PULVEX
The NEW DISCOVERY 6-Use DOG SOAP

HOTEL EMPIRE

FREE
beautiful guide map "L" of New York City.
Rates from $2.50 for two
Hotel EMPIRE
BROADWAY at 63rd STREET, N.Y.

You start off with 2 strikes

WHEN YOU BUY THE unknown

• The odds are all against you when you buy unknown razor blades. Play safe! Get the double-edged, smooth shaving Probak Jr., product of the world's largest blade maker. This remarkable blade now sells at 4 for 10¢. Ask your dealer for a package.

PROBAK
PROBAK
PROBAK
PROBAK
4 BLADES FOR 10¢

PROBAK JUNIOR

FREE! YOUR OWN BIKE!

MAIL THIS COUPON!

Liberty Magazine, L 6-20-36
Boy Sales Division, 1926 Broadway,
New York City, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join the great army of boy salesmen and win money and prizes.

Name.......................Age....
Address...............................
City.................State........

in February last year. My name was registered in a matrimonial paper in Detroit. She wrote to me first. I answered her letter.

We met in Washington, D. C., at the clubhouse of the Women's Party. To the best of my recollection I think it was sometime in May. I spent about three or four hours with her, and she left two or three days later. She had some friends she was going to see.

I next met her in Philadelphia the latter part of August. That was the second meeting. We were married in Elkton, Md. A minister of the gospel married us.

After we were married we drove around two days and stopped for two nights at roadhouses, and then I told her I had no place to take her, and she agreed to go back home again for a while until I could have things fixed up. I went to my home and she went to hers.

BETWEEN the marriage and the parting they had driven to the Jersey National Bank at New Brunswick, where Mrs. Mowry, now supposedly Mrs. Campbell, had deposited $1,000 in a joint account. Campbell drew all of this money out in the next thirty days. Then came the importunate letters from Greenville, the discovery that she was in New York looking for him, and an arrangement to meet again on February 21 in Philadelphia.

With some vague idea of raising money to square her, the tired drug-racked little bigamist had driven with his " bride " to Dover, Delaware, then to Salisbury, Maryland, and then for a day and two nights, as he expressed it, " miscellaneously."

But the driving was not so aimless as he thought. Something within him, of which he was probably himself unconscious, led him to turn every corner that took him nearer home, nearer to his real wife and the children, for whom he professed an apparently genuine love.

We got to Cranford between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning. I didn't know what to do with " my wife " or where to go. She wanted me to take her somewhere where we could go to bed. She got kind of cold and drowsy in the car. I made up my mind there was no way out of it but simply to get rid of her. I don't remember the name of the street. It wasn't a street; it was a road. She was sitting in the front seat at the time. She was dozing; she was not sleeping. I held the gun up over her head and fired one shot.

I drove three or four hundred yards because I didn't know what to do. Then I stopped and dragged her out of the car. I threw a lot of gasoline over her and set fire to her with a match.

Then he went home to his wife and children.

Of course, he changed his story on the witness stand.

His mind was a blank, he testified, so far as the morning of February 23 was concerned. " I never had murder in my heart," he said.

His wife, who stood by him to the end, undoubtedly believed him. But the jury in the court of Justice Clarence E. Case preferred to take him at his first word. Henry Colin Campbell, whom we had known as Henry Colin Close, died for his sins at 8 P. M., April 17, 1930.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: An interesting side of this many-sided case was the fact that twelve months before the Mowry murder, and less than twenty-four miles away, the body of Margaret Brown, New York governess, had been found burning in the snow. The circumstances of the two murders were strikingly similar. Margaret Brown was a trusting middle-aged woman who had drawn out all her savings of approximately $7,000 to meet a mysterious " gentleman friend " whom she referred to as " the doctor."

A few days prior to her murder, a man claiming to be Dr. Ross of Salisbury, Maryland, where Campbell, or Close, then lived, had registered at a Newark hotel. The authorities were said to be convinced that the same man committed both murders, but with the Mowry case so clear, the Brown case was not pressed.

Even a murderer can die only once!

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 51

1—J. Pierpont Morgan, photographed thirty-four years ago.

2—The frog.

3—Robert Taylor, the movie star. He was born at Filley, Nebraska, August 5, 1911. Brown hair, blue eyes, and unwed.

4—Il Trovatore, by Giuseppe Verdi.

5—A boar.

6—Billiards.

7—2 Chronicles 14: 9—" And there came out against them Zerah the Ethiopian with an host of a thousand thousand."

8—The bill.

9—The leaf fish *(Monocirrhus polyanthus)*.

10—India. Out of about six million blind in the world, there are 479,637 in the Indian Empire.

11—Yes; the House of Commons.

12—Jean Harlow.

13—Because this siege by Nebuchad[illegible]r was the longest in world history, lasting thirteen years.

14—Denmark; Congress appropriated twenty-five million dollars in 1917 in payment for the islands.

15—Magellan, whose journey around the world started in 1519.

16—That of Walt Whitman at Huntington, Long Island, New York.

17—On a wall at Thebes, Egypt; Rameses III is portrayed playing the game.

18—Samuel Insull.

19—In 1884, by John J. Montgomery in California.

20—

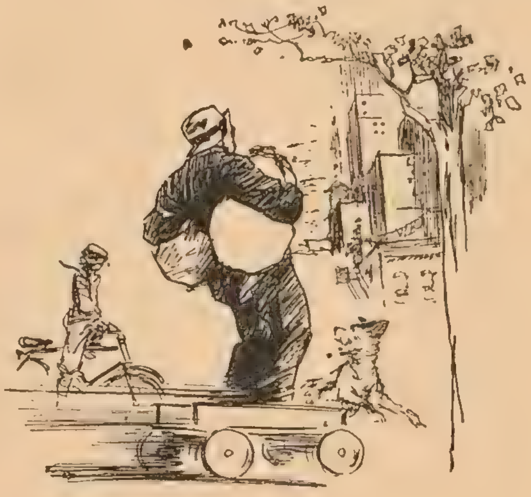
Robert Morris

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

The Record of a Hectic Week in the Life of a Humble Man

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 7 SECONDS



MONDAY: Up to find my wife gone to her mother's for the day and our cat Nebuchadnezzar prowling about on the mantelpiece and he did topple the big Ming vase to the floor, causing me to groan aloud, knowing my dear wife would blame me.

So out to a hardware store to purchase some liquid cement, reflecting upon the uselessness of cats in general and it did depress me to such an extent I did stop in at a publick in order to revive my drooping spirits.

Thence home, where I did reassemble the vase piece by piece with great care, putting on the long thin neck last, and right proud was I of my handiwork.

My wife home for dinner, her unawareness of anything amiss causing me great relief; but the incessant meowing of the cat did annoy us near to distraction especially as we could find it nowhere in the apartment until my wife did suddenly stop in front of the vase and cry, "My heavens! Nebuchadnezzar is in here!"

TUESDAY: Up, and my dear wife did inquire if I would help her with a Venetian blind, and when I did ask her what had caused the poor man's affliction she did produce a window shade made of thin wooden slats and instructed me to hang it in the living room.

So to the basement to borrow a stepladder from Mr. O'Toole the janitor and he did invite me to sample a new bottle of rum which he said was a hundred proof, and after a few samples I did declare that that was indeed proof enough for me and did return to the apartment with the ladder, but in mounting it did mistake the slats in the blind for the steps in the ladder and did slide to the floor with a resounding crash which was not lessened by my wife's caustic comments, even though I did assure her that the blind would make excellent kindling.

WEDNESDAY: Up betimes and at my dear wife's request out to purchase a new Venetian blind, and on the way did conceive the idea of manufacturing a small blind which might be attached to the front of one's hat and closed when passing creditors or boresome acquaintances.

Thence with the new blind to a publick and then with the help of a kindly policeman home, and my wife did upbraid me, remarking that I had no doubt forgotten to purchase the blind, and when I did produce my bundle she did cry aloud, "Where in heaven's name did you pick up that piece of picket fence?"

THURSDAY: Up to find my wife gone shopping and a note saying that if I needed funds I could return the eighteen milk bottles in the kitchen to the grocer and collect fifty-four cents, and there being no other recourse I wrapped the bottles in two large paper bags, and placing one under each arm was about to leave the building when I inadvertently stepped upon a child's express wagon and was propelled with great rapidity down the street and into Mr. Pratt, who was returning from the store with a new wash boiler, and which caused quite a crowd to gather, thinking two taxicabs had collided.

So with Mr. Pratt to a publick, to sip several beakers of whisky until my wife did come to fetch me home on the trolley, and I did remonstrate with the conductor, claiming that I should pay only half fare on account of my feeling like a two-year-old, and I did tell him the story of the lady who wished to pay only half fare for her son and when the conductor said, "Why, lady, that boy's got long pants on," the lady replied, "All right, then, full fare for the boy and half fare for me!"

FRIDAY: Up betimes and to my dentist's, and he did hold forth upon politics and the weather and other sundry subjects with no letup whatsoever, and when he did ask me if I wanted to try the new desensitizer, I said, "Yes, indeed, and you might rub a little of it in my ears."

So out, to find it raining, and did ask a man in uniform to call me a cab, whereupon he did draw himself up with great dignity and did inform me that he was not a doorman but a naval officer, and I did exclaim, "Well, then call me a boat. I've got to get home some way!"

SATURDAY: Up betimes and my dear wife suggested that we look at new apartments, and when I did inquire the reason she explained she was getting tired of our present one and knew if she looked at others she would then be satisfied to stay where she was.

So home, and the Pratts in for the evening with the talk turning to music, and I did remark that Bach was not only my favorite composer but also my favorite beer, and Mrs. Pratt made comment that the Wagnerian operas should be expurgated so that prudent parents might take their children. Whereupon I did retort that prudent parents did not have children, causing Mr. Pratt to fall over backwards in my wife's best teakwood chair.

SUNDAY: Up and to reading the Sunday papers and did cut out an interesting item, which proceeding did arouse my wife's curiosity to such a degree that she made inquiry as to what it was, and I did inform her that it concerned a man who had been granted a divorce because his wife went through his clothes. And when she did ask what I intended doing with it, I replied gaily that I intended keeping it in my pocket.

So out for a walk, albeit it was raining, and met up with Officer Mulcahey, and when I did comment upon the muddiness of the terrain he did tell me the story of the motorist coming upon a farmer with just his head and shoulders sticking up above the muddy road. And when the motorist asked the farmer if he wanted a lift, he replied, "No, thanks, I'm riding a horse."

So home and on the way did come upon a man somewhat the worse for drink standing at the door of a house. And when I did ask him if he resided there, he replied yes. And at my suggestion that he ring the bell, he informed me that he had rung it a full half-hour ago. And when I inquired as to why he didn't ring it again, he shook his head stubbornly and said, "No, they can just wait!"

Further incidents in the hectic life of Mr. Dunkle will appear in an early issue.

Vox Pop

Corpus Delicti Does Not Mean Dead Body

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—In April 4, 1936, Liberty there appeared, in an otherwise thoroughly entertaining account of the brutal murder of a certain young lady, written by a former member of the New York police force, an error habitually appearing in all magazines purporting to present fact detective cases, and to a like extent in fiction. It is a common and presumably a reasonable error, and is due to the urge manifestly present in most authors to employ a term the true meaning of which is not known to them.

I refer to " corpus delicti."

Corpus delicti does not mean dead body. The body of the deceased in a homicide is not the corpus delicti, and in a prosecution for murder it is not essential that the body of the victim be produced, nor is it absolutely necessary, however desirable when possible, that evidence of the finding and identification of the body be introduced.

Corpus delicti means " the body of the crime." That is to say, all those facts which go to show the killing and that the killing was felonious. In any case of justifiable homicide there is a dead body, but no corpus delicti will be shown. In cases of felonious assault where death does not result, the corpus delicti must be shown.

The corpus delicti must be shown in all cases of larceny, embezzlement, rape, burglary, robbery, and in all other crimes, although one would hardly expect that in all such cases a dead body would be shown.

Where it appears to be possible that the body, in a murder case, can be found and properly identified, it must be done, and evidence showing the same must be introduced to sustain the proof of corpus delicti; but where it appears that the killing has been done by means which accomplished the destruction or loss of the body, these facts may be proven and the body need not be recovered, yet the corpus delicti would be present, that is to say, proven.—*Thomas P. Ragsdale.*

CAN YOU WORK IT OUT?

JONESVILLE, VA.—I think you put out a dandy little magazine for a nickel. I especially enjoyed the brain teasers by the late Sam Loyd that have appeared in the past three issues.

Here is a little puzzler that might interest some of the mathematically inclined readers:

After the Townsend Plan passed (just imagine it) a son in California wrote his father in New York asking how long it would be before his (the father's) old-age pension would start.

The father answered in the following manner:

" Dear Son: Your mother's present age plus my own present age add up to ninety-eight years. I am twice as old as your mother was when I was as old as your mother is now. Now you should be able to figure it out for yourself."

How long would the father need wait if his pension began at sixty?—*Billy Lee Davidson.*

[Send in your answers, Vox Poppers, and we'll tell you if you are right according to Mr. Davidson's own answer. A number of our readers have sent us letters from time to time containing puzzles and seemingly insoluble dilemmas. If the demand is strong enough, maybe we can start a little puzzle corner for ourselves.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

INNOCENT OF PLAGIARISM

LANCASTER, N. H.—Replying to Willie the Crab and the Vox Pop editor, I can only asseverate that I am entirely innocent of intentional plagiarism. If I were guilty I would have nothing to say, but to be publicly accused, and wrongfully, hurts. So I wish to state that my story Courage is original in so far as I know. The idea was based on an incident that occurred in the Kilkenny lumber regions over fifty years ago. In later years my husband was scaling in that locality and heard the story related at various camps.

Evidently this idea is not new, and had I known that it had been used, of course I would not have touched it. I am sorry this unfortunate duplication of ideas has caused you annoyance and inconvenience.—*Amy C. Cotton.*

SEA WRITERS IN A ROWBOAT

SEATTLE, WASH.—Congratulations to R. H. Sheridan on his rib-tickling letter on so-called sea-story writers (April 18 Vox Pop).

If all of them were laid end to end there wouldn't be enough seamen amongst them to man a rowboat.—*Another Merchant Seaman.*

HYPERBOLIC STARS

FRESNO, CALIF.—The first thing I turn to is the movie reviews by Beverly Hills. But I only read those headed by two stars or less, because I get my kick out of hearing them panned.

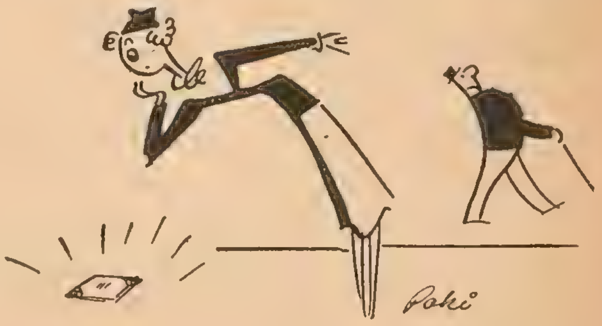
Since the higher brackets of star symbols are entirely hyperbolic, I suggest a revision, as follows:

4 stars—Fair
3 stars—Tiresome
2 stars—Punk
1 star—Lousy
0 star—xxx—!!!!

This classification will cover all of Hollywood's productions. — *Ross W. Gilbert.*

"LUCK" IS "JEALOUS HUSBAND"

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Don't tell me that Princess Alexandra Kropotkin is so gullible that in the case of ladies who find gold-and-platinum cigarette cases with their initials on them she doesn't know that the word " luck " is spelled " jealous husband." If she is, I certainly congratulate her on being an old-fashioned girl.—*A Skeptic.*



BONUS...UN-AMERICAN LEGION

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—According to the 1930 census, there were 29,600,000 young men and women in the United States between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five. This group represents the postwar generation. This group will foot the bonus.

That pensions are in the air is apparent with the introduction—and defeat—of the Rankin Bill in Congress last year. Prepayment of the bonus will give the veterans' organizations such publicity as will enable them to conduct a membership drive on a grand scale. On what basis, do you ask? " We have engineered the bonus; we have engineered prepayment. Think what we can do for you with a still greater membership!" And only an aroused electorate will be able to check the ravages which thereafter the veterans will seek to commit upon our economy.

We owe a debt to veterans' dependents and to the injured veterans; we owe no debt to the able-bodied sports of Boston, Detroit, St. Louis, and elsewhere. There is nothing mercenary about patriotism, or at least there wasn't until the Un-American Legion began to capitalize it. The postwar generation decries the veterans' use of their democratic privileges in this unpatriotic, un-American manner.—*W. Richardson Blair, Jr., Chairman, National Economy League.*

"WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In May 16 Liberty, Swanee Taylor in referring to the "navigable heavens above" boldly and egotistically asserts: "There are no more deep dark secrets. We know what it is all about."

Mr. Taylor had best stick to his stick and leave the pen or typewriter alone. All the scientists in the world combined cannot begin to explain to us "what it is all about," for they do not know themselves. Our present knowledge about electrical phenomena in the cosmos is practically equivalent to the knowledge of an ant upon a dunghill about our solar system.

Fools boast of their wisdom—wise men admit their ignorance.—*Just an Amateur Scientist.*

WRONG BLOUSE . . . HIGH HEELS

CLEVELAND, OHIO—In May 9 Liberty appeared a story, Clear and Unlimited, by George Bruce, illustrated by Will Graven.

The story says: "She was in a white-serge sports outfit with a blouse of maroon silk under the jacket. She was shod in flat-heeled white buckskin."

The artist has made two mistakes. Instead of maroon he has painted the blouse green. The shoes he has given the girl are white pumps with high heels.

Why not be consistent?—*B. D.*

[No, we can't blame Will Graven for the color mix-up. Originally, he drew the picture in black and white. It was our printing scheme that gave the girl the green blouse, and the contradiction escaped our eye till too late. But the artist was responsible for the high-heeled shoes on the heroine. Take your rap over the knuckles, Mr. Graven.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

ERSKINE IS SURPRISING

HAYWARD, CALIF.—John Er[illegible]'s article on the Townsend Plan (May 9 Liberty) is surprising. I wonder if he really did write The Private Life of Helen of Troy and other brilliant books.

Allow me to say:

First: The Townsend Plan is primarily a recovery plan. A plan to put money into circulation.

Second: The plan does not promise $200 per month. It says, "Not *more* than $200 per month."

Third: The Townsend Plan does not compel any one to give up employment when sixty years of age.

Fourth: Policing is not pleasant, but it is preferable to starvation.—*C. G. G.*

MR. MACFADDEN'S SIMPLE HUMAN DOCUMENT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—That was a swell editorial by Mr. Macfadden in May 9 Liberty—a human document that held no hesitancy about describing his simple manner of living. When he writes about life his facts are firsthand.

He had lived in the rough, but was strong-souled enough when he came into well deserved riches to keep his back turned away from kid gloves, valets, and the luxuries that trail great wealth.—*Ed. S. Sutcliffe.*

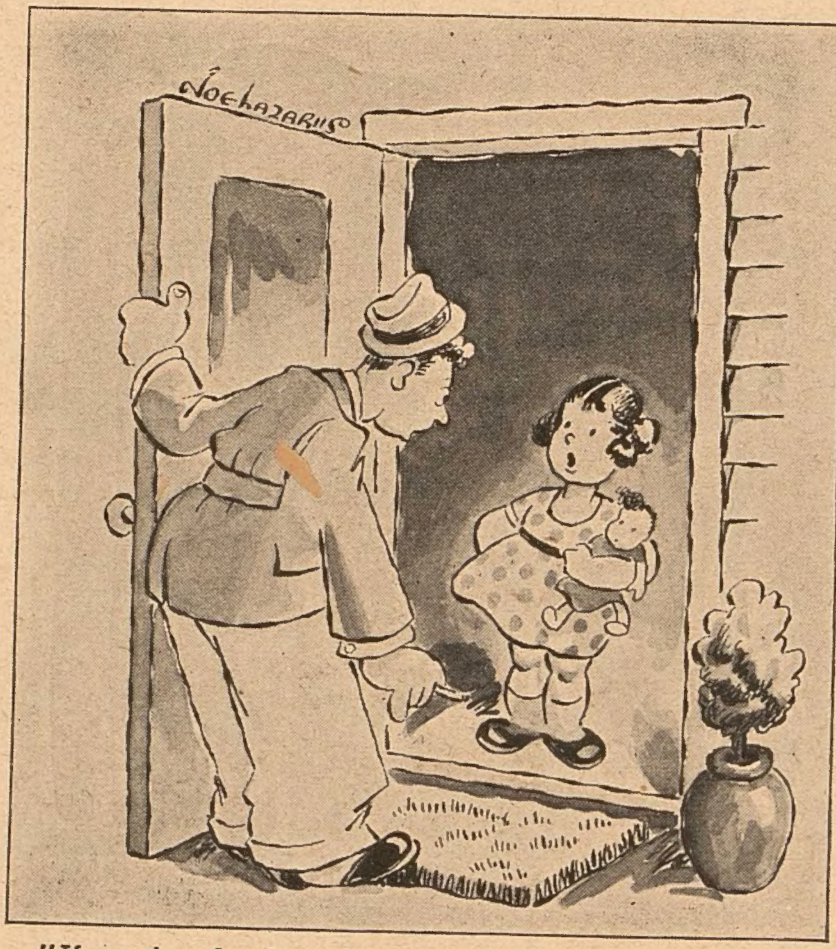
SOCORRO, N. M.—I wonder what the country would amount to if we all followed Mr. Macfadden's system of living.

There would be no market for livestock of any kind. What would we then do with all the people involved in that business—put them on relief?

He criticizes the New Deal for plowing under every third row, yet he states he plows under every second and third row of food one should eat. What would we do if we all cut our food bills 70 per cent? Who would employ those who furnish us with our daily bread?

Again, if we all slept on bare hard floors, like Mr. Macfadden, what would become of all the people now employed in manufacturing beds, mattresses, and springs? We would have to plow under every row of cotton then. And the steel mills would work half time and the railroads would be bankrupt.

Well, figure it out for yourself just what would happen if we all went back to live with the Indians and Mr. Macfadden.—*R. M. Edwards.*



"If you're the brainless numskull who sits on the sofa an' twiddles ya thumbs an' talks about the weather all evening, then my sister's expectin' ya."

GOOD IDEA ON 20 QUESTIONS

COLUMBIA, S. C.—As an old-timer, I especially enjoy the Twenty Questions and Vox Pop. In my humble opinion, you have the very best five-cent magazine published in America today.

Liberty—long may it prosper and be published.

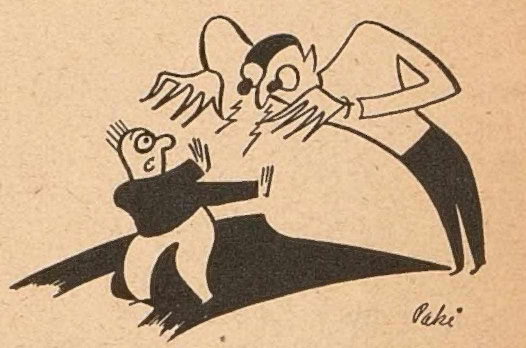
There is only one suggestion which I would like to make, and I think a constructive one. Would it not be a good idea to put the answers to the Twenty Questions on the reverse side of the same page?—*Alfred S. Gaillard, Jr.*

[Thanks for the suggestion, Mr. Gaillard. We will try to do this whenever the complexities of make-up give us the opportunity.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

KARLOFF NEVER WAS DRACULA

CLAYTON, MO.—April 18 Liberty had this question: "What is the nationality of Dracula Boris Karloff?"

Tut-tut! Boris Karloff never played in the picture Dracula—the role was portrayed by Bela Lugosi. Your editor of Twenty Questions got his monsters mixed that time.



It was Karloff who acted Frankenstein's little playmate.

If Liberty expects its readers to answer questions correctly, it would be a good idea to ask questions correctly.—*C. R. S. and M. L. S.*

BORAH INSULTED ALL OKLAHOMA

CHICKASHA, OKLA.—Have just read Senator Borah's article, Can Our Government Survive? (May 2 Liberty.) Mr. Borah could easily become President of this country if he were not obsessed with the idea that Wall Street and monopolies are ruining this country.

He seems to think (along with 50,000,000 other men, women, and children) that four or five men (or fiends) located in Wall Street get together every morning before breakfast and set the price of wheat, corn, cotton, stocks and bonds, cars, clothing, eggs, and what not.

Mr. Borah is a great man and has done very great service for the United States of America; but when he accused the Standard Oil Company of controlling the Republican convention lately held in Oklahoma he insulted the intelligence of all the people of Oklahoma.—*Arthur Ersland.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

FRESNO, CALIF.—Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, accustomed to answering every variety of query in interviews with school children, was stumped by this one.

"Admiral Byrd, did you acquire your Southern accent at the South Pole?" asked a young woman seriously.

Byrd explained he is from Virginia.

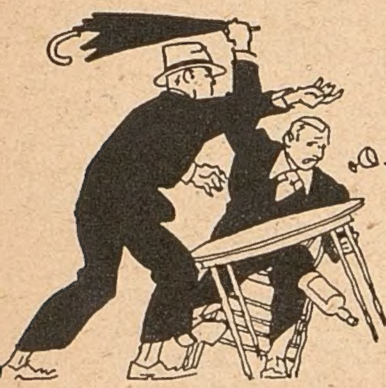
PERRY, N. Y.—Herman Strutter woke up one morning and found himself shy of half a leg. A beaver had broken into his sleeping porch and gnawed off the limb. It was not a serious loss, because it happened to be a wooden leg.

OAKLAND, CALIF.—"I married somebody in your town five years ago," Russell E. Giard wrote County Clerk G. E. Wade. "Now I want to get a divorce and I can't recall her name. All I know about it is that the marriage license number is 53,382."

The clerk found the girl's name was Pauline Fountaine, San Francisco.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY—George Mado, a Hungarian author, was sitting at a table in a wine hall when a man entered and attacked him with an umbrella.

The assailant told police he had attacked Mado because the author, after presenting the heroine of a newspaper serial story as such a lovable woman that the reader immediately fell in love with her, then ended the story by giving her a bad character.



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LUCKY OMENS

To see the stars shining brightly and then storm-obscured, and to see them again all shining brightly the same night, indicates that a serious trouble or sorrow will pass ere you see the stars shining brightly twice in the night again.

—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

The rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

—*Socialist Party.*

CONTENTS

Short Stories

Noble Renegade............Arthur Tuckerman 10
I Learned About Women..................Valma Clark 28
A Natural—Liberty's Short Short........Grace Lewis Shea 48
Mr. Dunkle's Diary..................Norman Anthony 63

Serials

Death on the 8.06—Part II................Philip Wylie 20
Dark Masquerade—Part V........................ 36

Articles

Behind the Scenes in the Republican Convention
Jay Franklin 7
The stage is set, the delegates are ready—but what really goes on? Here is an intimate survey of things the public doesn't see
How I Shall Beat Max Schmeling...............Joe Louis 18
as told to Gene Kessler
"The first time he drops his left, there'll be a race of right hands—then the end," says the Brown Bomber
A White Woman Among Cannibals....Beatrice Grimshaw 44
An amazing chronicle . . . The real-life nightmares and hairbreadth escapes of a famous author whose experiences rival her own fiction
Why I Was Forced to Drop the New Deal
Bernarr Macfadden 52
An American employer who believed in it at the start arraigns the men and measures that disillusioned him
Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad
A Headquarters Old-Timer 58
The strange case of the bogus doctor and the bigamist's bride—A true crime story complete in this issue

Features

Editorial........................Bernarr Macfadden 4
Keyhole Kartoons........................John W. Elliotte 24
To the Ladies!............Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 26
Good Books..............................Oliver Swift 43
Murder Mars a Masquerade—Movie reviews..Beverly Hills 49
Twenty Questions.. 51
Liberty's Amateur Writers Page. Conducted by Major Bowes 54
$2,000 Beautiful Children Contest.......................... 56
Crossword Puzzle.. 57
Vox Pop.. 64
It Happened In—.. 66

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COVER PAINTED BY CARL PFEUFER

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

IS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A WELL MAN TODAY?

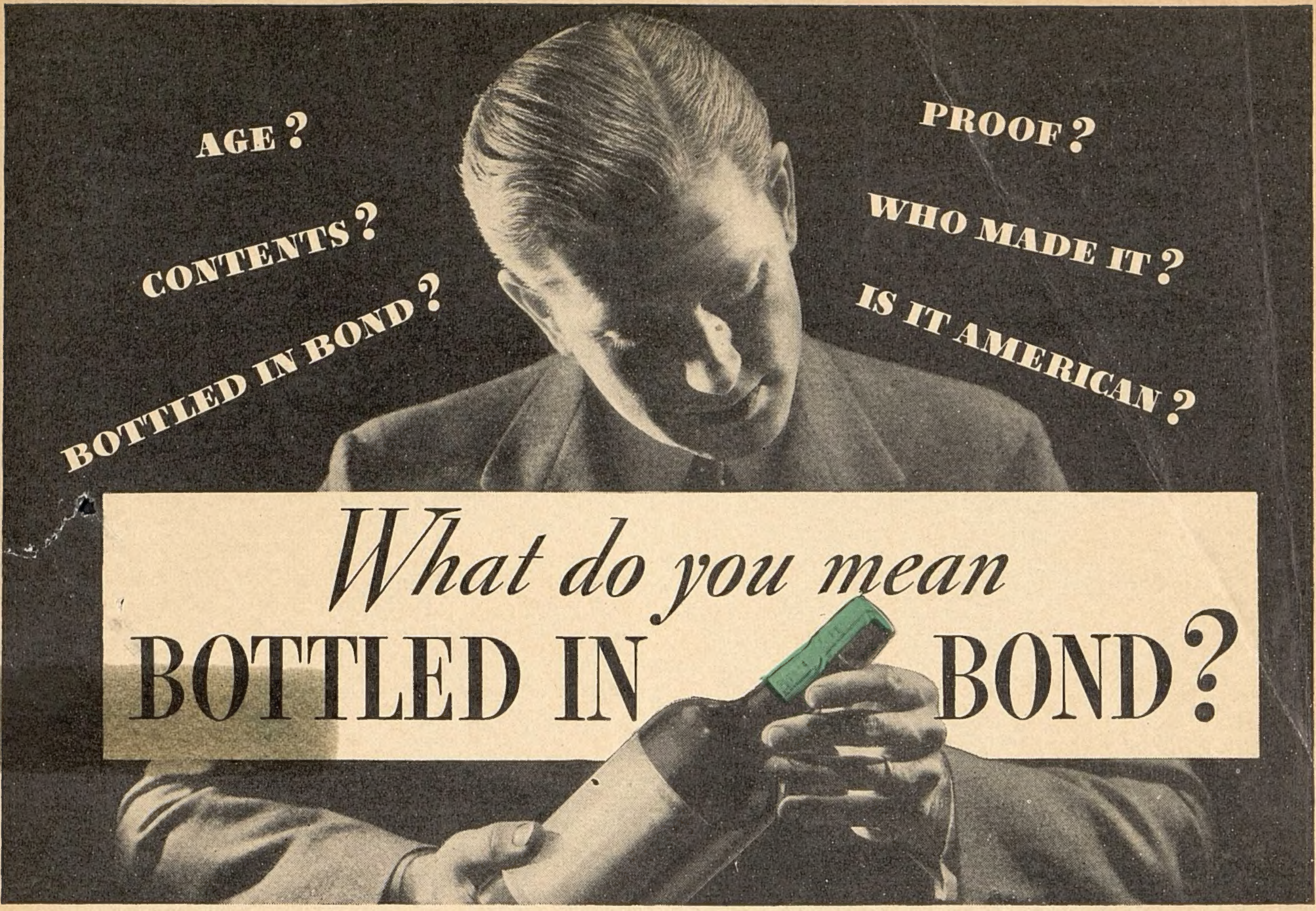
About four years ago, after an exhaustive investigation, Liberty published an article on the physical fitness of Franklin D. Roosevelt for the arduous duties of the Presidency that had important bearing on the results of the 1932 election. Now, on the eve of another campaign of tremendous import, Liberty has prepared another searching report. Do not fail to read and digest the substance of these dispassionate findings in Liberty next week!

ALSO—HELL IN THE HOLY LAND: At Last an Eyewitness Story of Allenby and His Onslaught Against the Turks in Jerusalem, by Lowell Thomas and Kenneth Collings—MASTER VILLON DESIRES A QUIET LIFE, by John Erskine—YOUNG AMERICA ON WHEELS, by Edward Doherty—and other interesting, informative, and entertaining pages

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17


AGE ?
CONTENTS ?
BOTTLED IN BOND ?
PROOF ?
WHO MADE IT ?
IS IT AMERICAN ?

What do you mean BOTTLED IN BOND?

NEXT time you step into a liquor store or up to a bar look closely!

You'll see that some whiskey bottles bear GREEN stamps, some RED ones, some BLUE, and others YELLOW.

What do these different colored stamps mean?

The RED stamp means that the special American revenue tax has been paid. The product is legal.

The BLUE and YELLOW stamps identify the whiskey as a product of Canada.

But the GREEN stamp – it gives a gold mine of information to the consumer!

It is the Bottled in Bond stamp of the United States Government – the only stamp which identifies made-in-America Bottled in Bond whiskey!

And no other whiskey in the world has to meet such a stiff set of specifications!

That GREEN stamp means the whiskey in that bottle has met the drastic requirements of *United States* law as to full 100 proof, as to a full four years' aging in charred oak barrels, and as to freedom from the addition of younger whiskies or spirits.

French cognac may be bottled at 80 proof; Scotch whiskey at 86 proof, and Canadian whiskey may be bottled in bond as low as 90 proof.

United States bottled in bond whiskey must be absolutely straight and 100 proof.

Scotch whiskey may be a blend of a number of distillations. Canadian law permits the addition up to 10 per cent of either spirits or younger whiskey to make up for evaporation during the aging period. *United States law grants no such concessions!*

The GREEN stamp is proof of bottled in bond whiskey. The National Distillers emblem is your insurance of fine bottled in bond whiskey.

THESE FAMOUS BRANDS
of National Distillers are all bottled in bond under U. S. Government Supervision
All 100 proof and at least 4 years old

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OLD OVERHOLT
MOUNT VERNON

Straight Bourbon Whiskies
OLD GRAND-DAD **OLD TAYLOR**
Boones Knoll **Bourbon de Luxe**
Sunny Brook **Blue Grass**
Hill & Hill **Old McBrayer**
Bond & Lillard

Straight Wheat Whiskey
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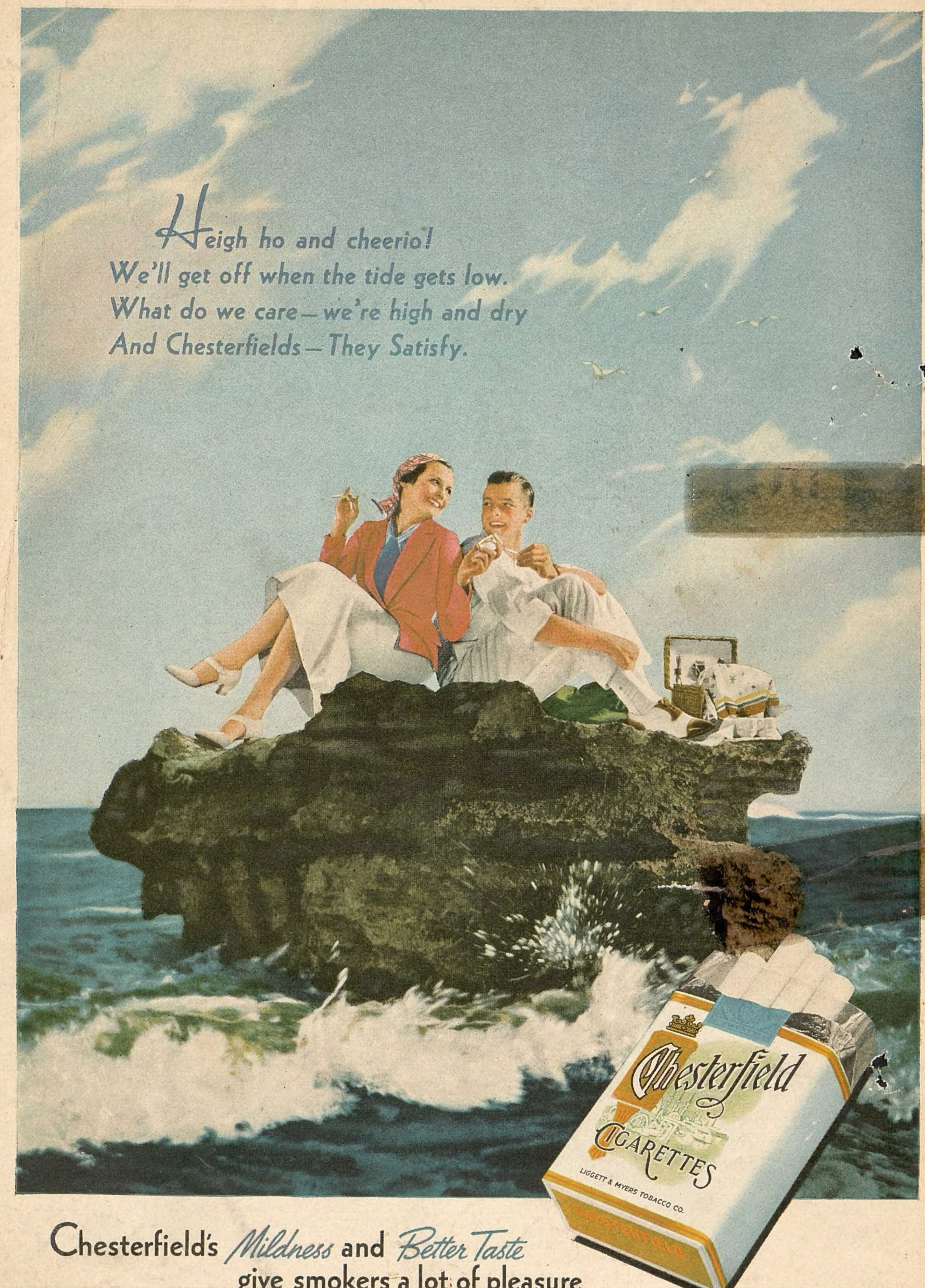
Heigh ho and cheerio!
We'll get off when the tide gets low.
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